



I am dear Brother yours
J Vardaman

THE
Christian Repository,
AND
FAMILY VISITANT.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO BAPTIST LITERATURE.

CONDUCTED BY

S. H. FORD.

VOL. VII—JANUARY TO DECEMBER, 1857.

LOUISVILLE, KY:

J. F. BRENNAN, PRINTER, COR. FIRST AND MARKET STREETS.
1857.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Association—Baptist's Customs,....	24	History of Cumberland Presbyterian-	
A Gentleman. By Dr. J. B. Jeter,..	26	ism,.....	515
A Tribute to the Memory of Miss		History of Kentucky Baptists and the	
Louisa T. Kennedy,.....	58	Current Reformation,.....	577
A Tribute to the Memory of Mrs. M.		How was the Church built on Peter,.	676
Hamilton,.....	189	Lecture on Hebrews—B. S. Baker, D.	
A Fragment. By Mrs. A. O. Smith,.	190	D., N. Y.,.....	29, 153, 296, 419
An Evening Scene in Bunyan's Pris-		Life—A Dream,.....	755
on Life,.....	251	Lines on the Death of Miss J. Piatt.	
Advice Extraordinary to a Young		By Mary of Kentucky,.....	255
Preacher,.....	256	Lumps of Gold,.....	638, 699
A Church Without a Creed, No. I.,..	488	Moments with Master Minds, 448, 505,	
“ “ “ “ II.,..	344	569, 640	
“ “ “ “ III.,..	620	Mormonism—Its Rise and Progress.	
A Sketch. By Mrs. A. O. Smith,..	565	By S. H. Ford,.....	473, 449
A Visit to the Mammoth Cave. By		Millennial Harbinger, <i>alias</i> Alexan-	
Mrs. A. O. Smith,.....	694	der Campbell,.....	735
BIOGRAPHICAL—		Ministerial Education,.....	670
Rev. Jeremiah Vardeman. By J.		No Hope of Heaven. By Miss Sallie	
M. Peck, D. D.,	104	M. Bryan,.....	377
David Thomas, The Old Blind		New Liberty Female Academy,....	506
Preacher. By S. H. Ford,.....	162	Old Landmarks and Baptists' Ways, 64	
Rev. John Harding. By Henry Mc-		Oldest Religious Paper West,.....	143
Donald,.....	517	Obituary,.....	446
William Hickman, Sr. By S. H.		Practical Christianity, or Visible Re-	
Ford,.....	600	ligion. By G. W. Robertson, 358, 445	
Believe. By Live,.....	161	Presbyterianism not Republican,....	483
Charles H. Spurgeon—Sketch of his		Rise of the Current Reformation. By	
Life and Ministry,.....	133	S. H. Ford,....	144, 230, 612, 645, 709
Condensed History of Concord Asso-		Reminiscences of Rev. John Kerr. By	
ciation,.....	352	J. B. Jeter, D. D.,.....	478
Dreamland. By Mary, of Missouri,.	513	Responsibilities of the Religious	
Evening Meditation. By Mrs. A. O.		Press. By B. T. P. Cake,.....	671
Smith,.....	253	Spurgeon's Sermons—	
Earnest Vale. By Sallie M. Bryan,.	568	No. 1. Christ Exalted,.....	135
Eva's Last Letter to her Atheist Lov-		“ 2. So Shall He Sprinkle Many	
er. By Sallie M. Bryan,.....	698	Nations,.....	214
Ever Hoping—Ever Trusting,.....	760	“ 3. Pride and Humility,.....	271
False Friend,.....	376	“ 4. The Enchanted Ground,...	334
Fifty Years Ago—A Christmas Story,.	747	“ 5. A Mighty Savior,.....	396
Grace Truman, 40, 110, 178, 316, 377,.	439	“ 6. God's People in the Fur-	
Grace Truman—Our Subscriber, 258,.	388	nace,	461
General Association,.....	259	“ 7. Manasseh,.....	532
Georgetown College,.....	514	“ 8. The Desire of the Soul in	
Girlhood—an Address by S. H. Ford,.	508	Spiritual Darkness,.....	589
Gethsemane—Poem by Mrs. M. B. Hey,.	637	“ 9. The Kingly Priesthood of	
Dagg's Systematic Theology,.....	706	the Saints,.....	719
History of the Kentucky Baptists. By		Spirits in Prison. By S. H. Ford,...	291
S. H. Ford,.....	669, 356, 581, 741	Southern Convention—Its Origin and	
History of Salem Association,....	194, 216	Usages. By S. H. Ford,.....	293
High Priest,.....	259	Sketches of Baptists in Missouri. By	
Hill (Rev. D. D.) and Grace Truman,.	515	an Old Pioneer,.....	281, 40

	PAGE		PAGE
Stray Leaves. By Mrs. A. O. Smith,	447	Chap. III. The Sewing Circle,....	305
The way to Meet the Day of Trouble.		Chap. IV. Deacon Freeman vs.	
Anonymous,.....	39	New Fangled Notions,.....	360
Thoughts in a Church Yard. By		Chap. V. The Young Pastor's Doc-	
Mary, of Missouri,.....	63	trinal Views—A Subject of Dis-	
The Order of Conversion. By Rev.		cussion,.....	429
Wm. Crowell,.....	74	Chap. VI. The Discusion Contin-	
The Law and the Gospel. By Rev.		ued,.....	494
Wm. Vaughan,.....	96	Chap. VII. The Character of the	
The Church Member's Hand-Book, ..	192	Coquette more fully Developed, ..	554
Temptation,.....	237	Chapter VIII. Conclusion,.....	627
The Duty and Means of Ministerial		Where Did the Baptists Come From.	
Study. By Rev. H. McDonald,....	345	By S. H. Ford—	
The Baby and the Flowers. By Sallie		Milestone I,.....	190
M. Bryan,.....	507	“ II,.....	261
Things to Consider,.....	533	“ III,.....	325
The Duties of Pastors to their Church-		“ IV,.....	389
es—A Sermon,.....	656	“ V,.....	453
The Doctrine of Repentance. By S.		“ VI,	527
H. Ford,.....	663	“ VII,.....	679
The Convict's Bride,.....	684	Woman. By Mrs. A. O. Smith,....	59
The Shadows of Childhood,.....	697	Woman's Sermon,.....	61
The Christian Repository, <i>alias</i> S. H.		Wayland on Organs,.....	170
Ford,.....	730	Waller's Memoirs,.....	767
The Last Health,.....	763	YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT—	
'Tis Home Where ere the Heart is, ..	764	Widow's Mite,.....	639
William Winterfield, the Young Pas-		Story of Joseph,.....	571
tor. By Mrs. F. E. Garnett.—		Children Brought to Christ,.....	700
Chap. I. Parting Words,.....	171	Raising of Jairus' Daughter,....	701
Chap. II. A Glance at the Inmates		Christ Healing the Sick,.....	761
of Laurel Cottage,.....	238	Christ Feeding the Multitude,....	762

The Christian Repository.

NO. LXI.—JANUARY, 1857.

HISTORY OF THE KENTUCKY BAPTISTS.

BY S. H. FORD.

CHAP. X.—EXTRAVAGANCES OF THE GREAT REVIVAL—RISE OF THE REFORMATION.

It is saddening to trace in everything earthly, however exalted and holy, a mingling of folly and sin. “Now there came a day,” says the inspired poet, “when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them.” “If we look back,” says Edwards, “into the history of the Church of God in past ages, we may observe that it has been a common device of the devil to upset a revival of religion, when he finds he can keep men quiet and secure no longer; then to drive them into excesses and extravagances. He holds them back as long as he can, but when he can do it no longer, if possible run them upon their heads.”

In these remarks is much truth; and never was it more fully or painfully illustrated than in the Great Revival of Kentucky.

The disorderly proceedings witnessed at most of the Presbyterian camp-meetings and places of worship, was in itself deplorable, and often shameful. At Walnut Hill, in 1803, after sermon, the people broke out into a loud burst of prayer, hundreds using their voices at the same time. While the preacher was praying for a woman, her voice rose louder than his; others, meanwhile, praying, singing, groaning, and shouting all around. Screams of anguish and terror would follow. The conscience, the passions, the feelings, the whole soul roused to the highest pitch of frenzied ex-

citement, lost all command of the powers of the body ; and as though struck by a bolt from heaven, men and women were prostrated to the earth. This was termed

THE FALLING EXERCISE.—Reference has already been made to the first instances of the falling exercise in one of Mr. McGready's congregations. We have noticed the rapidity with which it was propagated through upper Kentucky.

"It was very common," says Mr. Stone, "among all classes, the saints and sinners, of every age, and of every grade, from the philosopher to the clown. The subject of this exercise would, generally with a piercing scream, fall like a log on the floor, earth, or mud, and appear as dead. I have seen very many pious persons fall in the same way from a sense of the danger of their unconverted children, their neighbors, and of a sinful world. I have heard them agonizing in tears and strong crying for mercy to be shown to sinners, and speaking like angels to all around."*

Some fell suddenly, and lay as dead. Others uttered piercing shrieks during the whole period of their prostration. Many spoke of a sweet feeling darting through their body preceding the falling down. Others complained of a numbness, and pricking, as of needles.† "In general, there was no complaint of pain, but only of great weakness, both during and after the paroxysm ; and it was observed that a person, who had fallen once, was predisposed to fall again, and that under circumstances and exercises by no means extraordinary."‡ While walking from the meeting-houses ; while engaged in conversation on scenes which had transpired, or while on horseback, returning home, persons were frequently known to fall. Nor did bodily injury succeed. To strike a tree or stump in falling, produced no effect, and even when conscious, and talking or shouting, they were insensible to pain.

These exercises were not without precedent. They had occurred under the preaching of Whitfield, and Edwards, and others. They have been witnessed in our own day, and have fallen under our own observation. But peculiar to this revival was the phenomenon to be described—

THE JERKING EXERCISE.—It was without example in Christian

* Stone's Biography, page 39.

† Lyle, page 20.

‡ Lyle, as quoted by Davidson, page 144.

lands. At a Presbyterian sacrament, in East Tennessee, it was first witnessed, when several hundred persons, of both sexes, were seized with these strange paroxysms.* The person was suddenly seized with a convulsive jerking, which threw his head from side to side, with such rapidity that the features of the face could not be distinguished. "When the whole system was affected," says Stone, "I have seen the person stand in one place and jerk backward and forward in quick succession, his head nearly touching the floor, behind and before. I have seen some wicked persons thus affected, and all the time cursing the jerks, while they were thrown to the earth with violence." The following graphic description is from an eye-witness, a Presbyterian minister, who participated in these scenes, and afterwards became their apologist :

"Nothing in nature could better represent this strange and unaccountable operation, than for one to goad another, alternately on every side, with a piece of red-hot iron. The exercise commonly began in the head, which would fly backward and forward, and from side to side, with a quick jolt, which the person would naturally labor to suppress, but in vain ; and the more any one labored to stay himself, and be sober, the more he staggered, and the more his twitches increased. He must, necessarily, go as he was stimulated, whether with a violent dash on the ground, and bounce from place to place like a foot-ball, or hop round, with head, limbs, and trunk twitching and jolting in every direction, as if they must inevitably fly asunder. And how such could escape without injury, was no small wonder to spectators. By this strange operation the human frame was commonly so transformed and disfigured, as to lose every trace of its natural appearance. Sometimes the head would be twitched right and left, to a half round, with such velocity, that not a feature could be discovered, but the face appear as much behind as before ; and in the quick progressive jerk, it would seem as if the person was transmuted into some other species of creature. Head-dresses were of little account among the female jerkers. Even handkerchiefs bound tight round the head, would be flirited off almost with the first twitch, and the hair put into the utmost confusion ; this was a very great inconvenience, to redress which the generality were shorn, though directly contrary to their confession of faith. Such as were seized with the jerks, were wrested at once, not only from under their own government, but that of every one

* Dr. Clelland Bibb, Rep. Vol. VI. p. 348.

else, so that it was dangerous to attempt confining them, or touching them in any manner, to whatever danger they were exposed ; yet few were hurt, except it were such as rebelled against the operation, through wilful and deliberate enmity, and refused to comply with the injunctions which it came to enforce.”*

That these jerks were involuntary, is beyond all doubt. Persons were often known to conceal whips on their bodies, to use on those seized with the contortions, but were themselves suddenly affected in a similar manner, and the whips jerked out of their hands to a distance. Persons seeing others affected near them, have sought refuge in flight, but found it unavailing, and fell prostrate.

THE DANCING EXERCISE.—This generally began with the jerks, and was peculiar to professors of religion. “The subject, after jerking, worships in concert with singing hymns and spiritual songs. The whole society, old and young, male and female, could commonly unite in this mode of worship, and taking each other by the hand, would shake, not only the hands, but their whole bodies, like one churning. This they called rejoicing, and in this worship they considered it the privilege of every one to unite who believed the new doctrine of atonement, according to the observation of Bro. Stone, when he first heard that doctrine stated.”

Thus agreed are those eye-witnesses in their approval and description of the *holy dance*. It was performed by a gentle and not ungraceful motion, to a lively tune, and with little variety in the steps.

The writer, and doubtless many of his readers, have mingled in scenes very similar in kind, if not in degree, and witnessed exercises of the same character, though not carried to the same extravagant lengths. At meetings where there has been a sudden awakening, and a warm, unusual state of feeling, a lively song, sung and felt by the whole audience, is often accompanied by a waving motion of the body, and a movement of the head, hand, or feet, in unison with the accent, or inflections of the tune. I have seen this carried to such an extent that the whole audience moved backward and forward to the swell of the inspiring song ; and here and there a super-excited female would break the mo-

* McNemar, pp. 61, 62.

notony, and sweep up and down the aisle in a kind of graceful dance. I have seen a dozen thus dancing at once. At the meetings of colored people it is frequently witnessed. Among Baptists such exercises are always discouraged. Among them, during the revival, it was rarely seen carried to fanatical excess. That it was encouraged by those educated Presbyterian preachers, Stone, McNemar, Thomson, and others, was at least indicative of the extremes, to which even cultivated men may suddenly pass, and the diverse and dangerous errors to which they were already tending.

THE BARKING EXERCISE.—Nor was the acme of absurdity yet reached, or if it was, the *cap chef* of extravagance was still to be added. An old Presbyterian preacher, of East Tennessee, had gone into the woods for private devotion, and was seized with the “jerks.” Standing near a sapling, he caught hold of it to prevent his falling; and as his head jerked backward and forward, he uttered a grunt or noise similar to the bark of a dog, while his face was turned upward. Some person finding him in this position, reported that he found him barking up a tree.* The affection, or exercise, spread. The subject would take the position of a dog, moving about on all fours, growling and snapping with an emulation so natural, as to deceive any person whose eyes were not directed to the spot. Nor was this confined to the ignorant or vulgar, “but persons who considered themselves in the foremost ranks, possessed of the highest improvements of human nature, both men and women, were forced to personate that animal whose name, appropriated to a human creature, is counted the most vulgar stigma.”†

The many other strange exercises need but an incidental mention. Laughter, such as still is witnessed among Cumberland Presbyterians, was frequent. “It was a loud, hearty laugh,” says Stone, “but one *sui generis*; it excited laughter in none else.”

“The running exercise was nothing more than that the persons feeling something of these bodily agitations, through fear attempted to run away, and thus escape from them.”‡

“The rolling exercise,” says McNemar, “consisted in being

* Stone, p. 41.

† McNemar, p. 66.

‡ Stone, p. 41.

cast down in a violent manner, doubled, with the head and feet together, and rolled over like a wheel, or stretched in a prostrate manner, turned swiftly over and over, like a log."

"The singing exercise," says Stone, (and with him agree Stuart, Lyle, Dunlavy, and McNemar) "was more unaccountable than anything else I ever saw. The subject, in a very happy state of mind, would sing most melodiously, not from the mouth, or nose, but entirely in the breast, the sounds issuing thence. Such music silenced everything, and attracted the attention of all. It was most heavenly. None ever could be tired of hearing it. Dr. J. B. Campbell and myself were together at a meeting, and were attending to a pious lady thus exercised, and concluded it to be something surpassing anything we had known in nature."

VISIONS AND TRANCES.—There is a great lesson taught in the constant recurrence of extremes meeting, or one extreme being abandoned for its most distant opposite. Those exercises mentioned, and attributed to the extraordinary agency of the spirit, were followed, in almost every case, by a rebound, which, in many instances, reached a positive denial of the personal agency and operation of the Spirit in any way. To those who fell, or were filled with the joy of the Spirit, it was believed something like divine illumination was imparted. As the subject awakened to consciousness, with shoutings and exhortations, in strains supposed to be far beyond their ordinary ability, it was at once attributed to the Spirit's direct inspiration. "While in raptures, quite out of the body, they professed not only to have interviews with departed friends, but to have learned the allotments of life, the results of different meetings, the persons who would fall, and the ministers who should preach." The sun, moon, and stars, mountains, rivers, plains, seen in rapt vision, were at once interpreted and applied to the kingdom of Christ. "Some saw the air darkened with flocks of ravenous birds, commissioned to devour the carcasses of all dead beasts." To the intense gaze of another, "a track of light, a thousand miles in length, was seen stretching away in the distance, along which messengers were approaching, bringing news from afar."

"It was very common for them to be caught up, or carried away by the same spirit of faith, and be shown, in bright and heavenly visions, the indisputable reality of what they before con-

templated in a simple belief." * * "Others, in their transports, would seem to use their clay tenement as a kind of instrument to sign out and represent to the spectators what the active spirit saw in vision, independent of any of its mean organs. The general import of their visions respected things that were darkly hinted at in the Scriptures, and hard to be understood."

Of the philosophy of those exercises I venture no opinion. I have often witnessed, frequently under my own ministry, exercises similar to some of those described. While preaching in Missouri, some sixteen years since, in a crowded house, and in a warm, hortatory manner, I saw a man, of middle age, sink on his knees at his seat, with sobs and profuse weeping. Immediately a female, who had seen his agitation, rose, and in piercing accents, exclaimed, "*Jesus, Jesus, have mercy!*" She immediately fell, apparently lifeless. The scene alarmed and embarrassed me. I was but a youth, and had seen nothing of this character previously. I ceased preaching, and sat down. James Suggett, an aged man, formerly pastor at Great Crossings, Ky., who had passed through the Great Revival in Kentucky, was with me in the pulpit. He immediately struck up a hymn, after which he invited mourners to come forward. Many came up, and the meeting passed off as usual. Had we endeavored to excite further the deep state of feeling in the audience, or encouraged its manifestation, perhaps scores might have fallen, and wild extravagance followed. On other occasions I have witnessed a state of feeling in a congregation where the most solemn silence reigned, which, if exhibited fully in words or exercises, would, doubtless, have resulted in excitement or wild confusion. The action of mind on mind, the painful effects of sympathy, the influence of the feelings and passions on the body—of fear, horror, hope, sorrow, joy, on the whole nervous system—we may often have witnessed, but we are unprepared to explain. Claxton, the door-keeper of Congress, dropped dead at the news of Cornwallis' capture. A Greek expired with joy on learning that his two sons were crowned victors in the games. Fear blanches the cheek, often checks the whole circulation. The heart, that bounds beneath the light of new-found joy, may almost cease its beatings when smitten with sudden sadness. Horror, or ecstasy

has, in a single night, frosted over the raven hair of youth. And yet who dare doubt, that in such cases, the joy or grief was *real*, because of those effects? Our passions, our sympathies, the influence of the mind on the body—who can comprehend?

“We are such stuff as dreams are made of.”

Man is an unfathomable, mysterious being. A word brings moisture to his eye, a rush of blood to his cheek, or sends a chill through his whole frame. Who can account for it? I shall not make the attempt. The person's previous mental habits; his want of habitual control over his emotions; the encouragement to permit his feelings to sweep on unchecked; the power of sympathy, as corresponding emotions, are manifested by those around him; all these must be taken into account in passing judgment on such fanatical exhibitions as frequently characterize great revivals. A man who stands pale and motionless as marble when sentence of death is being passed on him, may feel as deeply as another who trembles, shrieks, and swoons. Many a strong man has wept for hours in private, whose eye never quailed before man, or was never moistened with a tear. In public, his emotions were held in abeyance; when all restraint was removed an out-gush of feeling followed. In those exciting meetings, among a population unused to any rigid control of feeling, with their fears and hopes thoroughly awakened, their deepest, strongest powers roused, and then encouraged by the most stirring appeals not to stifle their emotions, or “quench the Spirit,” and at the same time conscious of guilt, and alarmed for eternity, some enthusiasm might be expected, and accounted for. But for all we have recounted, no apology can be offered but the weakness and mysteriousness of poor human nature.

To the general effects of this revival, attention must now be directed. That great good resulted from it, cannot be denied. Among the Baptists, I have given some of its results. “This revival,” says an eminent writer,* “was a death-blow to infidelity throughout this Valley. Not a few continued infidels and scoffers, but they were shorn of their strength. So many of their number had been converted, some of whom became efficient

* J. M. Peck, *Christian Review*, Vol. XVII, p. 513.

preachers of the gospel; that infidelity could no longer boast. It was a turning scale in public morals. A great and manifest change was wrought. We have once alluded to the wild and reckless habits of South Green River, in Kentucky. For more than a quarter of a century that part of the State has been distinguished for its moral and religious influence. "But every part of the Mississippi Valley feels the effects." Numerous, indeed, are the testimonies that might be here transcribed to the great and lasting effects of this revival.

But as I have tried to mark the differences in the circumstances, origin, and exercises of the revival among the Baptists and Presbyterians, I shall further trace its different results among these denominations. Its immediate effects on the Baptists will be principally confined to the history of the Elkhorn Association. Among the Presbyterians its consequences must be followed along the line of New Lights, on the one hand, and Shakerism on the other, passing over what is termed the Cumberland schism.

B. W. Stone, Robert Marshall, John Dunlavy, Richard McNemar, John Thomson, and David Purviance—among the most active during the excitements of the revival, and each of them ever after the apologist for its extravagances—broke the trammels of Presbyterianism; threw the Confession, with all "man-made creeds, overboard, and took the name, Christian." And "from this period," says the venerable Stone, "I date the commencement of that Reformation which has progressed to this day." At this period, and amid these circumstances, we date its birth and its growth, of which it will be our next business to speak. Nor can a calm survey of its history, its progress, its defeats, and its triumphs, if fairly conducted, give any offence. Indeed, such a survey will remove many prejudices which still exist, and lead to a better understanding among parties who, for half a century, have been waging an exterminating warfare. To effect peace, and not to kindle into flames old and smouldering animosities, is the prayer and the hope of him who will, in the next chapter, commence "*The History of the Reformation in Kentucky.*"

BIOGRAPHICAL.

For the Christian Repository.

REV. JEREMIAH VARDEMAN.

BY REV. J. M. PECK, D. D.

THIS distinguished minister was one of a class somewhat rare in the annals of the Church. He possessed the peculiar talent of bringing the leading truths of the gospel home to the consciences of his hearers. His illustrations were singularly vivid, his language strong, simple, and well suited to convey clear thoughts to every class, even the most illiterate; while the deep fountains of feeling gushed forth from his own heart, and poured like a shower of rain over the minds of his hearers. In deep emotions, vivid conceptions of gospel truth, and the power of exciting sympathy, he resembled Whitfield.

There were occasions, when, in an unpremeditated exhortation, he seemed to touch every cord of the soul, and by the outpourings of gospel admonitions, in a simple and affectionate style, would strike the consciences of all around him. There was not the least affectation in the style and manner of his preaching. He had never studied the arts of the rhetorician, and despised all tricks and artifice in moving the passions. In allusion to the practice among frontier people, of winnowing grain in a primitive fashion, he spoke of the labored efforts of some preachers in getting up excitements, as "making wind with a blanket."

In portraying the lost state of man as a sinner, and the way of recovery by Jesus Christ, he was a master workman.

Jeremiah Vardeman was the youngest of twelve children, and and a descendant from Swedish ancestors on his father's side, and from Welsh by the maternal side. Traits of character peculiar to each nation were conspicuous in him. His birth-place was on New River, in what is now Wythe county, Va., July 8th, 1775, about twelve miles above old Fort Chiswell. Both his father and grandfather were natives of Sweden. The latter, John Varde-

man, senior, with his family, emigrated to America and settled in South Carolina in the early part of the eighteenth century, and there died, as his descendants reported, at the extreme age of 125 years. He was a member of the Lutheran Church in his native country, and united with the Protestant Episcopal Church in South Carolina, and was esteemed for his piety and moral worth.

His son, John Vardeman, Jr., was seven years old when his father came from Sweden, but recollected many incidents of his native country. While living in South Carolina he married Elizabeth Morgan, who was a native of Wales, and soon after removed and settled in Bedford county, Va., on the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge, and not far from the celebrated peaks of Otter. While residents here, John Vardeman, Jr., and his wife, professed religion in a time of persecution, and became members of the Baptist Church, and ever after maintained a devout Christian profession to extreme old age.

About 1767, he removed with his young family to the settlements on New River, and in 1777, pushed still farther into the South-western corner of Virginia, on Clinch River. It was then a time of trouble with the Southern and Western Indians, and Mr. Vardeman, with his family, entered the neighboring fort at Shadrach White's residence, on the Maiden Spring Fork of Clinch River, in what is now known as Russell county. Among the families who fortified at White's, were the Messrs. Skeggs, James, Henry, and Richard, all noted hunters and explorers in the South-west at an early day.

In the autumn of 1779, Mr. Vardeman, with many other emigrants, moved to the wilds of Kentucky, and settled near Crab Orchard, in Lincoln county.

Both the father and sons were compelled by their position to take a part in the early wars of Kentucky. There was no encroachment on Indian claims in their frontier occupancy. The country, in part, was claimed originally by the Cherokees, and in part by the conquest of the Six Nations. All parties had ceded their claims to the British government and to Virginia, from the Kanawha on the east, to the Tennessee River on the southwest, previous to its occupancy by any white families. The invaders were the Shawnees, and other Indians north of the Ohio River,

who had not even a traditionary claim to any part of Kentucky. The Shawnees had passed through the country in their migration from the Southeast, below James River, and gave the name *Kantuckee*, which, in their dialect, means "*Head of the River*," to the mountain stream.*

The father of Jeremiah Vardeman was too far advanced in life to go on campaigns, as he had done at an earlier period, but he could stand guard at the fort and hunt game in the woods. His four eldest sons, William, John, Amasiah, and Morgan, were frequently engaged in defending the country from Indian assaults. William was in the memorable battle at Point Pleasant, on October 10th, 1774. He was the first of the family to settle in Kentucky, and at an early period he emigrated to the Natchez country. John and Amasiah were soldiers in the campaign of Gen. G. R. Clark against the Shawnees, in the autumn of 1782—a campaign to chastise the savages for their barbarities the preceding August at Bryan's Station and the Blue Licks. Amasiah and Morgan were sent frequently on scouting parties, under the famous Col. William Whitely, and were with him in his campaign to the Nick-o-jack, in September, 1794.

The father eventually removed to Missouri, and died there about 1827, at the extreme age of 109 years.

Jeremiah, the youngest son, was old enough to, and actually did, take part in the Indian wars before their close by Wayne's victory, in 1794, and served repeatedly as a scout. Reared from early childhood in the wilderness of Kentucky, and during troublous times, his opportunities for education were limited indeed. And the very little he obtained was more from the family circle and his own natural desire to obtain knowledge, than from school exercises. The only acquisitions he made were in reading, writing, and the common principles of arithmetic. When he attained to manhood, and especially after he professed religion, he read just enough for profitable cogitation. He acquired the habit of deep and intense thought and reflection, while riding, walking, or even while laboring on the farm. His pious parents taught

* The notion propagated that "*Kantuckee*" meant "*Dark and Bloody Ground*," is unsupported.

their children the lessons of Jesus Christ, and daily offered up prayers for their salvation.

It was about the year 1792, when Jeremiah Vardeman was about seventeen years of age, that a revival of religion was commenced in Cedar Creek Baptist Church. The ministers, who were co-laborers in that district of country, were John Bailey, Lewis Craig, William Bledsoe, William Marshall, and Peyton Nowlen. The meetings were not continuous or protracted, as in modern times. The regular periods for preaching in each settlement were monthly, when on ordinary occasions the meetings would be held on Saturday and the Lord's day; in seasons of special revival more frequently, with two or three social prayer-meetings during each week, with occasional sermons by some visiting preacher. During this revival, Jeremiah Vardeman and his two elder brothers, Amasiah and Morgan, with many other persons in Lincoln county, professed to be converted. Cedar Creek is a branch of Dick's River. Elder William Marshall had gathered this little Church, but about the time of the revival, Elder William Bledsoe was elected pastor; that is, monthly supply. He was a smart, rather than a pious preacher, and the Church was under his care when young Vardeman and his brothers united with it. Subsequently Bailey became a Universalist, and was disowned as a minister by the Regular Baptists, though for some time after he preached among the "Separates." Bledsoe also apostatised to Universalism, and then became indifferent to a religious life, and reckless in his conduct.

Mr. Vardeman always protested the preaching of these men had no effect in awakening his conscience. He was under conviction two or three months, during which the instructions and prayers of his father and mother, and the truths of the Bible which he read, were deeply impressed on his conscience.

When the hope of salvation dawned on his mind, and he enjoyed reconciliation with God through Jesus Christ, he felt strong and deep convictions that it was his duty to call sinners to repentance. He felt that he *must* preach the gospel at any sacrifice, but the ordinary objections arose in his mind—his youth—his inexperience—his deficiency in knowledge, and the fear he should disgrace the calling should he make the attempt. His education

at school scarcely deserved the name, and he resisted the impressions as well as he could, until they measurably wore off. He remained in the Church very comfortably for two or three years. He was a mere novice, and no one thought of calling him to speak or pray in public. During that period he was habitual in secret prayer, but made no effort to pray or exhort in the presence of others.

Some of his associates, about his own age, made frequent attempts to draw him into circles of frivolity and worldliness. They repeated to him the *words* of Scripture, without regard to the connection and meaning, "There is a time to dance," which of course meant the period of youth. Young Vardeman's natural temperament induced in him fondness for social pleasures and hilarity, and by the inducements of his young friends he was drawn, first partially and then wholly, within the circle of their influence. The next downward step was in yielding to their entreaties, much against his conscience, to attend, as a mere spectator, a dancing school some one had started in the settlement of Crab Orchard. It was only for once, and then he would be more strict and watchful, were his own cogitations. Persons of much respectability were there, and treated the youthful professor with marked attention. Amidst the whirl of excitement, gayety, and hilarity, and against the monitions of his own conscience, he was over-persuaded and induced to sign his name to the list of pupils to the school!

Forty years after this fatal step towards the downward course in his Christian profession, we heard him narrate with pungent feelings of sorrow and abhorrence this fatal error of his youth. He frankly confessed, that while putting his name to the subscription, he felt like a criminal signing his own death warrant. By a desperate effort he braved it out, and went through a regular course of lessons in dancing. Before this fatal night he had never attended a dancing school, or a country frolic. Educated as he had been, under the constant supervision of religious parents, and habituated to the universally prevailing idea that balls, dancing, and sports of all kinds, were a violation of the Christian profession and a forfeiture of Christian character, it is nothing strange he should regard his conduct as a violation of the profession he

had made. His parents and two brothers were members of the same Church, and were grievously afflicted at the conduct of Jeremiah, who now left the Church without apology or explanation. He regarded himself as unworthy the Christian name, and offered no excuse for his folly and sin.

Possessing, as he did, unusual energy of character, he engaged with his whole soul in whatever he undertook. He even tried to persuade his brother Morgan to look on and see how well he could dance. This brother, who maintained steadfastly his Christian profession to extreme old age, gave our correspondent (L. C. Draper, Esq.,) an oral statement of the waywardness of his erring brother, and remarked with deep feeling, that he would rather have followed him to the grave, and seen him buried as a Christian, than to have seen him in a dancing school.

During the same period he became enamored with the violin, and purchased one. He had an ear and taste for music, and in a few weeks became a successful performer; and for about two years, except the time necessarily employed in cultivating a crop of corn, he spent his time in practicing and playing on this instrument, greatly to the grief of his parents and brothers.

During this period of worldliness and hilarity, he became engaged to Miss Elizabeth James, daughter of Richard James, Esq. Her parents were both pious and devout members of Cedar Creek Church, and regarding young Vardeman as a vain, light-minded young man, who wasted his time in frivolity, they were opposed to the match. The result was a common one with thoughtless youth on the frontiers, an elopement and marriage.

His young wife, though religiously trained, had then made no profession of religion. Her parents, most excellent people, though sorely grieved, had the good sense to perceive that further hostility was useless, forgave the delinquents, and with young Vardeman, removed to Pulaski county, on the waters of Cumberland river. There Vardeman became the leader of the young people in every species of mirth and amusement; none could sing and play on the violin so enchantingly; none so jovial and full of hilarity as Jeremiah Vardeman. He was the life and soul of every dance and country frolic, and his young wife, much to the grief of her father and mother, joined him in all these recreations. Thus

nearly three years of his life passed away to no useful purpose. In worldly sense he was not immoral. He never swore profanely; was temperate in drinks; kind-hearted, generous and honorable in all his dealings with his fellow-men. His duty to God was wholly neglected, and he lived after the course of this world; yet he was not a happy man. In the midst of his associates, in gaiety, music and dancing, he was full of enjoyment, but conscience was then stifled. There were seasons of mental disquietude which none can realize, but those who have drank the wormwood and gall, after a season of backsliding. Convictions of his sin and folly often drove him back to sinful pleasures for temporary relief.

His religious friends, with a single exception, gave him up, under the impression he would go on, step by step, the downward course. That exception was his pious mother. She clung to him with a mother's love, strengthened by faith in the divine promises, and in the power and grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. She was a woman of persevering prayer, and the more thoughtless and worldly he became, the more fervently she prayed. It seemed to others presumptuous, when she would say with the deepest emotions, "I know Jerry will be reclaimed; God is faithful, and I feel assured he is a prayer-hearing God."

There was a plain, unlettered Baptist preacher in Pulaski county, by the name of Thomas Hansford, a man of great zeal and fervent piety, who was instrumental in awakening the consciences of his hearers, and whose self-denying efforts in preaching the simple truths of the gospel God blessed abundantly. Vardeman was not so hardened but that he would attend meetings with his wife. On one of these occasions Mr. Hansford was led to preach from 2 Pet. 2: 22—"But it is happened unto them according to the true proverb—the dog is turned to his own vomit again, and the sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire." The preacher expounded the preceding verses, and applied the text in a most pungent and feeling manner to the consciences of those who had professed religion and apostatised. There had been some previous indications of a revival of religion in the settlement, by unusual seriousness for some time. Vardeman was present, and suddenly and powerfully convicted of his

backslidings. In giving the writer a narrative of this incident in his life in 1834, he remarked, while the big tears rolled down his cheeks, "If brother Hansford had poured coals of fire over my naked body, it would not have burned me worse than that sermon did." His wife was convicted of her sin and guilt at the same time. Both went home from the meeting under pungent distress. Vardeman could not labor, and for two or three days spent his time in the woods, sometimes on his knees, and then prostrate on the ground, deploring and confessing his sins, and pleading with God for mercy. He compared himself to Jonah, who fled from his duty to Tarshish, and was cast overboard in the storm. The impressions he had received to preach the gospel, when he made a profession of religion, now rolled on his mind with crushing force. He felt great distress for turning back from his Christian profession and engaging in the frivolity and amusements of the world; but his heaviest convictions, and those which filled his soul with the deepest anguish, and which he regarded as the cause of his turning back to wallowing in the mire, was his refusal to follow Christ in preaching the gospel, or calling sinners to repentance. This conviction now rolled on him with ten-fold force, until in his heart and with his voice he said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? I will do anything the Lord requires, if it kills me." He obtained some relief while reading and meditating on Malachi, 4: 2—"But unto you that fear my name shall the sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings, and ye shall go forth and grow up as calves of the stall." This comforted him, and he solemnly vowed to the Lord that he would forsake all worldly pleasure and vain amusements, and preach the gospel to his fellow-creatures.

The people, at that time, in Pulaski county, and in most parts of Kentucky, lived in log-cabins, scattered through the forests, with a clearing for corn and other grain for each family. These were some distance apart, with few wagon roads, and their intercourse with each other was by narrow trails for single horses, through the cane-brakes, brush-wood, and dense forests, called "bridle-paths." A prayer meeting had been appointed at one of these cabins, which Mr. Vardeman and his wife attended the night after he had made the solemn resolution just recorded.

There was no minister present, but so much interest was felt that men, women, and children came from several miles distant. A rumor had been circulated that young Vardeman would preach, of which he had heard nothing. Some of the Church members conducted these social meetings without much formality. They sung hymns, prayed, and talked, as they were inclined, or as impressions moved them. Before the close, one of Vardeman's neighbors, who knew the effect of the sermon, and his seriousness, invited him to speak. He arose, but, in narrating the circumstance told the writer, he never could remember what he said, how long he spoke, or whether he said anything. The only recollection he retained was, the people of all classes were weeping and sobbing around him. Another social meeting was appointed the next Sabbath, which Mr. Vardeman, on request, promised to attend.

At this meeting he waited for older persons to take the lead, after which, with deep feelings, and tears gushing from his eyes, he gave an exhortation, mingled with confessions of his own backslidings, and calling on his young associates to forsake their sinful amusements and follow Christ, and they would enjoy what he then felt—peace of conscience and salvation through the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ.

To his surprise and amazement, young and old were crowding forward to give him their hands, and with audible voices exclaiming, "O, Mr. Vardeman, pray for me!" Another exclaimed, "O, Mr. Vardeman, do pray for me, for I'm a *heap bigger* sinner than you ever was!" Probably there were twenty or more standing around, and in various phraseology confessing their sins, and begging him to pray for them.

There is nothing strange or unnatural in such a state of excitement, among plain, honest-hearted, frontier people, meeting in a social, though religious manner, in a log cabin. It is the spontaneous bursting out of the heart, unchecked by the conventionalities of a higher civilization.

Mr. Vardeman, who had never attempted to pray in public, was taken by surprise; the call was unexpected; there was no time for reflection; he thought of his vow to the Lord, when he obtained relief, and without hesitation fell upon his knees with

the crowded assembly, weeping and sobbing, and calling on the Lord for mercy around him, he attempted to pray for the first time in the hearing of others. What he said, or whether there was any coherency in his language or thoughts, he was unable to recollect.

These social meetings were continued each successive Sabbath, and two or three times during the week with similar effects ; only before he closed, he gave an invitation to all who felt their own sinfulness and guilt, and their need of the power and grace of Christ, and desired the special prayers of God's people, to come forward and give him their hands, and he would plead for them before the throne. This practice became very common and frequent, especially in seasons of revival, with most religious denominations throughout this Valley. Large meetings were frequently held in the open air under the umbrageous forest, or in school-houses, dwelling houses, and other shelters, in bad weather. We have not been able to trace the practice beyond the little social meeting, when the people spontaneously moved forward and entreated the speaker to pray for them. Connected, as it was, with his first effort to exhort unconverted sinners, he always followed the practice where he saw those signs of serious impression and anxiety, which he was quick to discern. He was opposed to all artifice, and all preternatural excitements, and cautiously guarded his congregations from mistaking their willingness to have the prayers of the people of God, for submission to Jesus Christ and his righteousness on the terms of the gospel.

It was not many days before a number of his former associates in worldly pleasure gave evidence of a saving conversion to Christ. His wife, whom he tenderly loved, was one of the first. News of the revival, and of the change in the course of Mr. Varde-man, and his preaching, as the people called it, reached Lincoln county; and his parents, brothers, and friends, urged him to visit them. His father and brothers were fearful he would make a failure in attempting to speak in their presence. Morgan Varde-man testified that his first discourse there was solemn and effective. He spoke with great freedom, and seemed to want neither words nor matter.

The Church, of which he had been a member, restored him to fellowship, and gave him a license in the old Baptist form ; a certificate merely stating that he had "a gift" of usefulness, and had liberty to use it wherever Providence opened a door. He now gave out appointments and preached several times in quick succession. All classes came out to hear him, and in a short time upwards of twenty of his former associates in Lincoln county, and members of the dancing-school that led him astray, became humble and obedient disciples of Christ.

(To be Continued.)

ASSOCIATIONS—BAPTIST CUSTOM.

[QUERY.—There are few questions in relation to Church government or denominational usages, which have not at some time or other been answered or discussed. To have the judgment of wise and experienced brethren on oft-recurring questions of Church-polity, placed in a permanent form, would certainly be useful. The following, from an old Recorder, was once before published in the Repository, but with important typographical mistakes. It shall be followed by other queries and answers from S. M. Noel, Wm. Buck, J. L. Waller, Knowles, and other old editors, on various subjects which have agitated Churches or Associations.]

THE following questions come from a highly respectable source, with name and date, and place, all fully affixed. But we omit these, because the questions are of a general character, applicable to all sections ; and because we never intend to interfere in local controversies. The questions are these :

First. "Does a Church sustain the same relation to an Association that an individual member does to a Church ?"

Second. "If so, is it Baptist custom for an Association to receive a Church contrary to the wish and vote of another Church or Churches in the same Association ?"

We answer the first question emphatically, that a Church does not sustain the same relation to an Association that an individual member does to a Church. The relation between the member and the Church is of divine ordinance—was instituted by Jesus

Christ—and is regulated by the precepts and principles of the New Testament. But the relation between the Church and the Association has its origin solely in Christian policy and expediency, claiming no more warrant in the word of God than missionary societies, and other benevolent institutions. The Association is formed by a compact between Churches, for the purpose of correspondence and acquaintance, and the promotion, by devotional exercises and mutual consultation, of their own and the common welfare of Zion. As the Churches are sovereign and independent, they sustain no relation to each other, except by agreement, and are bound in nothing, except by express stipulation. Whatever they have not covenanted to do by the terms of Association, is of no force or obligation. Of course, it would be something new under the sun, if a Church should be dealt with according to the 18th chapter of Matthew for private or individual offenses; or in any way arraigned and excluded for moral delinquency like a member of a Church. Our doctrine is, that a Church is the highest ecclesiastical tribunal on earth; and when assembled in the name of Christ, He, the Great Head, is in her midst. But if our Association can exclude a Church, as a Church can exclude a member, then Associations might do what the gates of hell cannot do, *prevail against the Church*.

In short, an affirmative to the first question, would be to regard a Baptist Association, which we are wont to call a *mere advisory council*, as something beyond a Presbyterian Synod and a Methodist Conference!—an ecclesiastical body supreme over supremacy, and controlling in cringing subserviency, independent sovereignties!!! But the supposition is too absurd to entertain.

The plain, common sense of the case is simply this: When a Church violates the compact upon which she agreed to meet in Association with her sister Churches, she forfeits her rights under that compact, and may, and ought to be denied the privileges of the Association. But so long as she adheres to the terms of compact, she has a right to be regarded as a member. She can commit no offense over which the Association can exercise jurisdiction, except a plain and obvious violation of the terms of compact; and when dropped from correspondence and Association, she is still as much a Church as she ever was. Connection with an Association is not essential to the existence of a Church; but piety, purity of doctrine, and walking in all the ordinances of the Lord blameless. So the New Testament teaches, and so the Baptists believe.

The second question may be more summarily disposed of. But we beg leave to premise, that we have given very little study to that code of discipline, held in high esteem by some brethren, called "Baptist custom," or "Baptist usage"—a kind of ecclesiastical common law, found in tradition touching the practices of

the Churches in Virginia, the Carolinas, or New England; or else of the Churches fifty years ago. We hope the brethren will avoid the yoke of "custom" and "usage" as much as possible. For ourselves, we have no more respect for Baptists than for Papistical "usage," unless it is sustained by the Bible, or supported by sound Christian expediency. But to the question.

The reception of a Church by unanimity or by a majority is a matter solely to be settled by the constitution or compact of the Association. In the Associations of our acquaintance, both modes obtain—by unanimity generally. It seems to us better not to receive a new Church at the expense of the feelings of one already in connection. Fellowship ought to be preserved if possible. But when an objection is made, the reasons for it may be demanded; and then it is entirely competent for the Association to determine whether these reasons are good and sufficient. If good, let the Church applying be rejected. If not good, then the objectors ought to be required to yield, or else to be dismissed from the Association. This seems to us the wise and prudent course; and some of our oldest and most intelligent Associations pursue it.

We trust we have met satisfactorily the wishes of our esteemed correspondent.

J. L. WALLER.

For the Christian Repository.

A GENTLEMAN.

BY J. B. JETER.

HE is, as the etymology of the word imports, a *gentle* man. He does no harm. He is kind in his disposition, noble in his principles, courteous in his manners, and upright in his deportment. He scrupulously respects the rights of others. He will not needlessly wound the feelings or arouse the prejudices of the most obscure and defenseless. To all the conventionalities of life he pays a strict attention. To his superiors he is deferential; to his inferiors he is condescending. To the aged and to females he accords a ready and cheerful preference. In all societies, and in all circumstances, in private and in public, at home and among strangers, he studies to render himself agreeable, or, at least, inoffensive. If he gives offense, as through inadvertance, misconception, or sudden impulse, as he is liable to do, he takes pleasure in offering a suitable explanation or apology; and its promptness,

frankness, and heartiness more than atone for the injury. He honors his own rights, and maintains them with firmness ; but a firmness ever tempered by modesty and forbearance. He avoids the obscene and the petulant as he would a skunk or a snappish cur. Such a man is a *real* gentleman ; not a starched, showy, self-conceited fop. As a gem is known by its own luster, so a gentleman is distinguished by his easy, graceful, kind, winning manners. Whether he is clothed in home-spun or in broadcloth, whether he is seen in a cottage or a palace, he bears unmistakable marks of his nobility. A man may be a Christian without possessing the refinement and polish of a gentleman ; but every true Christian is imbued with the principles of a gentleman ; and a gentleman of the noblest type can be developed only by these principles. The Gospel not only inculcates politeness, but inspires those lovely and noble dispositions from which it naturally flows, in the highest excellence.

But the term "*Gentleman*" has been grossly perverted in the language of *Chivalry*. A gentleman, according to this system, is a man, who, for a provocation, real or imaginary, great or small, will, in violation of the laws of man and of God, commit murder, and subject himself to the peril of being murdered. If a man will not fight, when he is called to it, by the laws of the "code of honor" he is *no gentleman*. He may be amiable, honest, generous, and high-minded ; but he is not a gentleman. His manners may be bland, refined, agreeable, and courtly ; but he is not a gentleman. His offense may have been hasty, trivial, unintentional, or fancied, and he may be willing to offer such a vindication or redress as his own ingenuous nature deems proper ; but he is no gentleman. He may decline the bloody contest from a regard to the feelings of a venerable father, the affections of a lovely wife, or the interests of a dependent family of children ; but he has no claim to be classed among gentlemen. In submission to the laws solemnly passed by the Legislature of his country in condemnation of dueling, he may refuse a challenge ; but he is no gentleman. His unquestioned courage may justify him in saying, with Col. Gardiner, "I fear sinning, though you know, sir, I do not fear fighting ;" but still he is not a gentleman. He may, indeed, be restrained from the rash and murderous deed, by

the highest considerations of patriotism, domestic happiness, or piety; but by the code of chivalry he is ejected from the circle of gentlemen, branded as a coward, and consigned to hopeless infamy. "Gentlemen" will turn at him their scornful eyes, and hiss him from their refined and favored society.

But if a man, when duly challenged, will fight; will go to the appointed field, with deadly weapons, and bloody purpose, and there with strong nerve, and fiendish hate, aim at his antagonist the death-dealing blow, and bare his own breast to receive the fatal lance or bullet, *he is a gentleman*. His character for gentility and courage is established. By the high code of honor he is endorsed as a gentleman. He may be drunken, quarrelsome, and a pest to society; but he is a gentleman. He may be deceitful, mean, dishonest, refuse to pay his just debts, and cheat his friends of the money by which he equips himself for the honorable conflict; but he is a gentleman. He may be a spendthrift, a libertine, a seducer, a gambler, a blasphemer, a perjured person, an incendiary; but nevertheless he is a gentleman. He may scorn the counsels of a judicious father, mock the tears of an aged and infirm mother, torture the affections of a doating wife, and expose to want, and rags, and disgrace, his own lovely and helpless children; but he is a gentleman. He may be a man with whom virtue would blush to acknowledge her acquaintance; but yet he is a gentleman. He may be broken down by dissipation, an object of loathing and disgust, bloated, filthy, and maddened; but forsooth he is still, pre-eminently, a gentleman.

Now we do solemnly protest, in the name of humanity, civilization, refinement, common sense, our mother tongue, morality and religion, against this monstrous perversion of a good word. A duelist may have some of the qualities of a gentleman. He may be better than his principles. False views of honor and duty may lead him to an act from which his heart recoils with abhorrence. His greatest fault may be the lack of courage—courage of the highest sort—moral courage—a disposition which dares to do right in the face of reproach and ridicule. He may violate the dictates of his understanding and his conscience to avoid a fancied reproach. But the highest style of gentleman, a duelist cannot be. The remark of Cowper, England's noble bard, com-

mends itself to every man's judgment: "A *gentleman will not insult me, and no other can.*" If a gentleman has wronged us, he will apologise, freely, fully, and satisfactorily—and we will forgive him. If we have wronged a gentleman, we will make reparation, and he will readily accept it. But if a man insults us, and refuses to atone for it, or if he refuses to accept a reasonable apology for any supposed injury we have done him, he is not a gentleman, but a bully, or an ill-bred fellow; and we should no more think of putting ourselves on a level with him than with a brute. In the vindication of our rights or our honor, we might appeal to the laws of our country, or be provoked to employ a cudgel; but we certainly should never acknowledge our equality with such a hot-spur. If challenged by him to mortal combat, and we did not return an answer so pertinent and sarcastic as that which Franklin is said to have returned to a loathsome man, who had challenged him, it would be because we have less genius than that illustrious philosopher, and not that we do not approve his principles: "If I should kill you, what good would that do me? If you should kill me, then I shall stink as badly as you do."

For the Christian Repository.

LECTURE ON HEBREWS.

BY S. BAKER, D. D., WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.

Divine Revelation communicated in different modes and various successive periods of time.

HEBREWS, 1: 1, 2. "God, who, at sundry times and in divers manners, spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath, in these last days, spoken unto us by his Son."

This epistle commences in a style of unusual dignity. The writer does not mention his name, does not refer to his authority. He is evidently conscious that what he writes needs no names for its sanction, no authority to recommend it to men's attention. And so his statements come at once upon the mind in the naked majesty of eternal truth, claiming the reverent hearing and de-

vout obedience of faith, simply on the ground that evidence themselves to be divine. But this claim is only their due, as a careful study of this wonderful epistle will, with God's blessing, convince us.

The inspired penman of this epistle enters directly upon his main design, which was to bring the Hebrew converts entirely off from their attachment to the peculiarities of the Mosaic economy, and to confirm and establish them in the Christian faith. With this view, he observes, that the same God who had formerly revealed his will to their ancestors by the prophets, was also the author of the gospel revelation, in which he had communicated his mind more perfectly, and by an infinitely more excellent and dignified person than any of those whom he had formerly employed, namely, his own Son. Our text reminds us of three particulars:—

First. That divine revelation has been granted to *mankind in various successive PERIODS of time.*

Second. That this inestimable blessing has been imparted *in several different MODES of communication.*

Third. That this revelation of the will of God to man is enjoyed in its *highest degree*, under the Christian dispensation, which *commenced at the advent of the Son of God.*

Accordingly let us notice, 1st, The *sundry times* at which divine revelation has been communicated. The original word, (*polumeros*) translated "*sundry times*," signifies, in several parts or parcels, which must also imply, at sundry times. God did not formerly reveal his purpose fully, nor all at once, but partially, and by degrees—part of it by one prophet, and part of it by another, and that at different and distant periods; so that there was still room left for new and farther discoveries of his mind. The difference implied is, that God hath now given a complete revelation, and, as it were, at once. The *matter* of ancient revelation, being given in different parts and at different times, it conveys the idea of the gradual development of truth in different ages and by different persons.

Our first parents did not continue long in a state of innocence, and we have but a very brief account of that period. We can, therefore, say but little as to the communications then made to

man from God. Undoubtedly the All-Wise and Almighty Creator, who could give to inferior creatures such different and surprising degrees of instinct, could impart knowledge to Adam, at his first creation, in what measure he pleased. And no one, who gives credit to the testimony of Scripture, can doubt of the infusion of numberless ideas into the mind of man immediately on his first formation. Beyond all reasonable hesitation, God communicated to Adam such knowledge of his Maker as was needful for him to prepare him for receiving a positive test of obedience, and for understanding the solemn warning given him respecting the awful consequences of transgression. The bounds of his knowledge we cannot attempt to define; nor do we presume to suggest either in what way it was first bestowed, or how frequently he was indulged in his original state of rectitude, with fresh communications from the author of his existence. To us, it is of greater importance to remember, that, on the very day in which he fell, a hint of mercy, suited to keep Adam and his guilty partner in transgression from sinking into utter despair, was indirectly given him. It is possible that farther instructions were communicated to him soon after the fall. Nor can I doubt it, since the rite of sacrifice would neither be likely to have entered his mind without a suggestion from above; nor could it have been acceptable to the *Supreme Being, without a divine warrant.*

The intercourse between the Almighty and Cain was probably not concealed from his parents and the rest of the family; for although Seth alone is distinctly named, as being born soon after the murder of Abel, and as being an ancestor of the Messiah, and of all the race that lived after the flood; yet Adam might have many children grown up to manhood before the expiration of a hundred and thirty years.

It is also certain that immediate revelations were made by God to Enoch, the seventh from Adam, who predicted the second coming of Christ; and whose singular translation gave testimony to the divine approbation of his holy conversation, and added unspeakable weight to his solemn warnings of the final judgment of the ungodly. Noah, likewise, was divinely warned of things not seen as yet, and being moved with fear, prepared an ark, to the saving of his household. He, being a preacher of righteous-

ness, condemned the world, both by word and deed, and became an heir of the righteousness which is by faith.

After the flood, God communicated to this second father of the human race his gracious determination no more to destroy the earth by water ; and he likewise enabled him to predict his future tabernacling in the tents of Shem, the enlargement of Japhet, and the servitude of Canaan.

Nothing more is recorded of this kind till the call of Abraham, by which time a great defection from patriarchal religion had taken place ; for as men multiplied in the earth, and removed to a greater distance from their pious progenitor, they lost the remembrance of traditional revelation, and became vain in their imaginations, till polytheism and idolatry were almost universal. But when God called Abraham out of Ur of the Chaldees, he not only intimated his gracious design to preserve the true religion in his family for ages to come, but also revealed his intention ultimately to bless all the families of the earth in his seed ; which great promise can have received its accomplishment in Jesus Christ alone, who is the true Messiah, and whose certain advent Abraham rejoiced to see. Though in Isaac his seed was called, yet we are not without hope that Abraham's prayer for Ishmael was eventually answered in his salvation, and that some traditional knowledge of revealed religion might remain for a time among his posterity. And strong proof that this was the case for a while, with the descendants of Nahar, Keturah, and Esau, is afforded by the Book of Job.

Far greater discoveries of the divine will were made to Jacob and his posterity : especially after Moses, at the command of him who appeared to him in Midian in the burning bush, had brought them out of the land of Egypt. At Sinai a whole system of laws, moral and civil, together with multiplied typical institutions, were given to Israel. And after they entered the promised land, a succession of seers, as they were called at first, and prophets, as they were afterwards denominated, was raised up ; by whom God made known his will, not only respecting individuals, and the public events which should befall either the Israelites or the neighboring nations, but, above all, concerning the coming of the Messiah, and the salvation of an innumerable multitude through him.

Prophets were employed by God in instructing and reforming the people, not only in Judah, but also among the Ten Tribes after their revolt from the house of David and general lapse into idolatry. None were more zealous for the honor of Jehovah, nor were any more honored by him in the performance of miraculous works, than Elijah and Elisha, though they committed nothing to writing. And when the Jews were removed out of their own land, Ezekiel and Daniel prophesied in Chaldea, where some surprising events took place during the captivity, which might well be expected to excite the attention of all the people of the East, though but little good actually took place. The authenticity of the facts, however, is the more undeniable, as the record preserved is not in the Hebrew tongue, the ancient language of a distant, petty province only ; but in the Chaldee, the dialect used in the metropolis of the Babylonian Empire, and which long continued to be far more extensively known ; on which account no misrepresentation could have escaped detection.

After the return of the Jews from Babylon, the prophets, Haggai and Zechariah, were raised up to co-operate with the zealous efforts of Ezra, the priest, and Nehemiah, the governor, in the cause of revealed religion. To them succeeded Malachi, nearly eleven hundred years after Moses had written the Pentateuch, and not much more than four hundred before the birth of our blessed Lord. This prophet closed the canon of the Old Testament.

No authentic account is given after this of any immediate revelation, till the coming of the Messiah drew nigh, when Zacharias, Elizabeth, and Mary had information divinely communicated respecting the birth of his forerunner, and the succeeding incarnation of the Redeemer, and composed their grateful songs under the divine afflatus of the Holy Spirit. Divine intimations of the Saviour's speedy appearance in the flesh had also been imparted to Anna, the prophetess, and to aged Simon. And now a new dispensation commenced, which must be more particularly considered in a subsequent part of this discourse. Thus was the truth of God gradually developed in different ages, and by different persons, till the coming of the one great Prophet, the Son of God.

2d. We shall notice *the divers manners* in which divine reve-

lation has been communicated. The original word (*polutropos*), translated "*divers manners*," signifies "*in many ways*," and refers to the diversity in the *manner* in which God has made known his will. This *diversity of manner* is not peculiar to the Old Testament revelation; for the developments of the divine will, made through Christ and his apostles, were made in manners or modes nearly as "*divers*" as those in which that will had been revealed in ancient times. Of this abundant evidence will be adduced as we proceed. From a collation of the statements furnished upon this subject in both divisions of the sacred volume, it will be found that the modes of divine revelation, or the exertion of inspiring influence, which it pleased the Author of all wisdom to select, are the following: Direct internal suggestion; Audible articulate sounds; The Urim and Thummin; Dreams and visions. Of these several modes, the first only is *immediate*, and is that which is generally considered to be inspiration in the strictest sense; the others are all *mediate*, consisting in the miraculous intervention of secondary causes, or certain applications of divinely interposed instrumentality, by which the matters of revelation were conveyed to the minds of its chosen recipients.

1. That the servants of God were occasionally, and some of them generally, the subjects of direct *inspiration*, is irrefragably proved by express testimonies of Scripture. In the proem to the sublime ode of David, with which his inspired poetical compositions terminate, he declares in reference to his general inspiration: "The Spirit of the Lord speaketh in me, and his word is upon my tongue." 2 Sam. 23: 2. Other passages, in which the doctrine of immediate inspiration is distinctly taught, are the following: Matt. 10: 20—"For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father, which speaketh *in* you." 1 Pet. 1: 11—"Searching what, or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was *in* them did signify, when he testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ." In none of these instances is the instrumental sense admissible. They all assert the fact of direct internal revelation—the result of the extraordinary operation of God upon the minds of the apostles and prophets, by which they became imbued with supernatural knowledge, or had those objects and occurrences vividly and powerfully impressed on them;

an acquaintance with which they never could have acquired in any natural way, or which, without such divine intervention and influence, they could not have been qualified to make known to the world. They all convey the idea, which is naturally suggested by the perusal of innumerable other passages of Scripture, in which no mention is made of the employment of any external means in imparting the revelation, that the recipients were wrought upon directly by the Holy Spirit, who opened their minds to perceive the things which they were to communicate to others; excited them specially to attend to them, and supplied them, as the exigencies of particular cases required, with the ability to give suitable expression to the matters with which they were inspired.

2. Of the different modes of revelation which were *mediate*, consisting in the intervention of certain agencies or external physical phenomena, that which we consider to possess the first claim on our attention is the production of *audible and articulate sounds*, by which Jehovah made oracular announcements of his will to man. To this species of inspiration are to be referred all those passages of Scripture which plainly and unequivocally ascribe to the Deity the use of speech in connexion with personal manifestations, and also those which contain similar ascriptions, without any account of such manifestations, but which are not susceptible on any other principle of a rational interpretation.

On consulting the record we find that the oracular communications in question were sometimes made without any accompanying personal phenomena. Thus we are informed, (Num. 7: 8, and 8: 1) that when Moses entered the tabernacle of the congregation to speak with the Lord, he *heard the voice speaking to him* from above the propitiatory, which was over the ark of testimony, from between the two cherubim; it spake to him—yea, Jehovah spake to Moses, saying, &c. The Lord, on this occasion, fulfilled the promise which he had made when he gave special instructions respecting the formation of the holy of holies: “There I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the propitiatory.” Ex. 25: 22. And it was owing to the oracular responses which were given from this sacred place, that, on the construction of the temple, it obtained the name of “The Oracle.”

1 Kings, 6 : 16, and 8 : 6 ; and 2 Chron. 4 : 20. The peculiar honor of receiving these oracular communications was at first given to Moses only, and after his death, to the High Priest for the time being. In the history of Nebuchadnezzar, we meet with another instance illustrative of this mode of revelation. It is stated by the sacred penman, that while the proud boast of that monarch was yet in his mouth, "*there fell a voice from heaven*, saying, O, King Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken ; the kingdom is departed from thee," &c. Dan. 4 : 31. It was not a single impression wrought upon his mind, but an audible voice, miraculously produced, the component intelligible words of which he distinctly heard and understood.

In the New Testament we meet with similar examples. At the baptism of our Lord there was a *voice* from heaven, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." The same announcement was repeated in precisely the same audible manner on the Mount of Transfiguration ; "While he yet spake, behold, a bright cloud," &c. Matt. 17 : 5. Afterwards we read of Christ, that when he prayed, "Father, glorify thy name ! there came a *voice* from heaven, saying, I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again." John, 12 : 28.

Another class of instances, in which this mode of revelation was employed, comprehends those in which *an actual personal appearance* accompanied the enunciation of the words that were spoken. In such instances, those by whom the communications were made, presented themselves to the view of the persons to whom they were imparted in a visible and palpable manner. The form in which they thus appeared was human ; and there is reason to believe that, in most cases, when first exhibited, it was marked by nothing of an extraordinary character, but possessed, in appearance, simple properties of the human body ; so that those, to whose view it was presented, could have regarded it in no other light than that of actual humanity. It was only by the accompanying circumstances, or by those developments of a higher or supernatural order with which they were favored, they arrived at the assurance, that the being, by whom it had been assumed, was not, in reality, a member of the human family, but belonged to a superior order of existences. This view of the subject is fully

borne out by the declaration of Paul (Heb. 13: 2), that "some have entertained angels *unawares*," in which, in all probability, he refers to the cases of Abraham and Lot, recorded in the 18th and 19th chapters of Genesis.

In the accounts furnished in the sacred volume of supernatural personal appearances, there is a marked distinction betwixt those of angels generally, or angels strictly and properly so-called, and those of one, who, by way of peerless pre-eminence, is styled "*The Angel of Jehovah*," and to whom names, attributes, and works exclusively divine, are unequivocally ascribed. In proof, it is merely necessary to refer to the histories of Abraham, Hagar, Jacob, Moses, and Manoah. Malachi, 3: 1 identifies "the Angel or messenger of the Covenant, with the Sovereign Lord, or the Messiah, whom the Jews expected, as one in person and operations. Paul informs us that it was Christ whom the Israelites tempted at Meribah. 1 Cor. 10: 4, 9. And the same apostle declares (Heb. 12: 26), that it was his voice which shook the earth on occasion of the transactions at Sinai. Compare Gen. 18: 1, 2, 33, and Gen. 22: 11, and Gen. 32: 24-30, and Ex. 3: 1, 6. Josh. 5: 13, compared with 6: 2, where the man, who came as captain of Jehovah's host, assumes his title and authority. Farther instances occur in the book of Judges—6: 12, 14, 21. Judges, 13: 6, 16, 18, 22. That He, who thus made his appearance as a man, was really a Divine Person, was sometimes evinced by external signs; as when the bush burned with fire and was not consumed; when the angel of the Lord touched the flesh and unleavened cakes, which Gideon laid on the rock, and fire rose up out of the rock and consumed the flesh and the cakes; and when he, that appeared in a human form to Manoah and his wife, did wondrously, and ascended in the flame of the altar. Ch. 13: 6, 16, 18, 22.

Thus he, who was known in after times as "the only begotten of the Father," repeatedly assumed a human form, as a prelude to his incarnation. And since his glorification he has manifested himself corporeally, and held converse with his followers. Of this a signal instance occurs in the history of the conversion of Paul, recorded in the 9th chapter of the Acts.

In addition to these appearances of the Son of God in his pre-

existent state, in a human form, the Scriptures have recorded personal appearances of *angels, strictly so-called*, for the purpose of revealing the will of God to man. Two of these angels, in human form, accompanied their Lord when the interviews took place, to which we have already referred, with Lot and Abraham. One thus appeared to David in a human form, and predicted the coming pestilence. 1 Chron. 21. Gabriel announced to Daniel the period of the seventy weeks, and the advent and death of Messiah. Dan. 9. The same angel appeared personally both to Zacharias and Mary, and predicted the immediate birth of the Saviour, and of his harbinger and relative, John. Luke, 10. The instrumentality of angels was also thus employed in the giving of the Law. Deut. 33 : 2, 5 ; Ps. 68 : 17 ; Heb. 2 : 2 ; Acts, 7 : 53 ; Gal. 3 : 19.

3. Another mode, by which Jehovah signified his will in a supernatural manner, was the *Urim and Thummim*. Wherein precisely this mode of revelation consisted, and what is the precise import of the terms by which it is described, are points which it is impossible to determine with any degree of accuracy, owing to the limited nature of the information which the Scriptures furnish respecting them. Strictly speaking, no description whatever is given of the Urim and Thummim, which is the more remarkable on account of the fulness and minuteness of the description furnished of the ephod and breast-plate with which they were connected. There are only two passages in the Mosaic law in which they are specifically mentioned along with the high priest's dress ; but in both they are assumed as something already known. Ex. 28 : 29, 30 ; Lev. 3 : 5, 9. The terms, Urim and Thummim, seem intended to express the idea of the *clearest* or *most perfect revelation*. The decision was that of Jehovah, who could not deceive, and from whose decision, as the theocratical ruler of the Hebrews, there could be no appeal. The use of this oracle was confined to matters of importance, such as those which affected the common interests of the nation, on which account it was not consulted by the people generally, nor on ordinary occasions ; but was resorted to by the monarch or persons in authority, in the absence of other means of determining the path of duty. It would seem that the mode in which these intimations of the divine will

were given, consisted in an audible voice, which gave to the high priest, in brief but explicit terms, direct answers to the questions proposed. Joshua was thus to inquire of the Lord. Num. 27 : 21. Saul had been accustomed to receive responses in this way. 1 Sam. 28 : 6. See, also, Ezra, 2 : 63 ; Neb. 7 : 65.

4. In many cases a revelation of God's will was communicated in dreams and visions. Num. 12 : 6. God refused to answer Saul in this way (1 Sam. 28 : 6, and 15). The false prophets professed to receive revelations in this way. Jer. 23 : 25-28. God, in pouring out his spirit, would thus reveal his will. Joel, 2 : 28. Paul had visions and revelation of the Lord. 2 Cor. 12 : 1-4. Thus God revealed his will to Abram (Gen. 15 : 1) ; to Jacob, at Bethel (Gen. 28 : 12, and at Beersheba, on his way to Egypt. Gen. 46 : 2. And Elihu suggests that this latter way of imparting instruction was not uncommon before the Scriptures were committed to writing. Job, 33 : 14-17. Thus it was that God made known his purposes to Joseph (Gen. 37) ; to the butler and baker of the king of Egypt (Gen. 40) ; to Pharaoh himself (Gen. 41) ; and long afterwards to Nebuchadnezzar (Dan. 2d and 4th), and Daniel. Dan. 7. These dreams were attended with a strong conviction of their supernatural source and prophetic nature, which was confirmed by their subsequent interpretation. The import of the dream of Pharaoh's officers, as well as of his own, seems to have been communicated to Joseph as soon as he had heard them related, in a way of immediate suggestion ; while Nebuchadnezzar's first dream, which he had forgotten, though he retained a deep impression of its extraordinary and ominous nature, was repeated to Daniel, and its interpretation made known in a vision of the night.

Thus God, in divers manners, made a discovery of his will to individuals.

THE WAY TO MEET THE DAY OF TROUBLE.—Meet it with calmness, reposing simple confidence in God. Meet it with prayer, soliciting God to appear for you. Meet it with resignation, submitting to all the Divine allotments. Meet it with faith, believing that God will appear for you, and that all will be well.—*Anon.*

Family Visitor.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. S. R. FORD.

GRACE TRUMAN,
OR
LOVE AND PRINCIPLE.

BY MRS. S. R. FORD.

CHAP. X.—THE CONTEST.

IN a few days after the return of the party from "Forest Glen," Mr. Gordon called at old Mr. Holmes', where he met with Mr. Lewis, who was spending the evening socially with the family. This was the first visit the minister had made since Fannie came home. It was very unusual for him to absent himself so long from "Mount Airy," for he looked upon it as his second home, and he was regarded by all, as almost one of the family. Mr. and Mrs. Holmes wondered greatly at his protracted absence, and frequently remarked upon it in Fannie's presence. She divined the cause, but said nothing.

He had been kept away by a mingled feeling of pride and distrust. The communication received from Fannie the evening previous to her departure to visit Annie, containing intelligence surprising and disagreeable. This it was that caused him to act in this unaccountable manner. But just here we must go back a little and explain briefly the relation existing between the young girl and the minister.

Mr. Gordon, as is usual with all young ministers, had been advised by his score of *particular* friends to look him out a helpmeet—one who could share with him the duties and responsibilities of his station. The advice proved very palatable, for he

had long entertained the idea, that to be thus assisted was, in truth, part of his duty to himself and to the people of his charge. So now, therefore, as he was fully established in his new home, he gave himself to the work. There were several very estimable young ladies members of his congregation; but alas! none just suited to the summary of his requisitions. What a terribly fastidious class of society these ministers are! one was too old, another too young; one was too gay, another too sedate, not for the judgment of the far-seeing ones of his people, but for the minister's taste. Ministers, like other men, will have their preferences, and that, too, often despite the judgment of elders and deacons, and the very *apropos* selections of elders' and deacons' wives. Alas, for human nature!

When Fannie returned from school the Christmas previous to the commencement of our story, her amiable disposition and gentle, playful manner heightened in charm by beauty of feature, and the perfect moulding of her sylph-like form, soon won the heart of the pastor. His judgment whispered, "she is very young;" and so she was, having, but a few months before, entered her seventeenth year. This, he thought, with her parents, would be regarded an obstacle to their marriage; "but then, he could wait till she had attained a suitable age, and this he would do;" only let the prize be secured! he heeded neither trouble nor delay.

Old Mr. and Mrs. Holmes had seen with heart-felt satisfaction the preference of the pastor for their daughter. They esteemed him very highly, and regarded him in every way worthy of her love. She was very young, it was true, but not younger than the mother was when she assumed the responsibilities of a wife. And then her domestic education, without which no young lady, whatever may be her years, is fitted to manage a household, had been carefully attended to.

The letter, to which we alluded in a foregoing chapter, and which had decided Mr. Gordon not to accompany Fannie to "Forest Glen," were written in reply to one in which he had urged her to give him a final answer. It was marked by that candor and feeling which was peculiarly characteristic of her heart. She told him undisguisedly of the nature and extent of

her regard for him, and of the hopes that had filled her bosom. "But you know, Mr. Gordon," she added, "that my views respecting baptism are undergoing a change; what the result will be, I cannot now say; but should I become a Baptist, and I now feel this is very probable, you yourself must see that our marriage would be attended by consequences not only disagreeable, but deleterious to our growth in grace. Above all other considerations, a house should not be divided against itself in religious sentiment. This is a hard trial for me to bear, but my Saviour has said, 'ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I have commanded you,' and I dare not disobey, even for the highest worldly consideration. And I now entreat you not to insist on a definite answer until I have decided this momentous matter; momentous it is, as it regards both my spiritual and temporal welfare. I can say no more; pray for me, that I may have divine guidance."

Truly yours,

FANNIE."

The feelings of the young pastor, on reading this note, cannot be fully described; surprise, disappointment, chagrin, fear, despondency, succeeded each other with fearful rapidity. He was bewildered, and knew not what to think, nor how to act. He had heard her express herself doubtfully respecting sprinkling, but he looked upon it only as doubt, fleeting as unfounded, and believed that as soon as judgment should gain the ascendancy over the sympathy which she felt for Grace, that her shadowy misgivings would pass away, leaving no trace behind to mark their ephemeral existence.

After much serious reflection, he determined to use his influence through the medium of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, to prevail upon Grace to partake of the communion at their next meeting. And whenever he had called to see them during Fannie's absence he had urged it upon them to win her to this step. The only reason he assigned was the conduct of her husband; this, with him, it is true, was a very strong consideration, but farther down in his heart was a far more painful one, which he hesitated to give, fearful of the consequences to one whom he loved with his whole heart. He thought that if Grace could be but for once prevailed upon to sacrifice her principle to her love, the matter could then

be easily managed with all parties. O, how fervently he prayed "that her prejudice might be removed, that she might be led to commune with the people of God at the communion table of the Lord." And when Mrs. Holmes told him that Grace had promised her "to consider the matter and to decide before the next sacramental meeting," his heart bounded within him; he believed his prayer would be answered to him in peace. He felt that toward Fannie he must act with great caution.

As the minister entered the family room, conducted by old Mr. Holmes, Fannie, who had been intently engaged listening to her cousin Ed., while he described to her mother, Father Miller's sermon, and its effect upon his judgment, rose, and with agitation, which she vainly endeavored to hide, bade him good evening, and handed him a chair. He was equally embarrassed, but shaking hands with Mrs. Holmes and Mr. Lewis cordially, and returning her salutation with a polite bow, he took the chair tendered him, and turning to Mr. Lewis, said,

"Do not let me interrupt you, sir, I believe you were speaking of your recent visit. I think I heard the name of Father Miller, as I entered the door."

"Yes, I was telling Aunt of Father Miller, and of his sermon on baptism, which I heard while I was gone."

"Very fine, I suppose."

"To me exceedingly so; I think it cannot be surpassed in convincing argument. It astonished me to see such an old man, and one that we might call uneducated, handle the subject with so much clearness and power. He is coming in about two weeks to hold a meeting in our village, and I think you and Uncle Holmes may prepare to throw up your commission of pastor and elder. I shall not be much surprised if all of your people go under the water before he leaves," and Mr. Lewis looked at the pastor quizzically.

A dreadful misgiving seized his heart, but he betrayed no emotion. The words, though so lightly uttered, sounded to him prophetic.

"Tut, tut, Ed., what foolishness, boy. Do you think sensible folks are going to have their heads turned by this old man? Our

people are Presbyterians dyed in the wool ; can't turn their heads, you may rest assured of that."

"Well, jesting aside, I tell you he is very strong and lucid on the subject of baptism. The impression made upon my mind and judgment was wonderful. And I think Cousin Fannie felt as I did. It will not do to let her hear Father Miller often, unless you are willing she should become a Baptist, for there is danger, I give you my word for it."

"What nonsense you talk, boy ; a child of mine join that ignorant, selfish people ! it is perfectly *ridiculous*. The fact of the business is, my children have got too much good common sense to be guilty of such a disgraceful thing ! Why, I'd as soon think Bro. Gordon would be guilty of the foolish act as to believe that one of my family would ! No, no, Fannie will never do this," and the old gentleman cast a meaning look at his daughter, as much as to say, "that's my opinion, do you understand it ; now let me hear no more of this thing."

"I am not astonished, that any one, brought up under Baptist instruction, and accustomed to witness such scenes, should look upon them as right ; but that any one, who has been raised a Presbyterian, and has become a member of that Church, should ever be willing to submit to immersion, I must confess, is unaccountable to me."

The minister looked at Fannie. She blushed beneath his meaning glance, but returned his look with one equally fixed and determined. She had somewhat of her father's will, but none of his prejudice.

"The very fact, sir, that those who have been brought up strongly prejudiced against immersion—been taught to regard it as a coarse, vulgar practice, as most Presbyterians do—should be willing to submit to it, is, to me, a very strong argument in its favor. A man must be not only thoroughly convinced of its validity, but at the same time, deeply impressed with a sense of duty to yield to a baptism which, from his infancy, he has been led to consider as not only unnecessary, but highly revolting to every feeling of delicate refinement ; and which is practiced by those who persist in it merely for lack of better judgment and more information."

"Circumstances may sometimes be such as to influence persons to do that which their judgment cannot fully approve, and which, in another situation, they would regard as entirely reprehensible."

"But how do you account for those, who, despite all teachings to the contrary, and in the face of the most violent party opposition, submit to this ordinance? You certainly will not call them fanatics; and how dare you call them misled, when your wisest men, in all ages, have borne testimony in its favor?"

"It is no such thing, sir," and the old gentleman rose from his chair and stood in front of Mr. Lewis, "I tell you it is no such thing. Any man that says that, is no Presbyterian! he don't belong to us."

"You have read of Chalmers, I suppose, Uncle?"

"Yes, but Chalmers never said dipping people under water was right."

"Hear what he says: 'The original meaning of the word baptism, is immersion; and though we regard it as a point of indifference whether the ordinance so named be performed in this way or by sprinkling; yet we doubt not that the prevalent style of the administration in the apostles' days was by an actual submerging of the whole body under water.' Is not that very strong in favor of immersion?"

"I don't believe Chalmers says any such thing."

"But, Uncle, I can show it to you in his lectures on Romans."

"Won't believe it till I see it. Somebody has told a story on him—put these words into his mouth. Can't believe he said so—too good a Presbyterian to be talking such stuff as that."

"I'll bring you the book, sir, and let you see it for yourself."

"Well, do that; for I tell you I won't believe it unless I see it with my own eyes, for I have no idea he said it. I have never read anything of the kind. The fact of the business is, your Baptists make our great men say anything to suit yourselves."

"That would be impossible. Were the Baptists ever so much inclined to forge testimony, which I assure you they would never do, and have never had any need of doing, your doctors of Divinity are ever on the alert, and such misrepresentations would be easily detected and readily exposed. You object to the testimony

of Chalmers, but there are scores of other Pedobaptist writers equally reliable and equally explicit."

"I tell you I don't believe a word of it, and won't till I see it with my own eyes."

"Well, some evening this week I will bring my book with me, and show you where Calvin, Wall, Archbishops Decker, and Tilotson, Bishop Nicholson, Drs. Doddridge, Barnes, Clarke, Whitfield, Wesley, McKnight, and many others, bear conclusive testimony to the practice of baptism by immersion; and all of these men were Pedobaptists, and not more favorable to immersion than you, but they did not dare to say, with the light of the Bible, and of history before them, that it was not practiced in the Apostles' time, and not a Bible ordinance."

"Well, Mr. Lewis (an epithet the old gentleman always used when provoked with his nephew), if you are going to bring all of your books and arguments to show that dipping is right, I want Bro. Gordon to bring his books and arguments to show that it is wrong. I haven't read much on this subject, myself, outside the Bible, and I can't argue like some folks, but I know enough for my own use. The fact of the business is, I could never see the sense of any body reading so much for arguments and reasons, when they were as firmly set in their notions as I have always been. What do I want to find out what this man, and that man, and the other says, when I know none of their say-sos can change me? Why, it would be the foolishhest thing in the world."

"Indeed, sir, I think it is a very sensible thing, so to qualify ourselves as to be able to give reasons for our belief, and those, too, of the strongest kind."

"Well, I'd like to know who could reason anything stronger for infant baptism than you can find in the Bible. A man must be blind that can't see that there."

"There have been a geod many blind ones, then, and I am one of the number. But where do you find it?"

"Why, in Lydia's household, and in the jailer's household. You certainly have been reading the Doctors of Divinity a great deal more than you have your Bible?"

"I have read botn very carefully, and it is only in the Fathers that I find baby sprinkling. My Bible tells me nothing of it."

"Why, don't it distinctly say, that Lydia and her household were baptized, and the jailer, and all his, straightway? If this don't teach infant baptism I don't know what could."

"Not so fast, sir, not so fast; there is no mention made of children at all; not the most distant allusion to them. Your baby sprinkling, from these instances, is wholly an inference, and one, too, entirely unsupported by sound common sense, and your conclusion, if it proves anything, proves too much; if it embraces children, it also includes servants and assistants; and if you say there are many households without servants and assistants, I answer you, that there are also many without children. So your proposition proves entirely too much, or nothing at all."

"I have always thought it very strange that these two cases should be brought forward in support of infant baptism," said Mrs. Holmes, speaking for the first time during the discussion; "there are many hundreds without children. I know of several myself, and so does Mr. Holmes. There are Mr. and Mrs. Williams, with their four grown sons, and Mr. Dale's family, that moved from Weston last Spring, to Missouri. When they left here they took with them six children, all over fifteen; and Mr. Peter and Mr. Webb, in the old neighborhood that never had any children. I think we shall have to go back of this to find proof sufficient to establish infant baptism."

"Tut, tut, Margaret, are you growing foolish too? are you going to turn Baptist with the rest of them?"

"I was raised a Baptist; I am now a member of the Presbyterian Church. I shall wait to hear the discussion before I change again," she answered pleasantly.

"I want you to do your best, Bro. Gordon," said the old man, turning upon the pastor, and speaking with an earnestness and energy which told how momentous he regarded the interests at stake. "I want you to bring your strongest arguments, and prove to all that our baptism is found in the Bible! I want all convinced on the subject of communion, too, so that after our next Quarterly Meeting there will be no more quarreling in my family. The fact of the business is, I am tired to death of it; I can't see why people don't do right without all this parade and trouble."

The mustard seed had been cast into the earth, the leaven hid in the meal ! We shall see the results.

"Shall we meet to-morrow evening ?" said Mr. Lewis, addressing the pastor.

"I should prefer rather more time for preparation. I am quite rusty on this subject, having had but little to burnish me since I came to Weston. Suppose we say day after to-morrow evening."

"Take time enough, Bro. Gordon, take time enough to get everything ready, and then take the field and win the day."

"This is Tuesday, we will meet on Thursday evening, with our weapons prepared for the conflict. We shall meet here, I suppose, Uncle ?"

"Certainly, certainly, I want to hear all of the reasons you Baptists have for your foolish practice."

"I hope the conflict will not be a terrible one," said Fannie, directing her remark to her cousin Ed. She had not ventured to speak since the minister had cast upon her that terrible look.

The conversation now changed to the ordinary topics of the day, and the evening passed pleasantly. Mr. Gordon remained to tea. There were few words interchanged between him and Fannie. She, as much as was consistent with politeness, withdrew from the room. Her feelings were deeply wounded ; she regarded Mr. Gordon's remarks as uncalled for and severe, and intended altogether for her. She did not suffer herself to dwell upon it ; and she dared not contemplate the future, it was so dark, so mysterious, so threatening.

"Thursday evening, at six o'clock," said Mr. Gordon, as he took his hat to leave.

"At any hour you choose ; let it be six. I would be ready now if I had my books with me ; but as Uncle is so determined not to believe anything but what he 'sees with his own eyes,' not willing to take my word for it, I shall have to get John to call by for the Doctors of Divinity, or I shall not be able to have them present to give in their evidence."

Mr. Gordon applied himself most assiduously to his undertaking. He was fearful of results, for he had never made the subject of baptism a deep, thorough study. He, as a great many

others have done, rested contented in the belief that the proper element was alone *necessary*, and that the action might be performed either by immersion, sprinkling, or pouring, this being left entirely optional with the candidate. And if a faint doubt would sometimes cross his mind, he banished it with the thought that, in treading the way of his choice, he was but following in the footsteps of the wise and learned of past ages, and therefore could not err. How many solace themselves with just such reflections; men of mind and cultivation, not realizing fully that "where much is given, much will be required;" and that duty to themselves and to others, demands that they may be "always ready" to give a reason for their belief and practice. Many have doubts and fears, but they choose thus to have their minds perplexed by misgivings, and their growth in grace fearfully retarded, rather than appear vascillating. Rather than bring upon themselves the charge of "fickleness, they cling to the old ways of man's invention, preferring the applause of men rather than of Him, who has said, "if ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

Thursday evening came, and at an early hour, Mr. Lewis was seen with a large book under each arm, and a roll of manuscript notes in the breast pocket of his coat, wending his way toward Mount Airy. His books had proceeded under the superintendence of young Mr. Holmes; and the same courtesy had been extended to the minister, who, in addition to his own library on the subject, had gathered together all the works on baptism that were to be found in the book-cases of his most prominent members. True, they did not amount to a great many after they were all collected. But he had pretty much the substance of what had been written on his side of the question, for each successive volume is, in a great measure, a reflex of what has preceded it.

Old Mr. Holmes was so confident of victory that he had sent a very kind and pressing invitation to Grace to be present on the occasion; but she preferred to remain at home, and to seek direction of "Him, who will guide the meek in judgment, and teach them his way."

Mr. Gordon came in just as the family were seating themselves for supper. Mr. Holmes had grown very uneasy under his de-

lay, which manifested itself in innumerable wonderings why he did not come, and his frequent looking out at the window as long as there was light enough to show any one approaching through the avenue. After supper, which was dispatched with rather more than wonted haste, the family all assembled in the parlor, where, to the right of the fire-place, in which was burning a bright, cheery wood fire, stood a large table, with the books of both parties, piled on either side. The very books had an antagonistic look as they opposed each other with their superscribed fronts of calf-skin and morocco. The controversialists took a seat near their respective weapons of defence. Mr. Holmes sat at his pastor's right hand; Mrs. Holmes, with the children on either hand, took her position in front, and Fannie seated herself in the opposite corner from her cousin Ed., and just where she could see both parties. They were but fully arranged when a knock was heard at the door, and young Mr. Holmes walked in.

"Did your wife come with you, John?" asked the old gentleman, in a tone whose anxiety was evident to all.

"No, sir, she remained at home."

"What was this for—did she not hear that I had sent for her?"

"I believe she did, but she chose to stay at home and read her Bible, I believe."

"Determined not to be convinced," muttered the old man between his teeth.

"But I have brought her representative," said he, handing his over coat to the house girl, and taking Aunt Peggy, who had just appeared at the parlor door, by the hand, and escorting her to a seat near Fannie, but a little in the rear, to her left.

Mrs. Holmes and Fannie rose and shook hands with the old negro, as did all of the children. Old Mr. Holme's "howdy, Peggy," contrasted strikingly with the old servant's "good evening, Massa," accompanied by a curtsy as graceful as Aunt Peggy could make, with her limbs stiffened by age and rheumatism. She curtsied to the young gentleman, who returned a polite bow.

All being at length seated, and silence restored, Mr. Holmes said, "I reckon we had just as well begin; I see, gentlemen, you are both pretty well prepared. I want you to do your best,

and we will decide which one gains the victory. You must first settle the communion question, and the fact of the business is, Bro. Gordon, you can soon do this ; you can soon show us that to refuse to let the Lord's people come to his table, is against the Bible, against all Christian feeling, and against all common sense."

"I would just here ask Mr. Gordon a few questions, which, I think, will show the true issue of this point of disagreement. I would ask him if he does not believe that the two positive ordinances of the New Testament baptism and communion derive their authority and force because they were instituted by Christ, and not because they in themselves possess any moral obligation?"

"Most undoubtedly I believe the sacraments are nothing except from their divine institution, but because of their institution by God manifest in the flesh, they are not only binding upon his people, but are the greatest and most proper trial of their obedience and respect to the authority and will of the Institutor."

"I would farther ask if you believe there is an established order of succession in these institutions, or do you think as Mr. Hall has argued, that in some cases, and under certain circumstances, the commonly received order of succession may be set aside?"

"I disagree with your Doctor, here, but deem Mr. Hall most excellent authority, for those that subscribe to his doctrine on this point."

The minister remembered that he had used this very argument in the most expert manner with Grace, to induce her to commune with the Presbyterians.

"You admit, then, that baptism should always—in every instance—precede communion?"

"I not only admit it, but contend for it ; and this is the practice of our Church. With us, no one comes to the Lord's table without having previously been baptized, either in infancy or on profession of faith."

"Uncle, do you believe, with Mr. Gordon, that no one has a right to a seat at the Lord's table but those who have submitted to baptism?"

"Yes, I do ; but I want you to understand that I think those

have been baptized that have been sprinkled or poured upon, and that at any time in their lives, whether it was when they were babies or after they were grown ?”

“Certainly, I know this is your belief. I only wished to ascertain if you think that baptism must always go before communion ?”

“To be sure, I do ; what is the use of asking such a question ? Don’t every sensible body think this way ?”

“Well, I discover we are all fully agreed on this point, and the subject of difference now is baptism alone.”

“I would remark here, that I think the mode of baptism, or in other words, what is baptism, rests entirely with the believer’s conscience. And if an individual believes fully that he has been baptized according to the command of Christ, we have no right to call in question his claim to a seat among the followers of Christ at his own table.”

“Yes, and that’s my notion, too ; don’t the Bible say, ‘let a man examine himself, and so let him eat ?’ and I say that we dare not refuse to let any body come, who has done all that he believes is required of him.”

“If we leave it entirely with a man’s conscience, we would have to admit him whether he has been baptized or not ; if he should claim communion at our hands, and should tell us that he had diligently studied the Bible, and found that water baptism was wholly unnecessary ; that the language employed referred entirely to the baptism of the spirit, which he felt he had received, and he now desired to obey the command of Christ, which shows forth his death till he come, you cannot deny that this man is conscientious in his belief, and yet you would not give the elements to him.”

“Most assuredly not ; we know that he has not submitted to that ordinance of Christ, which is always pre-requisite to a participation in that rite which he commanded should follow.”

“And yet this man is conscientious. And even should we admit that it ought to be left to the conscience, this would not in the least heal the breach now existing between your denomination and the Baptists ; for Baptists *conscientiously* believe that you ave never been baptized, and therefore they cannot go to the

table with you, nor ask you to come to the table with them; they would be setting aside the express authority of God; and thereby sin against light and knowledge for the sake of permitting what some call Christian fellowship; or, in other words, they would disobey God to promote, what they contend, is error. And whenever a Presbyterian asks a well-informed Baptist to commune with him, he certainly asks him to disobey God in acting contrary to the dictates of his conscience. He should first endeavor to convince him of his supposed error; and if he can succeed in this, then, and not till then, has he any right to urge upon him this so-called manifestation of Christian fellowship."

"I assent to your proposition, that if a man believed immersion alone is baptism, he cannot, and ought not to commune with those he regards as unbaptized. But does it not savor of presumption and arrogance in them to think that *they*, and *they alone*, are right on this subject, when so many wise and learned men, in all ages, have borne testimony against them?"

"Let us to the testimony of these wise and learned men of all ages, and see what they say about the mode of baptism, and the meaning of the word *baptizo*, which has not been translated from the Greek, but transferred, with an English termination. We will first take the history of the *mode*, and I will produce my authorities from the time of Hermes, who wrote A. D. 95, down to the present; and I think that, in all ages of the Church, you will find that *immersion* was recognized as the action performed by John on the body of the Saviour, and that this was the universally received acceptation of the term *baptizo*; and that, with a few exceptions, of which we will speak, and in which, pouring or sprinkling was resorted to because of real or pretended inability, the whole world practiced immersion for full thirteen centuries. The first instance of pouring on record is that of Novatian, which took place about the year 251. Eusebius, the father of ecclesiastical historians, says, with regard to this case, "that Novatian fell into a grievous distemper, and it being supposed that he would die immediately, he received *baptism*, being besprinkled with water on the bed whereon he lay (if that can be termed baptism).*" And here

* "This baptism was thought imperfect and not solemn, for several reasons."
VOL. VII.—JAN.—4

is a quotation, from the Edinburg Encyclopedia, which says:— ‘Pouring or sprinkling was admitted only in *cases of necessity*. It was not till the year 1311 that the legislature, in a Council, held at Ravenna, declared immersion, or sprinkling, to be indifferent.’” Now we will take the testimony of the fathers in favor of immersion, and then, if you have any rebutting evidence, we will have to decide from the comparative authority of the two classes of witnesses. Here is the testimony of Hermes, who wrote, as I have said, about the year 95. Speaking of baptism, he says: ‘Before man receives the name of the Son of God, he is ordained to death; but when he receives that seal, he is freed from death, and delivered unto life; now, that seal is water, *into* which men *descend*, under an obligation to death, but *ascend* out of it, being appointed unto life.’”

“Justin Martyr, who, about the year 140, wrote ‘An Apology for Christians, addressed unto the Emperor, the Senate, and people of Rome,’ after speaking of those who were “*persuaded and do believe* that these things taught by us are true, and do promise to live according to them,” says, ‘they bring them to some place where there is water, and they are baptized by the same way of baptism by which we were baptized; for they are washed (*en to udati*.) *in the water*, in the name of God the Father, Lord of all things, and of our Saviour Jesus Christ, and of the Holy Spirit.’”

“Tertullian, who wrote 204: ‘Because the person (to be baptized) is let down into the water, and with a few words said, is dipped.’ And afterwards, speaking of the vain anxiety of some to be baptized in the Jordan—‘There is no difference, whether one is washed in a sea or in a pool; in a river or in a fountain; nor is there any difference between those whom John dipped in the Jordan and those whom Peter dipped in the Tiber.’ He also uses the words ‘*In aqua mergimur*’—we are immersed in the water.

“Gregory Nazianzen, who wrote a century and a half afterwards, or about the year 360, says: ‘We are *buried* with Christ *by baptism*, that we may also rise again with him; we descend

sons. Also, they, who were thus baptized, were called ever afterwards *clinici*; and by the 12th canon of the Council of Neocesareu these *clinici* were prohibited the priesthood.”—*Eusebius*.

This Council was held 64 years after this case of sprinkling occurred.

with him that we may also be lifted up with him ; we ascend with him that we also may be glorified with him.' Is not this explicit language ? But hear what Witsius and Vossius say, which is still more to the point :

"Witsius : 'It is certain, that both John the Baptist and the disciples of Christ, ordinarily practiced *immersion* ; whose example was followed by the ancient Church.'

"G. J. Vossius, the learned philologist : 'That the apostles immersed whom they baptized, there is no doubt. And that the ancient Church followed, is very clearly evinced by innumerable testimonies of the fathers.'

"Clement, of Alexandria, who wrote about the beginning of the third century, addressing the baptized, says : 'You were led to a bath, as Christ was conveyed to a sepulchre, and were thrice *immersed*, to signify Christ's three days' burial.'

"Bishop Bossuet : 'We are able to make it appear by the acts of Councils, and by the ancient rituals, that for thirteen hundred years baptism was thus (by immersion) administered throughout the whole Church, as far as possible.'

"Calvin, whom all Presbyterians regard orthodox, commenting upon John, 3 : 23, and Acts, 8 : 38, says : 'From these words it may be inferred that baptism was administered by John and Christ by *plunging* the whole body under water.' This testimony, from the father of Presbyterians, should certainly have weight with them.

"Whitfield, in one of his sermons, speaks thus : 'It is certain, in the words of our text, there is an allusion to the manner of baptism, which was by *immersion*, which our own Church allows ; and insists upon it, that children should be *immersed* in water, unless those that bring the children to be baptized, assure the minister that they cannot bear the *plunging*.'

"Augusti, as quoted by Moses Stuart, in Bib. Repos., page 359, says, in speaking of immersion : 'I know of *no* usage of ancient times, which seems to be more clearly and certainly made out. I cannot see how it is possible for any candid man, who examines the subject, to deny this.'

"Dr. Neander, of whose fame all of you have heard, in his Eccles. History, says : 'Baptism was originally administered by

immersion ; the immersion is a symbol of death, of being buried with Christ. The coming forth from the water is a symbol of the resurrection with Christ ; and both taken together, represent the second birth, the death of the old man, and a resurrection to a new life. An exception was made *only* in the case of sick persons, which was *necessary*, and they received baptism by sprinkling.'

"Professor Stuart says : 'The mode of baptism by immersion the Oriental Church has *always* continued to preserve, even down to the present time.'

"And Mosheim, in his Eccles. History, first century, says : 'The sacrament of baptism was administered in this century by *immersion* of the whole body in the baptismal font.'

"Bower, Reeves, Wall, Professor Campbell, and Stackhouse, all bear the same evidence, that the practice of the apostolic and primitive Churches was *baptism by immersion*.'"

"But where is your proof from Chalmers, Ed. ? you haven't mentioned his name. You found yourself mistaken about him, didn't you ? These other men you have been reading from I don't know much about. But I know Chalmers was a Presbyterian, and a good one too."

"And learned, I suppose you will admit."

"Yes, indeed, that he was. I have never seen much he wrote, but everybody says he was a fine scholar. Don't you think he was, Bro. Gordon ?"

"Most undoubtedly, he was a great man."

"I am very glad you mentioned him, Uncle. Here are his own words ; you can examine the book after I read, and convince yourself there is no mistake about it. In his lecture on the sixth chapter of Romans and fourth verse, he says : 'The original meaning of baptism is *immersion* ; and though *we* regard it as a point of *indifferency* whether the ordinance so named be performed in this way, or by sprinkling—yet, we doubt not, that the prevalent style of administration in the apostles' days was by an *actual submersion of the whole body under water*.' Now, what do you think of that ? Here is the book ; examine it for yourself."

The old gentleman took the book, looked at the title-page, and then read for himself the startling words.

"Do you think Chalmers believed this, Bro. Gordon?"

"I have no reason to doubt these being his sentiments."

"Well, then he wasn't a good Presbyterian; I won't claim any man that will say such a thing as that, I don't care how learned he is. You don't believe it, do you! you don't think the apostles dipped people under water, do you?"

"I must admit, with Chalmers, sir, that the *usual* mode in primitive times was immersion; for I cannot gainsay such testimony as Mr. Lewis has produced to establish this point. But that it was the *only* mode, I cannot believe, from the accounts given in the Bible itself. We will pass over the baptism of Christ, for that will more properly come under the *design* of baptism, and receive the statement given by Luke, on the day of Pentecost. Now, we learn that it was the third hour of the day, or, according to our time, nine o'clock, when the marvels of that remarkable day began to attract attention. Now, if we allow sufficient time for the sermon, the praying, and singing, and the preparation for the baptism, provided it was immersion, it must have been the afternoon before the candidates were ready. There were three thousand added to the Church, and we presume they were all baptized; and if this was done by immersion, it seems impossible that they could have gone through with this great number during the remainder of the evening, as there were only twelve administrators. Let me see—that would be two hundred and fifty; and, assigning one minute to each candidate, it would have required four hours and ten minutes to have completed their task; and I cannot think any man's strength would be sufficient to have performed such a labor, standing all the while in the water. And there is yet another difficulty. It was about the latter part of the month of May, a very dry time in Palestine, and the brook Cedron was dry, except during the rainy season; and we know of no other brooks of sufficient size; and although there might have been baths suitable, yet would the Jews have permitted the use of them to the followers of the despised Jesus, whom they had crucified? Some writer remarks, and I think, very justly, 'that they would sooner have opened baths to the swine, than to those who preached the authority of the hated Na-

zarine.' In view of all these difficulties, I deem it impossible that the multitude could have been immersed."

"That's a fact! that's a fact! Bro. Gordon; it could not have been done."

(*To be Continued.*)

A TRIBUTE

To the memory of Miss LOUISA T. KENNEDY, step-daughter of Mr. Daniel Piatt, of North Bend, Ky., who departed this life June 21, 1856, aged 18 years, 11 months, and 15 days.

She was young, and pure, and beautiful; just
Bursting into womanhood. The flowers
Of joy and hope were clustering round her;
And no shadow marred the light of earth, for
Life was but a sunny picture to her soul.
Friends hung round her, and ever to her gave
The heart-love they knew she so well deserved.
The gentleness of childhood was blent with
The maturer virtues of riper years, and
Made her a being whom 'twas bliss to love.
The glow of health on her fair, soft cheek rested;
The light of hope was in her mild, pure eye.
Who ever thought that she could die so young?
So good, so *rarely* beautiful. But, alas!
Alas, the Destroyer came! not with slow
And cautious step, but boldly, and apace.
And there were days of pain and nights of watching,
The rounded form its fair proportions lost;
The fever-flush went and came; and sometimes
The pulse leaped wildly—and then was almost still.
Yet we hoped. We could not think that she would die.
But the shadow, gloomier growing, never
Left her darkened room. And at last it grew
So fearful, that we felt it must be Death.
And as the beautiful casket was broken,
It seemed that we could look within and see
The brightening radiance of the diamond.
Her heart was full of love for all; but most
She said, for God.

The morning of the day she died, she sweetly
 Whispered, "Sister, I am now going home."
 And before the sun had set in the west,
 Calmly she sunk to rest upon her Saviour's bosom,
 And we saw her not. "Her life was hid with God."

MARY, OF KENTUCKY.

For the Christian Repository.

WOMAN.

BY MRS. A. O. SMITH.

WOMAN, in her natural condition is of equal importance with man. None will deny her this position, when viewed in her natural order. Upon both equally depends the perpetuation of the *genus homo*.

Her relation toward man is a subordinate one. Yet without her, his position, however exalted, would be sombre. In every species of animal, a line of demarcation is drawn, and neither could long exist without the other. In some respects woman is vastly inferior to man—in physical strength. But man should not arrogate this supremacy. This very power was given to him for woman's protection, and she should humbly acknowledge her weakness. By so doing, she invigorates man's power and desire to extend his puissant arm. Let us change the relative position of the sexes. Man becomes ridiculous, and woman disgusting. Her most useful and lovely trait is the influence she wields in the domestic circle.

Let danger menace her lord's estate. Let disease, with its sirocco breath, wither one of her progeny; endowed with supernatural strength, and entire self-abnegation, she stands, uncomplaining. Man's first act of transgression was obedience to woman; the dire calamity of which fully convinces us of the impropriety.

There is an error in the present system of female education. In the first place, too much freedom is granted; and then her mind is over-tasked in searching for knowledge, which God never designed her to acquire, and which is unnecessary for her happiness.

But she is not alone to blame. Man should be righteous, and she will be obedient. Neither strength nor wisdom is given her beyond prescribed limits. Seeking to transcend these bounds, the monstrosity becomes impotent and ridiculous. In the sublime simplicity of her sex she must ever be man's supreme arbiter. She is dependent on man for her existence, and his happiness devolves upon her; a wise providence has thus mutually blended their interest.

When woman contests with man for supremacy, he is not, as she supposes, angry at her presumption, but mortified at her weakness; sorry, that like the moth, she will dim her own brightness. Her influence, when properly directed, is omnipotent. The statesman in embryo, the future king and minister, is, by nature, placed in her plastic hand.

In making a physiological examination of the human brain, the organization is identical in both sexes. But the vascular system in man is much greater, and gives a more vigorous action—whence we say man is more intellectual. Yet, understanding her true destiny—willing to move in her own orbit, she wields an influence equal with man. She is far more admirable placed in juxtaposition with man, than when elevated above him. The example of the *magna mater* is too often exemplified. God said unto Adam, *he* should have power over every living thing. He was lord of the creation. The devil knew this, and, envying his sovereignty, meditated his diabolical project of destroying this Eden. In his subtle wisdom he attacked the most vulnerable point, the success of which is too often and painfully evidenced. Like the scintillations of light on the edge of the storm-laden cloud, she brightens the gloomiest hour of man's checkered life. As a wild flower to the lone wanderer, as an oasis in the boundless desert, is faithful woman's smile to toil-worn man. Hesperus, on the brow of the distant hill, is not more lovely, than gentle woman, dignifying and adorning her abode—thus obeying the command of St. Paul.

WOMAN'S SERMONS: NO. I.



BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH, says Christ, to those, who, through much tribulation, shall enter into his kingdom. As was said to the Church at Smyrna, so to each of us, "*Be thou faithful.*" And this to *me*, to *you*, is spoken by Him "who has loved us, and given himself for us;" by Him, the Beloved, to whom we have pledged our heart, our life, our all; the Bridegroom, whom we have followed to the altar, and to whom, in the presence of God and many witnesses, we have there vowed eternal love, eternal faithfulness. And what shall ever separate us from this love? "Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?" "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any

other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

UNTO DEATH? Yea, even unto *death*, for so I am commanded; and "I will not count my life dear, if that I may finish my course with joy." The pleasures of the world shall not allure; its temptations shall not overcome; for "I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me." Through light, and through darkness; through ease, and through conflict; through hope, and through fear; through all the gloom and sadness of life's ever-changing way; in prosperity and affliction, in health and in sickness, yea, even unto *death*, will I be faithful to Him, whom my soul hath espoused, "who has bought me with a price—even his own precious blood."

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee.

In my still, lone chamber, in the crowded street, round the social hearth, mid scenes of wretchedness and despair, surrounded by the glad and joyous, mid the worshipers of God in his holy sanctuary, there ever comes to my ear a soft, low whisper, and the burden of the breathing is, "Be *thou* faithful unto death." And so I have promised! Enable Thou me to perform, through the coming year, through the remainder of life!

And is there no reward for all this faithfulness? no requital for this life-long, ever-vigilant, never-failing love? Listen, while I answer in the "true word of promise," from the lips of the Chosen One, the Bridegroom of his bride. "And I will give thee a crown of life." "I, the Exalted One, the King of Kings, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, even I will give unto thee a *crown of life*."

A CROWN OF LIFE. No more the frail wreaths of hope, which droop and fade beneath the cold, chill pressure of the hand of disappointment, "for hope will be swallowed up in fruition." No more pressing of the crown of thorns to weary, aching brows; no more diadems of earthly fame and glory; for all these things shall have passed away." We have entered in through the gates into the city, and there has been given us a more "durable inheritance, even a CROWN OF LIFE."

Who would not bear the weight of the cross on earth, though

crushing its burden, and painful, to wear ■ “crown of life” in Heaven?

“Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.”
S. R. F.

[For the Christian Repository.]

THOUGHTS IN A CHURCH-YARD.

A solemn stillness reigns around this place. The Church, where to-day the children of God joined in worship, is closed. The old brick school-house which stands hard by, where, long ago, the voice of happy childhood echoed, is deserted now, and fast hastening to decay. They will tear it down, they tell me; But the fond associations which cluster around it will not be torn away. To me it will ever remain “the Mecca,” to which my thoughts will turn and cling, though distance may separate between.

I am thinking now of those, who, in life’s sunny morn, came hither to receive instruction. Where are they? Scattered far and wide! Some have gone to their eternal home; some are proclaiming the word of life to their dying fellow-beings; while others are engaged in the pursuit of earthly fame and riches. I am in the church-yard, among the graves, and I am reminded we all must meet one common doom. Here is the limit to worldly wealth and honor. But here is a beginning too. A life of joy, or an existence of misery and woe will be entered upon, when the body is consigned to its dark resting place. These monuments tell me that, beneath them lie the remains of those who once breathed the breath of life. They had hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, but they are over now. Time with them has passed; eternity has begun. A dark curtain conceals them from our sight, but faith, which penetrates beyond, assures us they are in the hands of Him, who gave them life, and has taken it away. The viewless, but rapid, stream of time is bearing me on its bosom, and soon they will lay me here to sleep in my narrow bed of earth. How sweet the thought, I will meet, above, those whom I have loved below.

My mother has gone before. Long years ago her spirit took its

flight from earth; her body rests in this sacred spot. I see her still; I feel the warm pressure of her hand as she lay speechless upon her dying bed. Would I call her back to earth, to its trials and woes? O, no! Rather let me go to her. She weeps no more. There are no tears in heaven. Songs of praise are heard; glorious things are seen in that bright home, where, I trust, my mother's voice is joined with angels in singing around the throne of God. It is with no terror, that I visit the loved spot. No repulsive, chilling feelings come over me as I walk among the graves. It is true, I am reminded that, "this is the last of earth." But what is this earth but the school in which to prepare for death? What this body, but the tabernacle, in which is lodged the immortal soul. When this our earthly house shall be dissolved, wherewithal shall we be clothed, unless with the robe of righteousness, purchased by the blood of Christ. Should death, then, be terrible to those to whom this robe is promised? Shall we shrink from the deliverance that shatters the house in which we groan, that we may be "clothed upon with our house, which is from heaven?" And yet, we must be patient. God wills that we should live and labor. After toil, how sweet is rest.

MARY.

Missouri, September 7th, 1856.

OLD LANDMARKS AND BAPTIST WAYS.

THE flippancy with which some Baptist preachers talk of Baptist usages, is as saddening as it is disgusting. Baptist usages are founded on the experience and observation of ages, and are the result of the piety, the zeal, and the struggles of our forefathers in the gospel,—men, whose solid sense, whose practical wisdom, and whose scriptural learning would put to blush one-half of those intellectual pulpit orators, who sneer at their wisdom. Remove not the "Landmarks thy fathers have set," are words which, if properly regarded by the Baptist denomination, we would not now find substituted for its ancient strength the fallacies borrowed from other societies.

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

JANUARY 1, 1857.

WE spoke last month of the general and healthy growth of our denomination in Kentucky. In speaking of the agencies which had been instrumental, we wrote the following paragraph, which was crowded out :

THE GENERAL ASSOCIATION—ELDER BROADDUS.—Nor should we omit a passing mention of the efficiency, unprecedented in the history of Kentucky Baptists, of the General Association. Of the actions of the Board we know nothing ; though a member, we are seldom in Louisville to attend. But the working of their plans comes under our observation wherever we go. A better Corresponding Secretary it would be hard to find. We have known him from our boyhood, and always knew him to be an earnest, true man of God ; but never have we seen him so intent, so ardent, so devoted, as he now is, to wake up the Churches to their responsibilities, and supply the whole State with the preached word ; and familiar as we profess to be with the history of the operations of the General Association from its beginning, never, we believe, has it been in such a state of efficiency as at present.

NEXT GENERAL ASSOCIATION.—Could we mention any one circumstance which would do more to warm and unite the hearts of our preaching brethren than for them ALL to meet together next May, in Louisville ? Brethren, who have known each other in youth, but have been separated by distance for years ; Brethren, to whom each other's names are familiar, who are co-laborers in the same work, in the same field, the same State, but who have never seen each other's faces, nor given the greeting or the parting hand ; when aged Brethren, like Bryce, and Vaughan, and Dale, and Foley, and Morrison, and Higgin, would meet and part for the last time ; when young Brethren, who started together, would feel the awakening of affection and holy emulation as they met once more ; when the tie that binds in a sacred brotherhood should be strengthened and felt in its endearing fellowship. Brethren, to see you all, young and old, here together, grasping each others' hands, and shedding for each other the sympathising tear—what one circumstance would kindle such ardor, awake within us holy sympathies, and nerve us afresh for the battle of truth ? And such may be the case next May ; aye, and more also. For from other States will come to the scenes of early joys and conflicts a host of Brethren whom most of us have long known and loved—Flood, and W. F. Broaddus, and old Father Buck, and Stephenson, and Seely, and Warder, and Burrows, and Buckner, and Tichenor,—a host of those who have gone forth from Kentucky into distant fields, will return rejoicing. Who would not wish to meet them here for the last time, doubtless, on earth, and give them a warm welcome back ?

But can the preachers, from the distant parts of Kentucky, thus come ?

Doubtless many can ; but poverty, ah ! *poverty*, how heavy and chilling does it rest on the warm heart of many a minister of God. Preachers cannot afford to pay their expenses up to this city. We *know* that it is out of the power of most of them. Well, what shall be done ?

We appeal to the churches—to every Church in the State. Will you, by one determined effort, raise what will defray your preacher's expenses to Louisville and back ? Will you ? We ask the Churches to respond, and let us publish their answer—yea or nay. We shall see ; and may the Lord grant that we may see this thing done this once, if never after.

ON THE PHRASE, BORN OF WATER.—*By William Crowell.*—This is an exegesis prepared for the Minister's and Deacon's Conference, held at Columbia, Mo., May, 1856, and, on motion of J. W. Warder, ordered to be published. It is as able an exposition of this much disputed phrase as we remember ever to have seen. The author thus correctly translates the passage, "Unless one be begotten of the water, even of the Spirit." On repeating the assurance, substituting the explanatory words, "of the water, even of the Spirit, Christ adds no new idea, but an explanatory allusion, to render his first meaning plain." This is the writer's key, and with it he opens, with a master's hand, the difficulties which have been thrown around this phrase. We fully agree with the writer in his positions. We thank him for his essay, and recommend it to all who wish to get at the end of the controversy on this phrase. A single copy will be sent by mail for ten cents, or three for twenty-five cents. Address *Western Watchman, St. Louis.*

DISCUSSION ON METHODISM.—We have read with real interest and profit the discussion between E. J. Hamill, a Methodist, and Samuel Henderson, a Baptist, on Methodist Episcopacy. There is a dignity and Christian-like spirit pervading the discussion, as pleasing as it is rare. Vulgarisms, personalities, and low caricature, are left in the hands of more reckless combatants, and nowhere appear in this discussion. And while the bulwarks of Methodism are attacked with consummate skill and power, and every position is defended with tact and energy, all is done according to the law of honorable warfare ; all displays a love of truth, rather than mere victory.

Of all the works on the subject of Methodism, this we unhesitatingly pronounce the BEST. Mr. Hamill has, doubtless, presented the best front of Methodism, and has made its best defense, and to his arguments one turns with pleasure from the disgusting profanities of Brownlow. But his arguments are met by Mr. Henderson with a power which levels them to the earth. Episcopal Methodism has received a blow in this discussion which will be felt through the whole South, and from which it will not soon recover.

The work is by the Southern Publication Society, Charleston, South Carolina. It is published with the concurrence of the friends of both the disputants, and is sold by retail at One Dollar a copy. We recommend all, who wish to understand both sides of this controversy, to purchase this work.

BAPTISTS, AN ILLITERATE PEOPLE.—Nothing is more common than to hear uninformed sectarians insinuate that the Baptist ministry and denomination are illiterate, and even unfriendly to education. Such an insinuation was sneeringly uttered some time since by a no less dignitary than Dr. Robert Breckenridge, of Danville Presbyterian Theological Seminary. When the insinuation was repelled as unfounded and insulting, he acknowledged the falsity by *dignified silence*. It should not be forgotten by Baptists, that amongst them are as *many educated ministers as can be found in any protestant denomination in America*. That is, what the world calls educated—regular graduates. At the same time the Baptists have twice as many *really* educated men in their ranks as they have graduates. For these college graduates, in all denominations, are often unlearned, while the graduates of the field and the work-shops have nobly pressed their way up the steep of learning and fame, and taken their places beside Bunyan, and Booth, and Fuller.

But to the facts. One of these “illiterate Baptists” was the *first President of the first University in America*—Harvard University. One of these “illiterate Baptists” was the *first American Editor*, and conducted the first publication on this continent. In about thirty-three years these “illiterate people” have founded twenty-four Colleges, ten Theological Seminaries, about one thousand Academies, including twenty-three *endowed* Female Seminaries of a high order. Within four years not less than a Million and a half have been subscribed by Baptists for endowing these institutions. What an illiterate people! What foes to education!

CAUSE IN LOUISVILLE.—We rejoice to record a most interesting state of things among the Churches of Louisville. Elder Smith Thomas has been holding a series of meetings in connection with the pastor of the East Baptist Church. Quite a number have been added by baptism and letters. The labors of Elder Thomas have been greatly blessed during the past Fall. We noticed that some two hundred baptisms have been the result of his labors in the regions round about Louisville during the past few months. May the Lord continue to bless him.

Elder J. V. Schofield took the oversight of the Jefferson Street Church, Louisville, in August, 1854. It then numbered sixteen members, most of them poor, and principally females. Since then he has struggled on amid every difficulty, determined to *know nothing among men save Christ and him crucified*. He has baptized thirty-nine, which, together with those received by letter, have swelled the number to one hundred and fifty, active, energetic members. They have two Sabbath-schools, with over three hundred scholars, and have recently raised about \$2,700 toward purchasing a lot for a new house of worship. Surely, Bro. Schofield and his Church have not been idlers.

PORTRAIT OF ELDER VARDEMAN.—The portrait, from which the lithograph in this number was taken, is the only one in existence. It was painted in Lexington, Ky., in 1816. It was kept as a precious memento by an aged

sister, in Bloomfield, till her death ; when, leaving her house and lot to Georgetown College, she bequeathed the portrait to a loved friend, Mrs. N. Pope. An ambrotype from this portrait was sent on to New York, of which the lithograph is a copy. We knew Elder Vardeman personally, and are certain that all who knew that great and good man, will join us in saying that this is a most exact likeness.

M. G. ALEXANDER—After telling, by the request of the Church, his views on the subject of preaching, was regularly licensed to preach the gospel by the East Baptist Church, Louisville. He is a young man, of ability and education, a good speaker, and a pious man. We trust he will prove a blessing to the Church.

THE DISCUSSION ON DANCING was ready to go into the present number, but from various sources came remonstrances against a repetition of the first communication in favor of dancing. It certainly should have never appeared, but that an overwhelming answer, by Mrs. Garnett, accompanied it. The second article, from her pen, is as able as any we have ever seen on this subject, and we must beg sister Garnett to furnish it in a different form from the first of the discussion, for the Repository.

SPECIAL REQUEST.—We request every subscriber to the Repository to show this number, and tell their friends, on our authority, that the following numbers will be still better, and urge each friend to subscribe for it at once.

SIX THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS.—We are determined, with God's blessing, to have six thousand subscribers this year. But we cannot do it alone. With the help of our brethren and sisters, we shall do it in the next three months. Reader, can we count on your help in this laudable effort ?

SPURGEON'S SERMONS.—We have just received, from London, several sermons, which were taken down in short hand, as delivered, and furnished for the Repository. The first shall appear next month.

WILLIAM VAUGHAN.—We have received the first of a series of articles on The Law and the Gospel, from this able divine. It will appear next month.

DR. BAKER.—The friends of this able minister of Christ will be glad to learn that he has consented to contribute regularly to the Repository.

THE ORDER OF CONVERSION—An able article, of great power, by William Crowel, of the *Western Watchman*, written for the Repository, will appear in the next issue.

BUNYAN IN PRISON.—We have arranged for a beautiful steel engraving of Bunyan in Bedford jail, parting with his beloved daughter for the night. It is for the February number.



The Christian Repository.

NO. LXII.—FEBRUARY, 1857.

HISTORY OF THE KENTUCKY BAPTISTS.

BY S. H. FORD.

CHAP. XI.—ELKHORN ASSOCIATION.

WE must pass a moment from the continuous stream of events, flowing immediately from the Great Revival, to take a sweeping glance along the lines of the Baptists, as the scenes of that astonishing drama gradually disappeared.

The Elkhorn Association shared largely in the gracious visitations of God's spirit. In their midst, indeed, the great revival commenced. From the first gentle moving of the waters, under the preaching of John Taylor, the widening circles swept noiselessly, peacefully, till wave after wave visited the most desolate spots, where two or three were gathered together in the name of Christ. The Association, before so feeble, with its prospects so utterly rayless, awoke, and put on "her strength," and "her beautiful garments," and appeared bright as the sun, fair as the morn, and "terrible as an army with banners." In her midst had God "set down the right foot of his power." He had "made bare his holy arm in the sight of all the people."

To bring the review fully before the eye, the following is given:*

* I promised, and intended to have followed out, in this chapter, the results of the revival in originating the "Current Reformation." I find myself not quite prepared for it, nor would my readers be, without looking at the condition of the Baptists at the time. My object is to present the Baptists in their true light. This can only be done by an insight into the state of things around them. We shall have incidents, thrilling enough to detail; and though bare statistics may appear dull, they will be found the back-ground, setting off the whole picture.

MINUTES OF THE ELKHORN ASSOCIATION OF BAPTISTS.

Held at South Elkhorn, Fayette county, Ky., Saturday, August the 8th, 1801.

The Association was opened with divine worship. Sermon from Galatians, 6: 14—*'But God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.'*

Letters from twenty-six Churches were read.

Brother David Barrow, Moderator, Brother J. Price, Clerk.

CHURCHES,	MESSENGERS,	Baptized,	Rec'd by letter,	Dismissed,	Dead,	Excluded,	Total,
Tate's Creek,....	Daniel Williams, T. Watts,.....	35	1	5		1	68
South Elkhorn,....	J. Shackleford, G. Smith, J. Keller,...	309	39	25	2	10	438
Clear Creek,....	R. Cave, J. Rucker, S. Gill, R. Young,	326	22	24		1	558
Bryans',.....	A. Dudley, J. Mason, B. Robertson,...	367	39	18		4	561
Great Crossing,...	J. Redding, F. Suggett, R. Johnson,...	376	19	76	3	1	423
Town Fork,.....	J. Gano, A. Bainbridge, Wm. Stone,...	71	7	6			118
Cooper's Run,....	A. Eastin, E. Montjoy, Wm. Corban,...	30	1	28		1	100
Boone's Creek,....	T. Dolin, D. Bradley, G. Mure,.....	44		11		1	82
Marble Creek,....	J. Price, A. Bourn, W. Carr, R. Frier,.	133	9	9	1	3	183
Forks of Elkhorn,.	Wm. Hickman, F. Scott, J. Hayden,...	216	17	47	2	3	267
Indian Creek,....	M. Endicot, G. Forrest,.....	22	5	1		1	67
Grassy Lick,....	L. Corban, R. M'Donald, Wm. Jeans,.	107	11	3		2	195
Flat Lick,.....	Thomas Stark, R. Thomas,.....	43	5	2		4	86
Mount Sterling,...	D. Barrow, Jilson Payne, E. Smith,...	6	6	1			66
Indian Run,....	P. Wethers, W. Lizenby, W. Williams,	37	4	2			55
Mouth of Licking,.	C. Thompson, J. Keller,.....			3	1	3	30
Forks of Licking,.	A. Monroe, J. Turne,.....	12	2	4			34
Bullitt's Burg,....	S. Taylor, W. Cave, J. Craig, J. Kirtley,	104	7	5	2		186
M'Connel's Run,.	E. Craig, J. Paine, R. Smith,.....	156	3	21		5	220
Green Creek,....	J. Hazlerig, J. Hedger, R. Athey,....	51	5	6			77
Goshen,.....	Wm. Payne, C. Tracy, J. Baker,.....	50	11	1		1	92
Raven Creek,....	W. Williams, A. Hampton,.....	104	2	2	1		127
Flower Creek,....	T. Griffin, J. Ellis,.....	10	3	1			37
Elk Lick,.....	J. Mulberry, A. Fields,.....	29	3	1			40
Drennon's Creek,.	Morgan Bryan,.....	12	2	11			21
Dry Creek,.....	M. Vicors, L. Crifter,.....	6	7				34
Mouth of Elkhorn,	W. Rowlett, E. Calvert,.....	19	4				45
Eagle Creek,....	A. Robertson, J. Guill,.....						20
Silas,.....	C. Smith, W. E. Boswell, W. Kendrick,	90	22				132
Glen's Creek,....	J. Ford, W. Green,.....	22	20				52
North Elkhorn,...	G. Eve, J. Wilson, J. Thompson,....	170	25	5		5	206
Twins,.....	J. Arnold, M. Baker,.....						33
South Benson,...	T. Bereman,.....	8	4			1	17
Dry Run,.....	T. Foster, J. Withers,.....	16	13				60
Port William,....	B. Craig, Wm. O'Neal,.....	20					97
North Fork,.....	J. Vauter,.....	10					29
Total,.....		3005	318	314	12	47	4833

Ten Churches applied for admission, and were received.

Received letters and messengers from the Salem, Bracken, and Tate's Creek Association.

Brethren Joseph Redding, A. Dudley, and John Price, are appointed to arrange the business of the Association.

Brother Bainbridge, appointed to write to the Salem Association, and Brother Eastin to Tate's Creek Association; Brother Smith to the Middle District Association; Brother Craig to the Ketockton Association.

Adjourned till Monday, 8 o'clock.

Monday, 10th August.

Met according to appointment. After prayer, proceeded to business.

Circular letter read and approved. Letters to the corresponding Associations read and approved.

Request from South Elkhorn, to send missionaries to the Indian nations. Agreed to appoint a Committee of five brethren, to hear and determine on the call of any of our ministers, and if satisfied therewith, to give them credentials for that purpose. To set subscriptions on foot, to receive collections, and apply the same for the use of said mission. And it is recommended to the Churches, to encourage subscriptions for said purpose, and have the money lodged with the deacons, to be applied for that purpose whenever called for by the Committee. The following brethren are appointed—David Barrow, Ambrose Dudley, John Price, Augustine Eastin, and George Smith, or any three of them.

Agreed, that a Committee be appointed to attend the Separate Association, and write them a friendly letter, and use such means as may appear to them right to bring about an union; and if it should appear necessary, that they call a convention of the Churches to carry the union into effect. The following brethren are appointed—David Barrow, Ambrose Dudley, John Price, Wm. Payne, and Joseph Redding.

Agreed to appoint a Committee to draw a plan to restore excluded members emigrating to this country, and present it to the next Association. Brethren Dudley, Eastin, and Price, are appointed.

Brother Wm. Payne to write the circular letter, for 1802.

Agreed that the Churches, who are in union with us that reside in the north part of our bounds, are at liberty to use their own discretion in forming an Association, and that brethren Eve and Bainbridge advise them.

Members appointed to attend the corresponding Associations—brethren Hickman and Taylor, the Salem; Corban and Bourn, the Tate's Creek; Eastin and Payne, the Bracken.

Next Association to be held at Cooper's Run, second Saturday in August next.

Introductory sermon, Brother Gano; in case of failure, Brother Redding.

Agreed, that brethren Walter Carr, Richard Young, Charles Smith, Jilson Payne, James Hayden, and John Mason, be appointed a Committee to receive the bounty of the Churches for the benefit of our aged brethren, J. Gano, D. Thomas, and J. Sutton, as an indication of our love and care for them in their old age; and it is recommended to the Churches to make frequent contributions, and send them to the Committee, who are to distribute the same as to them may appear right; and render an account to the Association, what they have received, and from whom, and how they have distributed the same.

We have presented the Minutes of this year in full, deeming it worthy of careful perusal and study. We have traced the Elkhorn Association from where its infancy was nursed, amid savage dangers in the unpeopled forest, poor, few, feeble, yet nerved with strength and energy divine, battling, growing, striving together for the faith of the gospel, till its messengers, from the three little Churches, in 1785, taking counsel in a fort in the woods of Woodford county; going forth, bearing the precious seed, and weeping, returned rejoicing; and now, in 1801, numbering one hundred messengers from thirty-six Churches, embracing more than five thousand communicants. "The character of her ministry, well known throughout America, commanded the respect of all societies." The names of Garrard, Eastin, Sutton, Barrow, Tarrant, Smith, Dudley, Price, Redding, Bainbridge, Gano, Thomas, and other ministers, gave weight and wisdom to her councils. But the seeds of error had been sown, and amid the glorious harvest field and the golden grain, the rank weeds of error were beginning to appear. The following year was one of quiet, but of unceasing suspicion.

THE SEVENTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

At Cowper's Run, on the 14th August, 1802.

Introductory by Elder Redding.

A. Eastin, Moderator, John Price, Clerk.

Letters from thirty-six Churches, members, and twelve new Churches received, in all, forty-six Churches, counting 5,310 members. New Churches—Ridge of Drennon's creek, Union, Mount Gilead, Mount Pleasant, Mill creek, David's Fork, Hillsboro', Bank-lick, Brush fork, Clover bottom, Rockbridge, Twelve-mile.

A serious difficulty between the Church at Crossings and that at M'Connell's Run—A committee sent to heal it.

South Elkhorn inquires, what constitutes baptism valid?

Answer—The administrator ought to have been baptized himself, by immersion, legally called to preach the gospel, and ordained as the scripture directs. And that the candidate for baptism make a profession of his faith in Jesus Christ; and that he be baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, by dipping the whole body in water.

Mode of receiving persons excluded in other States.

The Church, which the person wishes to join, should write to the Church which excluded him, for a statement of the offence committed; of which, with the acknowledgment, they are to judge. But if the remote Church be dissolved, the other may act at discretion.

Arminianism and Socinianism had been embraced by many of the members of the Church where the Association was held—Cowper's Run, near Paris. These ruinous errors had, in fact, been privately propagated by the pastor, A. Eastin, the Moderator of the Association; and added to his own influence was that of a member of his Church, one of the ablest and most popular men in Kentucky, Gov. J. Garrard. The Association had no sooner closed its session than Eastin began to advocate publicly and zealously the speculations which had already rent the Presbyterian Church, and were the rallying points of the New Lights. Controversy and agitation were spreading and disturbing the Churches. Were the Baptist ranks to be beleaguered or subverted as the Presbyterian had been, by the withering dogmas of the skeptical Dr. Priestly?

An extra session of the Association was called, and met at Great Crossings, the third Saturday in April, 1803. David Barrow was chosen Moderator, and John Price, Clerk. Letters from thirty-three Churches were received. It was, after calm and prayerful deliberation,

Resolved, That a Committee be appointed (Barrow, Price, Dudley, Redding, and Tarrant) to visit the Churches at Cowper's Run, Flat Lick, Indian creek, and Union, to endeavor to convince them of their heresy, respecting the Trinity, and make report.

Enquiry—Does this body believe the doctrine of the Trinity, as contained in the confession of faith?

Answered, unanimously—They do.

The reports of this Committee were unavailing, as will appear from the synopsis of the

EIGHTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

At Town Fork, on the 13th of August, 1893.

Introductory by G. Eve.

A. Dudley, Moderator, John Price, Clerk.

Letters from 40 Churches—members, 4,422.

Cowper's Run Church dropped from the union of this Association, for denying the doctrine of the Trinity, and holding that Jesus Christ is not truly God.

Agreed, That that part of Flat-lick Church, who hold to their constitution, and believe in the divinity of Christ, be considered the Church.

Voted unanimously, That the union formed with the Baptists south of Kentucky, does not remove them, in the least, from their constitutional principles.

The session was threatening. Influence and wealth were on its side; yet such has ever been the attachment of Baptists to the vital truth of Christianity, and such is the simplicity of their discipline, that the storm soon expended itself, and not a trace even of its effects could be discerned. The Churches infected soon expired.

For the Christian Repository.

THE ORDER OF CONVERSION.

BY REV. WM. CROWELL.

WHAT ■ momentous epoch is that in which the destinies of a human soul are reversed forever! Poised between two eternities, an endless progression of knowledge, holiness, and felicity, on the one hand, of depravity and sorrow on the other, how thrilling are the events of that hour in which the deathless spirit turns from evil to good, from hell to heaven! Is it so, that there is such a point of time, a moment, in the lifetime of every human soul, each out-valuing a world, in which this change is made, involving results never to be comprehended, because everlasting? And is that moment included in the brief space of man's earthly existence, huddled among the little cares and frivolities of daily life? Such is the teaching of Inspired Wisdom; and human

philosophy is obliged to confess that there is no other solution of the intricate problem of human destiny which accounts for all the facts in this otherwise strange riddle of life, death, and immortality.

This change in the relations and destinies of a human being, is called *conversion*. It is conceived of as a revolution, a turning about. There is a reversal of the internal emotions, affections, or purposes of the soul, and of its external relations and tendencies. It is as though a traveler had suddenly discovered that he is going away directly from the place which he desires to reach. The decisions of his will, and his steps, are speedily reversed. He puts forth his strength to undo what he had just before done, and to retrace the way he had so laboriously traveled. So every man, by the very condition and necessity of his being, is traveling toward heaven or hell; there is no possible halting place, no standing still, in this fearful journey of existence.

The condition and prospects of every soul that is not converted are described in the Scriptures in language whose terrible import cannot be mistaken. Our Saviour describes all men as "*lost*," as "*condemned already*," as sure to "*perish*," had not God sent his only begotten Son to save them. The Apostles speak of them as "*dead in trespasses and in sins*;" as "*having no hope, and without God in the world*;" as "*children of wrath*," "*all concluded under sin*;" that "*there is none righteous; no, not one*." Our Lord assured them, in the most solemn manner, that "*except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven*."

In language equally decisive do the Scriptures speak of the great change of *conversion*. It is to pass "*from death unto life*," and be "*translated from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son*;" "*from the power of Satan unto God*;" "*from death unto life*;" "*from darkness to light*;" and "*be transformed*;" and be "*sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints*;" to become "*heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ*;" and "*put on the new man, which, after God, is renewed in righteousness and true holiness*." On one side of this invisible, yet awfully real line, which is passed in conversion, are the "*children of this world*," the "*unsanctified*," "*the unholy and pro-*

fane," the "unbelieving," the "disobedient," the "sensual, having not the Spirit." On the other are the "redeemed of the Lord," the "believing," the "children of light," the "faithful in Christ Jesus, called to be saints," who are "called with a holy calling," who are made "partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."

By the word *conversion*, therefore, is meant the conscious, voluntary act of a free, moral, accountable agent. Conversion must not be confounded with regeneration. The latter is the act of God; the former is the act of man. When our Lord told Nicodemus that "except a man be born (or rather *begotten*) again, he cannot see the kingdom of God," he soon explained his meaning, as referring to a sovereign act of the Spirit of God. "Of his *own will* begot he us," says an apostle. God alone is the author of that life in the soul which is called *regeneration*. It is, in its very nature, exclusively his work. But conversion is an exercise of the human faculties; of the affections, the reason, the will, the conduct. The relations and dependence of these two things—regeneration and conversion—will hereafter be inquired into; but it is necessary here to define the terms, and their proper application. Regeneration is as exclusively the work of God, as conversion is the work of man. As no man ever did, or could, beget himself, physically or spiritually, so God never did, and never will, convert a man; that is, turn him around. This must be the free act of his own mind. It is true, that conversion is ascribed to God in the Scriptures, and so it is ascribed to man: "If any one do err from the truth and we *convert* him, let him know that he that *converteth* the sinner from the error of his ways, shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins." Here, of course, it is implied that the sinner is converted by means of the influence, or persuasions of a faithful friend, operating on his voluntary powers. He is converted when he is persuaded to turn from the error of his ways, he turning freely and purposely.

In this great change, called regeneration, resulting in conversion, with its accompanying exercises, no new powers or faculties are imparted to the soul. The soul puts forth new efforts, engages in new exercises; is conscious of new emotions, desires, and motives to action; but derives no new faculty by regener-

ation. All the faculties of the human soul are co-existent with its own being. And whatever new exercises, affections, or emotions come into activity as the consequences of regeneration, put forth, for the first time, in the act of conversion, all agree that three are essential to this great change. These three are repentance, faith, and love to God. The exercise of these three holy affections constitutes conversion.

These affections are, in their nature, conscious, voluntary exercises. As such, they are treated in the Scriptures. They are made the subjects of command and exhortation, of praise and blame. Eternal consequences are depending on the proper exercise, culture, and training of these affections. And as they come into activity for the first time in conversion, three questions arise: Do these gracious affections come into exercise simultaneously, or successively? If successively, is there an established, uniform order of succession? And if so, can that order be ascertained?

First. All will agree that repentance, faith, and love, are different and distinct acts of the soul. They are as distinct as sensation, perception, conception, reflection, and judgment. These we all regard as occurring in an order of succession. There is equal reason to believe that these affections of the regenerated soul come into exercise successively, as we have reason to believe it true of all the powers of our minds and of our bodies. It is not necessary to suppose that the soul, in conversion to God, is *conscious* of the order of succession in its exercises. We were not conscious of the order of succession in which our five senses came into exercise, yet we have good reasons for believing that they did come into action successively. Neither were we conscious of the order in which the faculties and emotions of our minds came first into exercise, yet we know that they must have been in some order of succession. So that, if we cannot appeal directly to the consciousness of converted persons for answers to our inquiry, it is what analogy would lead us to expect.

Second. Is the order of their succession uniform? Does it depend on established relations? Is this order of succession, in the exercises of the soul in conversion, an order of nature, like that of sensation, perception, and reflection, for instance, in the exercises of the mind? Is the exercise of one of these affections ■

necessary antecedent to the exercise of another? Analogy leads us to believe that this relation exists. The exercises of repentance, faith, and love, are as distinct as those of the mind. As an established order exists there, we should expect equal order in the exercises of the renewed soul. But the answer to this, and to the third question, are to be found by a full development of the subject of our inquiry. Let no one suppose that this is a question of mere abstract speculation. It is a metaphysical question, like every inquiry into the powers and exercises of the human soul. It is *beyond physics*; it relates to something more noble and enduring than sensuous things. But if it admits of a satisfactory answer, it is both a practical and highly important question. What pastor has not been called, in the exercise of his ministry, to give counsel to souls deeply anxious to find the way of salvation? In such a crisis how precious is wise counsel. It is true, we may repeat the words of Peter to the pentacostal inquirers, or of Paul to the Philippian jailer; and so may a butcher with his cleaver strike off a gangrened limb, or let the foul matter from an ulcer with one stab of his knife; but it requires the skillful surgeon to amputate, and to use probe and lancet. So he, who would prescribe for the soul, must make spiritual diagnosis. He must make the soul his study, both in its normal and its abnormal states. If he would "convert," so as to "save a soul from death," he must know what conversion is, and, as far as possible, the order and process of the change, that he may be able to impart the right truths in the right order. The inquirer does not need to be told *all* that he must do, at once. He needs a short and simple lesson, at first then another. In such a case, "how forcible are right words!" Thousands of souls have been misled, to their serious and lasting, if not fatal injury, by the counsel of well-meaning, pious shouters, just able to echo Bible phrases without comprehending their meaning, or the cant phrases of some eccentric revival preacher.

Assuming, then, for the present, that there is an established, uniform order in which repentance, faith, and love to God come into exercise in the conversion of a soul, let us address ourselves to the inquiry—What is that order? If one is, and must be, fore-

most in the series, which is that one? In order to bring the question to a direct issue, let us inquire,

1st. Is *repentance* the first in order of these exercises? "Repentance," says Andrew Fuller, "is a *change of mind*. It arises from a conviction that we have been in the wrong, and consists in holy shame, grief, and self-loathing; accompanied with a determination to forsake every evil way." (Works, Vol. II., p. 116.)

Again—"If we wish to distinguish the false from the true, or that which needs to be repented of from that which does not, we may, perhaps, with more propriety, denominate them *natural* and *spiritual*; by the former, understanding that which the mere principles of unrenewed nature are capable of producing; and by the latter, that which proceeds from the supernatural and renovating influence of the Spirit of God." (Vol. II, p. 595.)

If repentance be the first in the order, then a sinner repents of his sins before he loves God. But this is clearly an impossibility. A sinner may be sorry that he has done wrongs for which he fears that God will punish him, while he does not love God. But this is not repentance. He may be greatly troubled, and deeply grieved, that his sins expose him to the punishment of hell; but that is not repentance. He may believe that his life of sin has depraved and debased his soul, and be sorely vexed at himself for it, yet have no repentance. He may be filled with regret and remorse that he has injured others by his sinful example, yet exercise only the "sorrow of the world, that worketh death." He may break off many of his outward sins, and do many good deeds, yet have none of that repentance which is "unto life, needing not to be repented of."

Real repentance is the fruit of "Godly sorrow," or sorrow which is according to God. It includes regret and self-condemnation for our sins, because committed against God, who is holy, just, and good. The thought of having dishonored and displeased our best friend, our greatest benefactor, the purest, noblest, best, and greatest Being in the universe, stirs the soul in the hour of its real repentance to its profoundest depths. David, under the personal application of Nathan's parable, said, "I have sinned against the LORD." This thought, that it was against the LORD, so kind, so faithful, so true to him; the LORD, who had done him

nothing but good ; the LORD, who took him from following the sheep, and made him the monarch of a mighty nation ; the LORD, who had covered his head in the day of battle, given him victory over his foes, and exalted him to the highest earthly renown,—it was this thought that broke his heart, and caused the tear of contrition to gush forth. In his penitential confession he dwells on this terrible feature of his guilt, as though every other were hidden under its fearful enormity. “Against THEE, THEE ONLY,” he repeats, with intensest poignancy of grief, “have I sinned.” As if, sitting with sorrowful mien in his chamber, he thought of the dishonored and murdered Uriah, his helpless wife corrupted, his own soul tarnished, his family open to reproach, his kingly authority weakened, the stain which his crime had brought on his own character, each of which weighed down, a thousand times over, all the pleasure of his lustful act—yet this one awful thought, that he had sinned against the LORD, his God, like a black cloud, covering all his mental sky, shut every other view of his sin from sight. The genuineness of David’s repentance consisted in the fact that it sprung from right feelings toward God. So it was with Job. When God came very near to him, and he had the clearest discoveries of his infinite excellence, he abhorred himself and repented in dust and ashes.

The Scriptures declare that “the carnal mind”—the unregenerated mind, in which the love of God is not the ruling principle—“is *enmity* against God.” And is it possible, that a mind at enmity against God can exercise repentance toward God ? How could he be sorry for having offended a being whom he does not *love* ? How could he be sorry for having broken a law which he hates ? Is it possible, that a man can repent of sin without love to God, when the very essence of sin consists in not loving God ? Is it not plain, that for repentance to exist in any soul before love to God, is a psychological impossibility ; a self-contradictory proposition.

Suppose a child to be guilty of abusing his brother, and his father is laboring to bring that child to repentance. He says to him, “My child, you have not only wronged your brother, and broken the peace of the family, but what is more wicked, you have disobeyed, dishonored, and deeply grieved me, your parent,

whom you ought always to love, reverence, and obey." The child replies, "Father, I am sorry that I injured my brother, and broke the peace of the family, because I am afraid that you will punish me for it; but I am not sorry that I dishonored and offended you, for I do not love you." Would not such a confession, however truthful, be proof of a very depraved heart, and an aggravation of the offense? It would be held as no repentance, but as adding insult to injury, hardness of heart to disobedience. Yet it is a true picture of repentance without love to God.

It is manifest, therefore, that repentance cannot be the first exercise in the process of conversion.

2d. We proceed to inquire, is *faith*, then, the first in order? If so, then the sinner trusts in Christ for the forgiveness of his sins before he is sorry for them, and, of course, before he forsakes them. If he receives the Saviour before repentance, he receives him, not to save him *from* but *in* his sins. He makes him the minister of sin. The doctrine of such a convert would be, "let us continue in sin, that grace may abound." Besides, we are justified by faith; but if faith is before repentance, then a sinner is justified while in impenitence. An impenitent sinner in a state of salvation! Nay, what is still more monstrous, if faith be first in the series, then a sinner may be justified before God, and in a state of salvation, while yet he does not love God!

What is faith? Let us hear again the judicious and clear-minded Andrew Fuller: "Faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ is an essential part of true conversion. Faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ is belief of the Gospel of salvation through his name. A real belief of the Gospel is necessarily accompanied with a *trust* or *confidence* in him for the salvation of our souls. The term *believe*, itself sometimes expresses this idea; particularly in 1 Tim. 12: 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.' This belief, or trust, can never be fairly understood of a mere confidence in his veracity, as to the truth of his doctrine; for if that were all, the *ability* of Christ would stand for nothing; and we might as well be said to trust in Peter, or John, or Paul, as in Christ, seeing we believe their testimony to be valid as well as his. Believing, it is granted, does

not necessarily, and in all cases, involve the idea of *trust*, for which I here contend ; this matter being determined by the nature of the testimony. Neither Peter, nor any of the apostles, ever pretended that their blood, though it might be shed in martyrdom, would be the price of the salvation of sinners. We may, therefore, credit their testimony, without trusting in them, or *committing* anything, as Paul expresses it, *into their hands*. But Christ's blood is testified of as the way, and the only way, of salvation. He is said to be the 'propitiation for our sins;' and 'by himself to have purged our sins.' 'Through his blood we have forgiveness.' 'Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.' 'Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.' Hence it follows, that to believe his testimony, must, of necessity, involve in it a trusting in Him for the salvation of our souls."

Taking this as a correct description of faith, does not every one see that it is impossible it should be the first exercise in conversion? An unrepentant, unloving believer, justified without repentance, born again without love, would be an anomaly indeed! Yet, bald and dangerous as this error is, there are thousands who put faith foremost in conversion. Professed theologians teach that the first and great duty of all is to exercise faith. Professional revivalists, ambitious to make converts by hundreds and thousands, preach faith as *the* condition of acceptance with God. What can be more unphilosophical, or unreasonable, not to say absurd, than to urge a reasonable being to *believe*, because he will obtain some good by so doing? As though there could be a more convincing reason for believing the Gospel than its *truth*!

Some superficial preachers suppose, that because faith in Christ is held forth in the Scriptures as a ground or essential condition of salvation, and as inquirers are directed to "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ" in order to be saved,—that *therefore* faith must be the first exercise in turning to God. We might as well argue, that because the Prophet told Naaman to baptize himself seven times in Jordan and he should be clean, that therefore the first thing that Naaman must do, was to plunge into the Jordan! But no; he must travel to Jordan before he could bathe himself

in its waters. A command to perform an act which is, necessarily, the last in a series, includes all that precede it. If I direct a man to go into the third story of my house, I would not be understood to mean that he must not previously pass through the door. If faith is to be reached through any previous number of exercises, and should prove to be the last of a series, the inquiring sinner would be directed to faith, as the crowning act in conversion to God.

It will be observed, that they who preach faith as the first act in turning to God, are obliged to narrow it down till it is stripped of its most essential properties. If they preached such a faith as Fuller has defined, the results would be very different. But they define faith to be an intellectual belief in Jesus, the Nazarene, as the Son of God, with a persuasion that he will save those who testify this belief by baptism. It is to be feared that thousands of spurious converts are brought, even into nominally evangelical Churches, under the labors of some professed revivalists, by being persuaded to depend on that false faith, which comes before repentance or love to God. Such converts may be very joyful in the hope of heaven for a time; they may spring up quickly, like the seed sown on stony ground; but they will soon wither away. If this faith sometimes enables its votaries to die calmly, that fact would only prove that a delusion which lasts till death is the most dangerous of all. The Papist dies calmly in the faith that the priest has given him absolution. But is that saving faith? What if the Universalist, or the atheist, dies calmly; the one in the faith of a God who will not punish sinners in the future world, the other in the fool's faith, that there is no God—will their faith save them?

3d. It remains to inquire, Is *love* the first in order? The Scriptures teach us that love is the essence of spiritual holiness. Says John: "Love is of God; and every one that loveth, is born of God, and knoweth God." "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him." As nothing but holiness can be born or begotten of God, as no one can dwell in God except he be holy, therefore love is the essence of holiness. No other exercise, no other property, or qualification, is declared to be essential; the existence of love is alone the proof that the

soul is begotten of God. The Apostle immediately adds, on the other hand, "He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love." If God is love, then love is holiness; for God is holiness, and nothing but holiness can proceed from God. Not to know God is to be unholy; and nothing is necessary to constitute a moral being unholy but want of love to God. "Love," says the apostle, "is the fulfilling of the law." But as no one can fulfill the law without holiness, love must be the essence of holiness. Our Saviour declares that the whole law is suspended on love to God and our neighbor; which must, therefore, be holiness.

Now, if love be the essence of all true holiness, then there can be no holy exercise without love; none, of which love is not the well and the spring. There can be no genuine repentance or faith without love; for repentance, without love, would be unholy repentance; that is, no repentance at all; and faith, without love, must be unholy faith; that is, no faith at all. It is, therefore, impossible, utterly impossible, that a soul should exercise repentance or faith before love to God. Before love to God is exercised in the soul, all its affections and motives are selfish, and it is certain that God will not accept a selfish repentance, or a selfish faith. It is certain, then, to demonstration, that there can be no real repentance or faith, in any soul, where there is not love. While it cannot be shown, that the exercise of repentance or faith is a necessary condition to precede the exercise of love, it is certain that love is essential to the exercise of any other gracious or holy affection. Hence, "though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels; though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing." "He that loveth, is born of God." If he truly loves, he is the new man, his seed is in him, he is born of the incorruptible seed that liveth and abideth forever. Spontaneous, impartial, unselfish love, extending to enemies, is the Alpha and the Omega of all holiness. We are to love our enemies, and so be "the children of the Highest." Satan himself seems to understand that pure, disinterested love, is the essence of piety; for the ground of his insinuation against Job was, that he had no disinterested love to God. "Doth Job serve God *for* naught?"

If, then, love to God is the essence of holiness, it is certain that there can be no holy exercise which does not spring from love, as its source and motive. God never commands his creatures to put forth any unholy exercise of mind. He requires them to repent, immediately, unconditionally; but he does not require, neither will he accept, ■ selfish repentance—a repentance actuated by the fear of punishment, as it must be, if not by love. He calls upon all to believe in Christ without delay, because he is worthy of all confidence; not merely as a means of escaping punishment and attaining happiness. It is “faith, working by love,” that is required. “Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God; and every one that loveth Him that begat, loveth Him, also, that is begotten of Him.” Faith is the sure proof of regeneration, because regeneration consists in love to God. Faith grows out of this divine principle in the soul. There can be no holy exercise or affection in the heart of a sinner till his heart is made holy. His heart is not holy so long as he does not love God, who is the type and fountain of holiness.

As love is the sum and substance of all goodness, the center and circumference of all religion, every creature in heaven, earth, and hell, ought to love God with all the heart. This is the unchanging moral law, the eternal principle of harmony in the universe. Repentance is not of universal obligation, for there may be creatures who need no repentance, because they never sinned. It cannot be the duty of angels, who never doubted, to believe in Christ. But the obligation to love God binds equally the highest angel, who stands in the presence of God, with the most fallen of all the descendants of Adam. The first great command in the Law, and the last in the Gospel, is, “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and soul, and mind, and strength.”

This is the view of the great and good Andrew Fuller on this point. In his appendix to the “Gospel, Worthy of all Acceptation,” when discussing the question, “Whether the existence of a holy disposition of heart be necessary to believing?” he says: “If no holy disposition of heart be pre-supposed or included in believing, it has nothing holy in it; and if it have nothing holy in it, it is absurd to plead for its being a *duty*. God requires

nothing as a duty which is merely natural or intellectual, or in which the will has no concern.”* * * “It is impossible to maintain that faith is a *duty*, if it contain no holy exercise of the heart. God requires nothing of intelligent creatures but what is holy.”† * * “Whatever proves faith to be a duty, proves it to be a *holy* exercise of the soul toward Christ, arising from the heart turning toward Him.”‡ “To me it appears that the Scriptures trace a change of heart to an origin beyond either belief or perception, even to that divine influence, which is the *cause* of both—an influence which is, with great propriety, compared to the power that at first commanded the light to shine out of darkness.”§ “It is not by reason of a spiritual perception, or belief of the Gospel, that the heart is, for the first time, effectually influenced toward God ; for spiritual perception and belief are represented as the *effects*, not the *causes* of such influences.” The Apostle speaks of faith as the work of God, involving the exercise of power equal to that put forth to raise Christ from the dead. Eph. 10 : 17–20. “Buried with him in baptism, wherein, also, you are risen with him through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead.” Col. 2 : 12 “No man can come to me,” says our Lord, “except the Father, which hath me, draw him.”

As love is the first fruit of the Spirit in the renewed soul, repentance comes next in order. The work of the Spirit in regeneration, resulting in love to God, must consist, either in revealing the true character of God to the soul, or in moving and inclining the affections of the soul toward God, or in both combined. The soul now comes, for the first time, to entertain right views and feelings toward God. The awful truth flashes upon the mind, that all his life-long he has neglected, dishonored, and abused his best Friend, who has not ceased to do him good ; who has followed him, waited to reclaim him with more than a mother’s tenderness ; that he has refused to seek acquaintance with this Friend ; has spurned his offers of kindness, till at last, in his extremity, this Friend made himself known in the beauty of perfect loveliness. This Friend has left the bright abodes of bliss, and come down

* Works, Vol. II, p. 393.

† Ditto, p. 395.

‡ Ditto, p. 397.

§ Ditto, p. 410.

into this world of sorrow, and sin, and toil, to suffer, and die, in order to save him from eternal death. "Herein is the love; not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." "We love him because he first loved us."

"I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
He fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

"O, never, till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look!
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke."

And this Friend, too, is a being all perfect and lovely! "He did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." Yet all this kindness and friendship, all this excellence, and loveliness, I have abused and slighted! I now love that incomparable friend, whom I before contemned and hated, as I never loved my nearest relatives; but how can I approach him without the deepest contrition, shame, and sorrow! Oh! how I regret and grieve that I have treated him so unkindly and unjustly!

"Well might I hide my blushing face,
When his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears."

This is the language of true repentance; sorrow for having offended and wrongly treated the being whom we love. The majesty of God, the terrors of his law, the fear of coming wrath, the awful and unending torments of hell, had only hardened and stupified. But when love is awakened, how quickly and freely do the tears of penitence flow! Here, indeed, is the great mystery of repentance! To the awakened and alarmed sinner, it seems to be the waters of Marah; but be that sinner renewed, and love God, the bitter waters are healed and become inexpressibly sweet. To this view the confession of Ephraim corresponds: "Turn thou me, and I shall be turned, for thou art the Lord, my God. Surely, after that I was turned, I repented." After he was turned from idols, from the love of self, and of sin, to love God,

then he repented. The same order appears in the exercises of the Prodigal Son, which is a true picture of the nature and order of conversion. Destitute of filial love, he pursued a course which reduced him to degradation and misery. In this condition it is said of him, that "when he came to himself, he said, 'how many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father; and will say unto him, father, I have sinned.'" The first thing in the process of his conversion was, "he came to himself." This wonderful change is stated as a simple fact; no explanation of it is given, no cause is assigned; yet this is the first item in the change that took place in him, and the cause of all that followed. "*He came to himself.*" And what is his first feeling in consequence of this superhuman change? His *love* to his father. His heart is touched with his father's goodness. "How many hired servants of my father have bread enough and to spare!" Yet he was the same father he had always been; the father had not changed; the whole change was in the heart of the son. As soon as he comes to himself, his eyes are opened to see what was equally to be seen before—his father's goodness. His first language is that of veneration and love. It was this newly-awakened love that gave birth to the repentance which followed. "I will arise and go to my father; I will say to him, '*father, I have sinned.*'" He resolves to go, renouncing all expectation to be received as a son; he goes in the exercise of repentance alone, kindled by love. He is willing, and expects to be treated as a hired servant, as one who will be entitled to no favor at his father's hand; yet such is his veneration for that father, that he desires to serve him, even as a menial. After he was turned, he repented. As soon as that repentance was made complete by confession, he received the evidence of forgiveness and acceptance, and then he believed that he was restored to sonship.

The awakened but unregenerated sinner is ever inquiring what he must *do*. He is anxious to know if God will forgive him, *provided* he repents, and *provided* he believes. But the moment he begins to love God, he makes no more *conditions* of performing his duty. He does not stop to enquire whether God will forgive him *if* he will repent, and save him *if* he will believe; he

repents because his heart prompts him to repent ; because he now sees that he has wronged his best friend, because nothing can give ease to his troubled soul but repentance. He feels it to be a privilege to perform the very duties which before seemed so repulsive. He loves to repent ; he cannot rest till he has made the best and only reparation in his power to his best friend and most abused benefactor. He is not thinking of the *gain* of repentance, nor of any promise conditioned on it. He thinks of the goodness he has wronged, the kindness he has betrayed, the tenderness he has grieved. No repentance, therefore, but that which springs from love, can be in the order of nature.

Nor can faith, saving faith, precede repentance. "Faith," says the Apostle, "is the confident expectation of things hoped for, the firm assurance of things not seen." Now, although it is certain that "he, who comes to God, must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that dilligently seek him ;" although a belief in the existence and moral government of God is a necessary pre-requisite to the first beginnings of a serious inquiry after God, yet it is impossible that one can "believe to the saving of the soul" before the exercise of that "repentance which needeth not to be repented of." John preached "the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins" before the way of salvation by faith in Jesus Christ was fully revealed. Paul says that "John verily baptized with the baptism of repentance, saying unto the people, that they *should* believe on him who *should* come after him, that is, on Jesus Christ." Forgiveness of sin is promised through Christ, on the ground of his atonement, to those who repent ; but faith is not made a pre-requisite to, nor a condition of, forgiveness. Faith is a pre-requisite to justification, and of course, to the evidence of acceptance with God, but not to "the forgiveness of sins that are past."

Or, let experience be our guide. Is it possible that the soul could rest in confident hope for salvation on the promise of God before repenting of having offended him ? Trust in a God whom we have disobeyed and dishonored without regret and without confession !

After ■ sinner has exercised that repentance which flows from love, he is then prepared to believe, and rest his soul, by faith,

on God, the Saviour. Love has prepared him to take God at his word, for who ever trusted a being whom he did not love? He now hears God saying to him, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth, the Lord Jesus, and believe in thy heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." He now *believes* this as the word of his best and truest friend. He throws himself into the arms of a God whom he loves. He now sees why it was that he could do nothing to procure his salvation, nothing acceptable to God without love to God. The thief on the cross, overwhelmed with fear and shame, a horrible death staring him in the face, turned his eyes to the meek, forgiving, God-like fellow sufferer at his side, and then, for the first time, saw one whom he could fully love. When his companion in crime railed on Jesus, his heart prompted him to take his part, to vindicate his innocence, while condemning himself and his former associates in guilt. Then sprang up the prayer of faith, "Lord, remember me!"

There may be passages of Scripture which seem to contradict this view of the order of gracious affections; but the contradictions will be found, on careful examination, to be more apparent than real. The Apostle Paul, as the defender of the Gentile Christians against the pretensions of the Jews, was called to argue, at great length, and with much subtlety of logic and philosophy, the completeness of Christianity as a perfect system of salvation, admitting of no help from Judaism. He vindicated the way of salvation by grace through faith, not by works. He was the advocate of spiritual, instead of sacramental grace; of justification by faith without the deeds of the law. Hence, his writings present this side of the argument with unequalled clearness. The Apostle James (2: 14-26) presents the other side. He shows that faith, without works—that is, without love, for good works are the expression and embodiment of love—is dead, or no faith at all. Abraham was justified by faith, because he was the friend, *lover* of God, as his actions showed. This view furnishes the only solution of the difficulties and seeming paradoxes in the seventh chapter of the epistle to the Romans. It is hardly necessary to say, that this view has been either directly maintained, or substantially involved, in the systems of the most profound

ethical theologians from the days of Augustine. He believed that "the revelation of the law could only serve to awaken in man the feeling of the need of the grace, whereby alone he could acquire the power to fulfill the law. Love is the fulfilling of the law; but the love of God comes not from the law, but is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost." Gregory, in the sixth century, taught that "it is from the root of holiness within, from which the single branches of holy conduct must proceed, if that conduct is expected to pass as an acceptable offering, an *oblatio verare rectitudinis*, before God; and the essence of this inward holiness consists in love, which spontaneously gives birth to all that is good. As many branches spring from a single tree and a single root, so many virtues spring from love, which is one. The branch of good works is without verdure, except it abide in connection with the root of love. Hence the precepts of our Lord are many, while yet there is but one;—many, as it respects the manifoldness of the works;—one in the root, which is love."

The personal experience of Luther strikingly illustrates this view. His conscience was hardened with sin; he was borne down with sorrow in his monkish cell, vainly struggling after peace with God. He saw that he was a great sinner, and knew that he must repent, or be lost forever. He felt that it was his *duty* to repent, and he made every possible effort to repent. But the more he strove, the more signally he failed to exercise that repentance which prepares the soul to find peace in believing. He fasted, and prayed, and passed nights of sleeplessness, till he was worn to a skeleton; yet his distress increased, till he was on the borders of despair. At last he said, "I *must be changed* before God can receive me." But what change was needed, or how it might be obtained, he knew not. While in this state, not knowing what to do, his friend Staupitz came to him as an angel of mercy. Said he to Luther, "there can be no real conversion so long as a man fears God as a severe judge, instead of loving him as a father." "What will you say, then," cries Luther, "to so many consciences to whom *penances* are prescribed in order to gain heaven?" The reply of his friend seemed to Luther to come not from a man, but to be a voice from heaven—"There is," says Staupitz, "*no true repentance but that which begins in the*

love of God, and of righteousness. That which some fancy to be the *end* of repentance, is only the *beginning*." A stream of light poured into the soul of Luther. "All the passages of Scripture," says the historian, "which once alarmed him, seemed now to run to him from all sides, to smile, to spring up, and play around him."

The experience of a convicted sinner, awakened to the reality of his guilt and danger, yet unable to find peace, or to exercise any right feeling toward God, is very touchingly and truthfully portrayed in the hymn of Samson Occum, the converted Indian.

"Awaked by Sinai's awful sound
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go ;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
'The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless wo.'

"Amazed I stood, but could not tell
What way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near ;
I mourned and wept, but all in vain,
'The sinner must be born again,'
Still sounded in my ear.

"When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head,
I no relief could find ;
This fearful truth increased my pain,
'The sinner must be born again,'
And whelmed my tortured mind.

"Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast oppressive load ;
Alas ! I read, and saw it plain,
'The sinner must be born again,'
Or drink the wrath of God.

"The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare ;
Yet when I found this truth remain,
'The sinner must be born again,'
I sunk in deep despair.

“ But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Saviour passed this way,
And felt his pity move ;
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.”

Such has been the experience of gracious souls in all ages. As soon as they set about obeying the law, the fact that they were “carnal, sold under sin,” became manifest. Then the strife between the flesh and the spirit began to rage. Reason, and conscience, and the law, pointed one way, but the flesh went too strongly in the opposite direction. The more earnest the struggle, the more manifest and appalling the truth became, that the law of the mind was too weak to resist the law of sin. In this condition, the cry of agony bursts forth, “Oh, wretched man that I am ! who shall deliver me from the body of this death ?” But when the soul was brought to despair of deliverance by its own efforts, it was God’s time to work. Then hope, joy, and peace took the place of despondency ; the soul cried out, “I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. There is, therefore, now, no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus ; for the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death. For, what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God, sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin (that is, as a sin offering), condemned sin in the flesh, that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.” Those, who walk after the Spirit, are they who are begotten of the Spirit, are drawn by the Father to Christ, and choose him as the portion of their souls.

As it is impossible for a soul to exercise repentance or faith without love to God as the first fruit of the regenerating grace of the Spirit, so it is impossible to perform any other duty acceptably to God till this change has been wrought. The Spirit must be given as the free act of God, even as “the wind bloweth where it listeth,” before the soul is capable of performing any acceptable duty. All that the convicted sinner can do, is to submit to God and cry for mercy. He may ask God to give the Holy Spirit, to

have pity on his helpless condition ; for he is rich in mercy to all who call upon him ; but he cannot perform any duty pleasing to God till his heart is changed by the Holy Spirit. He must feel that he is a helpless sinner, at the mere mercy of God, in order to receive the grace of life. To direct an anxious sinner to seek this grace in the external ordinances or sacraments of Christianity, instead of the unconditioned, free, sovereign purpose of God, is a gross perversion of the Scriptures, of right reason, and a most dangerous snare to the soul. The ordinances of the Gospel are the expressions of love, of repentance, of faith, and hope, suited only to souls who exercise these spiritual graces. They both commemorate Christ as the choice, the hope, and the Saviour of the soul. To an unregenerated soul, they commemorate nothing but sin, enmity to God, impenitence and unbelief. To the regenerated soul, baptism commemorates the facts, “ that Jesus Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures ; that he was buried, and rose again the third day,” as a matter of personal interest. He is baptized as a token of his faith and participation in the benefits of that death and resurrection. His baptism signified that he was already dead to sin, and alive to God.

This view of the order of conversion is confirmed by the uniformity of religious experience in converted persons. However different in outward circumstances, their inward emotions and feelings are, in all essential points, alike. Conviction of sin filled them with fear ; every effort to obtain forgiveness only increased their sense of condemnation ; their attempts to obey the law served but to reveal their depravity and helplessness, till, at last, hope seemed ready to perish. But their hour of helplessness was the time of deliverance. All at once, their fears were gone. God seemed manifest and lovely. Jesus Christ was discovered as every way fitted to be the Saviour of the soul. Repentance was no longer a hated and bitter task. The waters of Marah became sweet. Tears of sorrow for sin mingled sweetly with tears of joy for redeeming grace. The mystery of faith was revealed. Jesus became the free choice and portion of the soul. The only wonder now is, how doubt was ever possible ! How joyful was the first exercise of faith—

“Jesus, all the day long,
Was the joy of my song ;
O, that all his salvation might see !
He hath loved me, I cried ;
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.”

Faith, working by love, or as the effect and expression of love, is a new exercise, to which the soul was before a total stranger. This is believed to be the only view of the order of conversion in which all the statements of the Scriptures on the subject harmonize with established truths in psychology. There is no view of the subject which divests it of all difficulty ; but this is, at least, free from inconsistency. It makes God free and sovereign in bestowing grace, and the sinner free in the exercise of all his faculties. If the agency of both God and man be admitted in the change, then there is nothing unreasonable in this view. Plausible objections to it may be found, but careful scrutiny will show them to be more imaginary than real. And there is no difficulty in preaching according to this view. It does not bewilder the inquirer with metaphysical subtleties on the one hand, nor divert him with expectations built upon his own works on the other. It brings him, in all his misery, helplessness, and ruin, directly to Christ, his only hope, and help. It calls into requisition all his own voluntary powers, while, at the same time, it teaches him to put his trust in God alone.

If any one is disposed to object to that view of religion which makes piety to begin with love to God, let him explain how it is possible for it to exist without love. Let him describe that “faith which worketh (*not*) by love,” and that repentance which springs from enmity or indifference to God. Let us see a full-length portrait of conversion which begins not in the work of God. If an unregenerate man can do any work which is acceptable to God, let us know what it is. If there is any act of obedience, which an unregenerate man is to perform, in order to procure regeneration, let us know what it is. The subject is one of overwhelming solemnity to the preacher, who is called to point inquirers to the way of life. It is deserving the most serious and prayerful attention of every one, who undertakes to be a guide where eternal life or death is suspended on the result.

THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

BY REV. WILLIAM VAUGHAN, BLOOMFIELD, KY.

MAN, as a depraved creature, has no realizing sense of his dependence upon God, or the claims of his Maker upon him. He lives to himself, and loses sight of his accountability to the author of his being. He passes on to the judgment seat of Christ ignorant of his relation to God ; never investigating the nature, spirituality, or extent of the law which he is under ; or, what is still worse, and possible, calling in question its very existence.

I proceed, in the first place, to show that man is naturally and necessarily under the law to God. This results from the character and perfections of the Divine Nature, and from the immutable relation that exists between God and man. The one is the Creator, the other his creature. From God, man has received his existence. All his intellectual and moral powers are a gratuitous bestowment from the Almighty ; and consequently he is placed in a state of dependence upon God, and subjection to his will. And as man was created an intelligent being, endowed with liberty of action as a free moral agent, and capable of moral government, this proves that he is under law to his Creator. He was created capable of knowing, loving, and obeying God, and it is fit and proper that he should do so ; indeed, I consider it impossible, in the very nature and fitness of things, for an intelligent being to exist without being under law to God. This is what theological writers call the law of nature and the moral law. The angels in heaven are under such a law. This is evident from the fact that a part of them sinned, and are now suffering the punishment merited on account of sin ; “for sin is the transgression of law ; but where there is no law, there is no transgression.” Man, in Paradise, was under such a law ; and its principle articles are, to some extent, enstamped upon the hearts of all men. “For the Gentiles, who have not the written law, are a law unto themselves, which show the works of the law written in their hearts.” Why is it, that even among the heathen, there is a catalogue of sins universally forbidden, and of virtues, everywhere

acknowledged as binding upon mankind? We answer, because man is placed, by his Maker, under a moral constitution, which forbids the commission of crime, and requires the practice of every holy duty.

It is also evident that man was under law to God prior to the giving of the law to Israel on Mount Sinai; for death, the penalty of the law, reigned with uncontrolled dominion "from Adam to Moses over those who had not sinned, after the similitude of Adam's transgression." Paul represents the Galatians, who were Gentiles, as being under the curse of the law before the gospel was revealed to them; they were kept under the law, "shut up to the faith, which should afterwards be revealed." "Now we know that what thing soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law, that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God." Conscience, the inward monitor, admonishes all men of their accountability to God. Why is it that the impenitent sinner dreads to appear before his Maker? Just because he is conscious of guilt, contracted by the violation of the law he is under, and of punishment, deserved in proportion to the degree of guilt he is the subject of.

In the second place, we proceed to notice the goodness of the moral law, as a correct idea of the purity of the law unfolds to the mind the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the need of the atonement of Christ to magnify the law and expiate the guilt of transgressors.

The purity of the law must be admitted by all, who acknowledge God to be the author of it, as holiness is essential to his nature, and constitutes his glory and loveliness. Pure streams flow from untainted fountains. It expresses the sentiments of his heart in reference to all moral beings; it secures to the Creator the claims of his government, and binds all holy intelligences to his throne, and is the very transcript of his nature. It enjoins all that is due from man to his Maker, and all that is due from one moral being to another. It prescribes all that is morally good, and forbids all that is morally evil. Men, as lawgivers, require their subjects to live virtuously; not because they are themselves the lovers of virtue, but merely because virtue promotes the well-being of the social compact. But the law of God

prescribes virtue or holiness because of its intrinsic excellence, and condemns vice on account of its intrinsic evil.

Human laws take notice only of the outward acts of men, but the divine law sets in judgment upon every volition of the mind ; upon the thoughts, desires, and affections of the heart. And no act is pure in the eye of God unless it proceeds from a principle of love to the great Lawgiver. "The commandment," says David, "is exceedingly broad." Paul declares, "that the law is spiritual ; and the commandment is holy, just, and good." It is a law never to be abrogated, set aside. Were it unholy, it never would have been given or perpetuated. Its purity is manifest from the awful sanction annexed to prevent man from transgressing it, and the judgments inflicted on men on account of their rebellion. The curse of God fell upon the earth for the sin of man. He was driven from Paradise, and a cherubim and flaming sword stationed to guard the tree of life ; the old world drowned, the cities of the plain burned with fire. Now, all these inflictions of divine wrath proclaim the holiness of the law of God. Some apology may be offered for the violation of an oppressive law, but none whatever for the transgression of a law that is holy, just, and good.

Once more we remark, that the strongest evidence of the holiness of the law is seen in the cross of Christ. For it would have been inconsistent with the character and perfections of God to have placed man under an unholy law, oppressive in its nature, and not adapted to his capacity as the subject of his moral government, and then give his own Son to die the painful death of the cross to magnify it. Thus we see, that in the judgment of God, the law was worthy of being honored by the active and passive obedience of Christ ; and there is no glory in the gospel but upon the supposition that the law is glorious.

And it is worthy of notice, that almost every error imbibed by men in reference to the plan of salvation, results from wrong views of the nature and excellency of the moral law. We have said that God is the giver of the law. The following occurrence we mention to prove the truth of this declaration :

Some years since, there lived in one of the northern States an infidel lawyer, of strong and cultivated mind, who felt a desire to

examine the claims of the Bible to inspiration by the Almighty. After reading the twentieth chapter of Exodus, he said to a pious friend, "I have been reading the moral law." "Well, what do you think of it?" asked his friend. "I will tell you what I used to think," answered the infidel; "I supposed that Moses was the leader of a band of banditti; and, that having a strong mind, he acquired great influence over a superstitious people; and that on Mount Sinai he played off some sort of fire-works, to the amazement of his ignorant followers, who imagined, in their mingled fear and superstition, that the exhibition was supernatural." "But what do you think *now*?" inquired his friend. "I have been looking," said the infidel, "into the *nature* of that law. I have been trying to see whether I can add anything to it, or take anything from it, so as to make it better. Sir, I cannot. It is perfect. The first commandment," continued he, "directs us to make the Creator the object of our supreme love. That is right, if he be our creator, preserver, and supreme benefactor, we ought to treat him, and *none other*, as such. The second forbids idolatry. That certainly is right. The third forbids profaneness. The fourth fixes a time for religious worship. If there is a God, he ought surely to be worshiped. The fifth defines the peculiar duties arising from the family relations. Injuries to our neighbors are then classified by the moral law. They are divided into offences against life, chastity, property, and character. And," said he, applying a legal idea with great acuteness, "I notice that the greatest offence in each class is especially forbidden. Thus, the greatest injury to life is murder; to chastity, adultery; to property, theft; to character, perjury. Now, the greater offence must include the less of the same kind. Murder must include every injury to life; adultery, every injury to purity; and so of the rest. And the moral code is closed and perfected by a command forbidding every improper desire in regard to our neighbors. I have been thinking, *where did Moses get that law*? I have read history. The Egyptians, and the adjacent nations, were idolaters; so were the Greeks and Romans; and the wisest and best Greeks or Romans never gave a code of morals like this. *Where did Moses get this law*, which surpasses the wisdom and philosophy of the most enlightened ages? He lived at a period

comparatively barbarous ; but he has given a law, in which the learning and sagacity of all subsequent time can detect no flaw. *Where did he get this law?* He could not have soared so far above his age as to have devised it himself. I am satisfied where he obtained it. It must have come from heaven. I am convinced of the truth of the religion."

The infidel was infidel no longer, but remained, to his death, a firm believer in the truth of Christianity.

The great Lawgiver is doubtless disposed to prevent transgression, and to secure the obedience of his creatures, and to impress upon their minds a sense of the holiness of his law. This is evident from the awful but righteous penalty annexed to it. Its language is, "the soul that sinneth shall die;" and like law in general, it cannot tolerate the transgression of itself. Such an idea is a burlesque upon every principle of legislation, human or divine. And all who expect to obtain salvation by works, imbibe the idea that the law is relaxed in its strictness, and that God has adapted it to the condition of man in his present lapsed estate. Hence it is often said, that if God were to punish his erring creatures for every sin committed, he would be unjust and tyrannical in the extreme. Now, if this be so, God has given to man a law by which he cannot abide without incurring the charge of injustice and cruelty. But the language of Scripture is, "cursed is every one that *continueth not in all things* which are written in the book of the law to do them." And can it be supposed that the law, which requires us to love God with all our heart, and our neighbor as ourself, has ceased to be holy, just, and good, because of man's indisposition to obey it? And we know that the want of a disposition to obey the law cannot set aside its claims upon us.

Again—what does the best obedience of a sinner, out of Christ, amount to? It proceeds from a heart totally depraved; and the heart is the source of moral action; and if the fountain be impure, so are the works flowing from it. "The ploughing of the wicked," says the wise man, "is sin." And assuredly impure acts must be the poorest materials imaginable out of which to produce a righteousness commensurate with the demands of God's pure and holy law.

But further. Can the advocates of a mitigated law tell us how far it is relaxed? And if not, all is thrown loose, and involved in uncertainty, and no infallible rule is given by which the conduct of man is regulated or governed. Surely, such a sentiment is a reflection upon the omniscient and immutable wisdom of the divine Lawgiver. It is saying that God originally gave to man a law, which he learned by experience was not suited to his nature as the subject of law; and, therefore, he lowered it down, to suit his moral taste as a sinner, that he might render such an amount of obedience to it as would atone for his sins, and thus obtain salvation. What a reproach to the Holy One of Israel does such an idea convey.

The impossibility of salvation by works will further appear, if we reflect upon the impossibility of human merit. Had man, in his state of innocence, obeyed the law perfectly, he would only have done his duty, and been an "unprofitable servant." According to this teaching of the Saviour, obedience to God is a debt. And who ever dreamed of rewarding a debtor for discharging his just debts? No one.

Again—Suppose a sinner were invested with power to obey the law perfectly, and were to do so even after committing his first sin—even that would avail him nothing as an atonement for the sin committed, simply because his *present* and *future* obedience could not have a *retrospective effect* so as to atone for the sin committed prior to the exercise of holy obedience. The fact is, that present obedience can no more atone for past sins, than it can for sins committed in the future. The claims of the law are, at *all times*, obligatory, and we cannot render more obedience than will release us from *present* obligation. Present duties cannot annihilate the past. And is not this in exact accordance with the teachings of the Bible? "Therefore, by the deeds of the law, there shall no flesh be justified in his sight." "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us."

Again—The experience of every renewed sinner accords with these statements. In his most serious moments his heart assures him that his works are tainted with sin; that he has no claim upon God whatever; and that salvation is by grace, pure and unmerited.

I proceed to another idea, advanced by many, by which they suppose that they are not shut up to the faith, or at all dependent upon Christ for exemption from the consequences of transgression. The persons to whom I allude attach great importance to repentance ; so much so, that in their judgment, it secures to the sinner the pardon of his sins. Now, we feel certain, that, without the interposition of Christ, repentance is an utter impossibility, inasmuch as the natural tendency of sin is to harden the heart and deaden all the moral feelings of the soul. And the longer man continues under the influence, the farther he wanders from God, the more insensible is he of his condition. And without the influence of divine grace to counteract the effects of sin, he will become daily and hourly more and more hardened in sin, and less disposed to turn from his evil course, to repent of his wickedness, and to seek the favor of God. And were God, from this hour, to determine to withhold all divine influence from the hearts of men by fastening guilt upon the conscience, there never would be, on God's footstool, another broken-hearted sinner. And be it remembered, that man, by his rebellion, shut up every avenue through which the grace of God could, consistently with the requirements of law and justice, be bestowed upon our fallen race. But Christ has, by his mediatorial office and work, opened up a new and living way through the rent veil of his flesh. We have now access, through him, to the Father, who is the giver of every good and perfect gift. "Him hath God exalted with his right hand, to be a Prince and a Saviour ; to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins."

But suppose men were morally capable of exercising unfeigned repentance, uninfluenced by the grace of the Redeemer, would that render them capable of pardon ? Before maintaining a principle of this sort, the individual should know if there are not reasons for making the punishment of sin necessary in the government of God ; and then he should know the effect the dispensing of these reasons would have on the different intelligent beings governed by the Almighty. But the divine government is such a mysterious and complicated affair, and so far beyond the grasp of the human mind, that no man living can answer such a question. Besides, we well know, that when a man violates the laws

of his country, and subjects himself to the penalty thereof, and repents of his transgression, he is not released from the punishment incurred, nor is the chief magistrate of the State justifiable in pardoning the penitent convict. The punishment of the guilty is necessary as a terror to evil-doers, and to deter others from the commission of similar offences. Even in this life, penitence does not remove the guilt of a vicious course. If a man, by vice, ruins his health, character, or fortune, he does not find, upon repentance, that he is placed in the condition he occupied prior to his violating the laws of God and man. How, then, can any one prove that repentance removes the awful consequences which God has annexed to sin in the life to come? In the judgment of those, who thus reason, it is more important to maintain inviolate the claims of the human governments than the claims of the divine government. Here, again, we see that the sinner is "shut up to the faith," and that there is no way of escaping the penalty of transgression but by the cross of Christ. It is worthy of notice, that after a sinner is soundly converted to God, and repents of his sins, and believes in Christ, he still deserves, when compared with the law, the wrath of God as much as he ever did. His present righteousness does not, in the least degree, atone for his former wickedness. In a word, there is no hope whatever for the salvation of the most devoutly penitent man that lives, but through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. No Christian lives to God until he is dead to the law. Says Paul, "I, through the law, am dead to the law, that I might live unto God."

Go, ye that rest upon the law,
And toil, and seek salvation there ;
Look to the flames that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair.

I'll retire beneath the cross ;
Jesus, at thy dear feet I lie,
And the keen sword, that Justice draws,
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

For the Christian Repository.

REV. JEREMIAH VARDEMAN.

BY J. M. PECK, D. D.

WE are deficient in materials for a full history of Mr. Vardeman's ministerial labors for several successive years. He was ordained probably in 1801, and the next year removed to Lincoln county, and lived on rented land. He sustained his family by labor on the farm, while he spent all the time he could command in reading and in preaching the gospel. He was a most impressive and popular preacher wherever he went. He purchased a small farm in 1804, four miles from Standford, the seat of justice, which, that year, was cultivated by Isaac Goodnight, as a "cropper." Mr. Goodnight, who lived in Warren county, in 1842, furnished the writer some interesting facts of Elder Vardeman, of that period. He was one of his associates in worldliness and folly during his backsliding state, and bore testimony to his thorough reformation, and his early preaching. Mr. G. was not then a professor, but subsequently became a member of the Baptist Church.

At that period, Elder Vardeman had the charge of four Churches, and the same season (1804) he made a preaching tour to Lexington, Limestone (Maysville), and several other places. From that period, we find him connected with the South District Association. The Church he first joined belonged to the Tate's Creek Association, for it is found on the Minutes of that body in 1801.

While connected with that branch of the South District Association that seceded from the old South Kentucky party, the name of Jeremiah Vardeman appears frequently on the Annual Minutes of the Elkhorn, Tate's Creek, North District, and other bodies of United Baptists, as a corresponding visitor, and as one of the selected preachers for the Sabbath. Before the close of 1804, the family register contained the names of four children, and before the decease of his first wife, in 1818, ten living births had been recorded.

His ministerial labors were abundant for several successive years in Lincoln, Pulaski, Montgomery, Jessamine, and adjacent counties. Although he had an increasing family, and his salary and perquisites by no means adequate to their support, he contrived, by good economy, great industry, and a judicious use of his time, to provide for their wants and continue his labors with-

out ceasing in the gospel ministry. His mental powers were strong, vivid, and quick in action. Great numbers were converted and baptized under his ministrations, and for many years he preached more sermons, and to larger congregations, and baptized more converts, than any minister in the Mississippi Valley. He kept no journal or register of his labors, and did not appear to think he was doing anything extraordinary.

Early in 1810, he was called to the pastoral charge of the Church of David's Fork, in Fayette county, about ten miles east of Lexington. He removed his family to that settlement, purchased a small farm, and commenced regular pastoral labors and monthly preaching in April. This Church had for its pastor about two years, a young and promising minister by the name of Hunt, who died, leaving a widow and family of small children. The Church, pursuing a very common policy in those days in obtaining a preacher, had purchased Mr. Hunt a farm, which, in two years after, became the property of his widow. Had they purchased a piece of land and improvements for a *parsonage*, and thus furnished their minister a comfortable residence for the time being, it would have been a wise and economical measure, and remained from generation to generation, to furnish a partial income towards the support of the pastor. As it was, they were under the necessity of aiding Mr. Vardeman in purchasing his farm, which appears to have been done with great cordiality and liberality.

He was also pastor, monthly, of two other Churches in Montgomery county, Lulbegrud, and Grassy Lick, which relation he sustained by annual appointments for several years, until he was obliged to decline in order to supply other places.

A secession from the old Church of Bryant's Station, called Mr. Vardeman as their monthly pastor in 1811, and he sustained that relation, as he did the one at David's Fork, till 1830. Evil surmisings and unchristian jealousies at the time, with the influence of party spirit that had produced a division among the Churches in the Elkhorn Association, attributed the division in the Church at Bryant's Station to Mr. Vardeman. We have evidence before us that he had no personal concern in the matter; that the causes of the division had been increasing for some years, and that the secession had been consummated before he took charge of the Elkhorn party.

A gracious and extensive revival followed his ministrations in David's Fork and the other Churches in a few months after the commencement of his labors. In 1810, 185 were converted and baptized in David's Fork Church; in 1817, in another revival, about 125; and in 1827-'28, 250, besides frequent additions in the intervening years. In three consecutive years, at Lulbegrud, the accessions by baptism were 165, and at Grassy Lick, 90.

It will far exceed our limits to give a full sketch of Elder Vardeman's ministerial labors and eventful life; and it will require far more space to throw around him those incidents and events with which he was either directly or more remotely connected, as constituting his "Times." His labors were not confined to the localities we have named. The Churches he regularly served were attached to him by the strongest bonds, yet obtained supplies and released him for weeks, and even months at a time, to labor in distant and more destitute fields.

In the winter of 1815-'16, Mr. Vardeman made his first visit to Bardstown, in Nelson county, then the seat of Roman Catholic influence in Kentucky. We have the particulars of this and of subsequent visits to Bardstown, and the effect of his preaching, from the correspondence of the late Col. Samuel McKay. Priest Baden was unwise enough to enter the lists against him, and lost several of his congregation. Vardeman disliked controversy, but in bringing the whole armament of gospel truth to bear with tremendous effect on error, no man could excel him. He visited that part of Kentucky three times, and preached with his accustomed success.

In 1816, we find him in Lexington, holding a series of meetings, and the Church he attended at Bryan's, held a Church-meeting in that city, to examine and receive converts. Next year the First Baptist Church of Lexington appears on the Minutes of the Elkhorn Association, with thirty-six members.

The same year, 1816, he commenced a series of meetings in Louisville. The late Hon. Judge Rowan, a distinguished jurist and statesman, was a warm, personal friend of Mr. Vardeman, and regarded him as one of the greatest pulpit orators he had ever heard. There were but few professors of religion in Louisville, and but one house of worship, and that owned and occupied by the Methodists. This was obtained, and the influence of Judge Rowan brought out a class of persons not accustomed to attend worship on ordinary occasions. Col. McKay, who was present, says, "His fame as a preacher brought out immense congregations of people for several successive days, to whom he preached with great effect; and from these meetings the city of Louisville is indebted, in a great measure, for its flourishing Churches. Immediately after Mr. Vardeman's visit, a large Presbyterian Church arose, then the First Baptist Church, and so on."

Early in 1818, Elder Vardeman met with the sore affliction of the death of his first wife, with an unconscious infant, in child-bed. He was devotedly attached to her, and the stroke was so sudden and severe as almost to crush him. His severe mental depression alarmed his friends, who wisely thought if he would journey and become engaged in revivals under his preaching, this

despondency would pass away. The Churches he regularly served released him for eight months and provided a substitute in the late Elder William Spencer, and he made a long tour to the Southern part of Kentucky and Tennessee. The preceding year, in company with other ministers, he had labored in raising up a Church of seventy members, in Jessamine county, called Providence. Another series of meetings, which he attended in 1825, gave this Church an addition of 125 members. He aided in establishing another Church in Paris, the seat of justice of Bourbon county, and at different periods he attended the Churches at Boone's Creek, Cane Run, and Silas.

Early in the spring of 1820, Mr. Vardeman made a visit to Nashville, the capitol of Tennessee. There were but three Baptists living in the place, who belonged to Mill Creek, four miles distant. At first the meetings were held in the Methodist church-house; but when its further occupancy by the Baptists was not desired, they removed to the court house. He was accustomed, in these protracted meetings, to have one or two brethren to aid him. On this occasion Rev. Isaac Hodgen, another very successful itinerant, was his coadjutor. He was obliged to leave, after a few days, to meet other engagements; but Mr. Vardeman continued for several weeks. We have an interesting sketch of these labors and of successive baptisms, from the late Col. William Martin, of Smith county, Tennessee, whose business engagements kept him in the city that season. Another communication, from C. C. Trabue, Esq., casts light on this scene of his labors; but we have no room in this sketch for these documents. Converts were multiplied, a large number were baptized, and a Baptist Church was organized, that by the first of October numbered 150 members, and had commenced the erection of a spacious house of worship.

It was in the winter of 1828, or '29, he was invited to hold a series of meetings in Cincinnati, and where similar success followed; over one hundred converts professed faith in Christ, and were baptized.

The family of Elder Vardeman had become large; his farm was too small, and in too dense a population for convenience; and his servants, which had originated from a single family, could fare better in a new country than in a closely settled neighborhood. He appeared to feel as anxious for their temporal and spiritual welfare as for his own. Young ministers, of promising talents and usefulness, had been raised up, and men sound in the faith, and large experience, came from other States and filled the chasm left by erratic Reformers. The advance in the denomination, which a few years had produced, induced him to think his labors might be spared in Kentucky. Age was creeping over him; and young children, the fruits of a third marriage, were

gathering around his board. Kentuckians, by many hundreds, within a few years previous had gone out from that State to Illinois, Missouri, and other Western regions. So he sold his farm, then much too small for his large family and dependents, made a farewell excursion through Kentucky and Tennessee, and in October, 1830, he had pitched his habitation on the border of a beautiful and fertile prairie, near Salt River, in Ralls county, Missouri. Here, in a short time, he had comfortable houses for his own family and those of his dependents, and more than two hundred acres of rich, virgin soil, under cultivation.

Nor was he neglectful of the moral wilderness around him. Without waiting for some Church to call him, and insure him a stipulated salary, he proceeded to collect together the scattered sheep of Christ's flock, and gather them into folds. His labors were abundant in the ministry, and gratuitously bestowed. Several Churches grew up under his immediate labors. He soon had for a coadjutor, Rev. Spencer Clack, who removed from Bloomfield, Ky., and settled in Palmyra, the county seat of Marion. By their joint labors a Church was constituted in that town.

For some years Mr. Vardeman had been growing corpulent, and his usual weight was three hundred pounds; yet his muscular frame was well proportioned, and his personal appearance graceful and commanding. His voice was powerful, sonorous, and clear; his enunciation distinct, and he could be heard in the open air for a great distance. He took an active part in bringing the Baptist denomination in Missouri into active and harmonious co-operation in benevolent efforts.

In August, 1834, he presided in a Convention to organize a system of domestic missions in that State, which has since grown into the General Association.

Still the infirmities of age were creeping over him, and his giant frame and vigorous constitution showed signs of decay. Yet he continued his ministerial labors without relaxation. For nearly two years before his death, he became unable to stand while preaching, and sat in an armed chair while he addressed the people with deep pathos. Only two weeks before his final departure, in company with another minister, he visited the Sulphur Springs, at Elk Lick, which appeared to afford him benefit. Before they left, they constituted a Church; a measure not contemplated in the visit. There was a revival, and, notwithstanding his weakness, Elder Vardeman baptized five converts; the last service of that kind he ever performed. He had then baptized more Christian professors than any man in the United States. As he kept no registry of these and other labors, the accurate number can never be ascertained; probably not less than *eight thousand converts*. In the churches he regularly attended, the converts under his ministry continued to maintain their

Christian standing in an equal proportion to those baptized under ordinary excitements or by settled pastors.

On the Lord's day before his death he attended the appointment of another preacher in the church in his immediate neighborhood. He was free from pain, his appetite good, and his mind clear and calm in view of death. After the first sermon, he spoke with usual effect half an hour or more, from Heb. 2: 3—"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" The following week he grew worse, though little alarm was felt by him or his family about speedy dissolution. But on Saturday morning, the 28th of May, 1842, he called his family around him, gave some directions, bade them farewell, and sank in death like a child falling asleep—all within fifteen minutes—in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

Rev. Mr. Vardeman was married three times. The marriage and death of his first wife have been noticed already. She was the mother of eleven children; one died with the mother at birth; one lived only two days; and the rest, four sons and five daughters, lived to grow up, profess religion, and give good evidence of the genuineness of their conversion. Of these, six died before their father. The eldest son died in 1817, at the age of seventeen years, in the enjoyment of the Christian's hope. The second son and fourth child, by name of Ambrose Dudley, was born October 25th, 1804. He became a scholar, studied the medical profession, professed religion, and commenced preaching the gospel, giving promise of great usefulness. He was smitten with fever, and died after a few day's illness, while his father was from home on a preaching excursion, June 25th, 1829, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. Two sons by his first wife are living in Missouri; both professed religion in youth. William Henry is a preacher, and a pastor of a Church in St. Charles county.

He married for his second wife Miss Elizabeth Bryan, in 1821, who had one child, not a professor at the period of her father's death. Mrs. Vardeman, the second wife, died in 1822. His third wife was Miss Lucy Bullock, daughter of the late Thomas Bullock, Esq., of Woodford county, to whom he was married in 1823. She still survives, and has charge of his farm and numerous dependents. She was the mother of four children, two of whom were baptized and joined the Church the autumn after the decease of their father.

We will only add, that Mr. Vardeman was a most affectionate husband, a prudent and kind father, a humane and considerate master, an upright and patriotic citizen; and his memory to this day is cherished and venerated by a large circle of surviving friends and Christian brethren.

Family Visitant.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. S. R. FORD.

GRACE TRUMAN,
OR
LOVE AND PRINCIPLE.

BY MRS. S. R. FORD.

CHAP. XI.—“PERSECUTED, BUT NOT FORSAKEN; CAST DOWN, BUT NOT DESTROYED.”—*Paul*.

“WELL,” said young Mr. Holmes, after several minute’s silence, to Mr. Lewis, who was accompanying him home after the close of the second night’s discussion, “I must say, Ed., that I am perfectly surprised at the amount of evidence the Baptists have for their close baptism, and I do not wonder that they adhere so tenaciously to immersion, believing, as they do, and have reason to do, that it was the manner in which their Saviour was baptized, and which he left as an example to the world. Mr. Gordon felt badly to-night because he could not support his side of the question better; did you notice it, Ed.? and father was provoked beyond measure. It is astonishing that he is so prejudiced against dipping, as he calls it, when he will admit that it is valid.”

“Yes, it is strange; but we should make all charitable allowance for your father’s early education and peculiar temperament.

NOTE. Several pages of the argument on baptism were crowded out of the last issue. This will explain to our readers why the chapter ended so abruptly. We have deemed it best not to give the details of the controversy, which continued through that and the following evening, but only its effect on the minds of the various listeners.

He was brought up in the midst of Presbyterianism by very strict Presbyterian parents, and was taught, from childhood, to regard immersion a low, indecent practice, originating in ignorance and want of proper refinement, and propagated by bigotry and sectarianism. But tell me seriously, John, are you fully convinced on this point—is your mind entirely at rest on this subject ?”

“I believe, from all you said to-night, that immersion is Scripture baptism, but I shall not trouble my head about it. I am willing that everybody shall believe what they please and act as they please. It is a matter that gives me but little concern, and I will leave it to those who feel interested in it. I was sprinkled in infancy, and joined the Church under excitement. I know now that I was deceived, and suffered to remain deceived by those who professed to be leaders and to show me the right way ; and now that I am convinced of my error, I am determined to give the thing up entirely.”

He hesitated a moment, as if uncertain what to say.

“Isn’t this the best way, Aunt Peggy ?” he added, turning and addressing the old servant, who was following in their rear, and listening attentively to every word.

“No, no, Mas’r John, dis is not de best way, bless de Lord ! We ought to give earnest heed to dese things, les at any time we let dem slip ; don’t the ’postle say so, Mas’r Ed. ?”

“Yes, Aunt Peggy ; and it is a truth that should come home to all of us with great force and solemnity ; for if we do not heed these things, how can we hope to be saved ?”

“Dat’s true, Mas’r Ed., dat’s true, bless de Lord ! for de Bible says dar is no other way under heaven.”

“I think, John, there are many considerations why you should give up the indifferent, reckless course you are now pursuing, and direct your attention earnestly, anxiously, to this subject. I must speak to you candidly, unreservedly, now that I have an opportunity. Think of the deep unhappiness you are inflicting upon your family ; the torturing anguish you are daily heaping upon your wife by your utter neglect of holy things ; think of her silent tears, her aching heart, her wasting fears. Have you not observed her dejection and sadness, notwithstanding her evident ef-

fort to be cheerful? You surely have not failed to see all this, and to ask yourself the cause of this marked change."

"Why, what are you talking about, Ed.? surely, you do not think my wife is grieved about my conduct?"

"Have you not noticed her dejection?"

"I know she is not so buoyant and cheerful as she was when we were married, and you could not expect this. The cares of a family, however small, will sober any conscientious, reflecting woman like Grace. I tell you, you are entirely mistaken on this subject. Grace is not unhappy; she is only a little more serious than she was a year ago."

How often it is men are thus mistaken with regard to the toils and sufferings of their wives. Patient, uncomplaining woman, full of fortitude, murmurs not; but, trusting in the arm of the Mighty Helper, guided by the flickering yet never-failing light of faith and hope, she moves on in the uneven pathway of duty, clinging, O, so lovingly! to her heart's earthly idol, meeting all, enduring all, because of her devotion to him. Nothing of earth is half so beautiful as the undying, unselfish love of a true woman. It is a perennial flower, throwing its beauty and fragrance over the waste of life; a priceless gem, far outvaluing all the wealth of all earth's mines; a more than Aladdin's Lamp, whose power ever commands treasures of contentment and happiness; treasures which the uncounted sums of Caliph and Sultan can never buy.

Mr. Lewis scarce knew how to proceed. He wished to deal faithfully with his cousin; to win him, if it were possible, from the evil habits which were fast weaving their meshes about him; to avert, before it was too late, the dread Harmattan of infidelity, ere its scorching breath should dry up and leave desolate the fountain of good within his soul.

After a few moment's pause, he took the arm of his cousin, and, in a voice whose strong, low tones betrayed the deep feelings of his heart, said: "I am going to talk to you as to a brother, John. I hope you will listen to me. Your course, for the last three months, has caused your wife, your parents, and your friends, great pain and anxiety; of this you must be aware; you cannot be so blind as not to perceive the grief it has given us all,

and particularly Grace, who feels that perhaps she has been instrumental in it by not uniting with your Church."

"Nonsense! Grace knows my opinions about this thing. I have always told her to do as she believed best. As regards my conduct, I do not see where that has been so bad. I have not attended Church regularly, I'll confess; but then, cannot a man be as moral at home as in the meeting-house? And as to that difficulty with Frank Pierce, you must all see that he grossly insulted me; and I feel that I would deserve the contempt of all who know me, if I had tamely submitted to it."

"But, John, these are not the only departures from the right way."

"Yes, I know what you would say. I did, on two or three convivial occasions with Hastings and a few friends, drink a little too much; but I have given over all such enjoyment, and am determined never to be so foolish again."

"I am glad, John, that you have formed this resolution; duty to yourself, to your wife, to your parents, to your friends, to the world, demands that you should pursue a different course; I speak to you plainly, John, and earnestly, for I feel deeply; and I would fain wish that my words may have weight in fixing you in your wise determination. But let me entreat you not to rest satisfied here. The strictest morality will not insure happiness, even for this life; the soul needs a higher refuge; its aspirations ever ascend after something beyond the power of this world to bestow; and unless it reaches and fastens upon the Only Good, its longings are but as the burning thirst of the famishing traveler in the desert-land, where there are no water springs—as the unsatisfied cries of hunger in the wilderness, where there is no bread. You will find it very difficult, for a time, to resist the temptations which you must meet; to break away from the associations you have formed during the summer. Hastings will not give you up without an effort; but remain steadfast in the consciousness of the *right* of your course, and battle your enemies, in whatever form they may present themselves, with a fixed determination to conquer. 'Resist Satan, and he will flee from you.'"

"You seem pretty well posted in Bible language, Ed.," he re-

plied, in a tone of assumed bandinage ; but could his cousin have looked into his heart, he would have seen that every word of his had entered and found lasting lodgment there.

Old Aunt Peggy intuitively read the change, and, stepping round to the side of her young master, and looking into that beloved face, which the rays of the half-risen moon furtively revealed, said :

“ It’s true, Mas’r John, bless de Lord ! every word Mas’r Ed. has told you ; dis world cannot make us happy. I has seen many a day, an’ am now an ole wumman, an’ I tells you we mus’ have sumthin’ better’n dis poor world can give us. I feels it, Mas’r John ; I knows it, bless de Lord ! ”

Just here, a turn in the meadow-path revealed to them, through the south window of Grace’s room, the little light within. They all saw it at once, and were hushed into silence. The thoughts of each mind were fixed upon the patient, watching wife. Not a word was spoken until they reached the door. “ Come in, Ed.” The tones of the husband caught the listening ear of the wife, and putting aside her Bible, which she had been prayerfully studying, she rose and met him with her wonted smile. How sad that smile now seemed to him. He had seen it often times before—that same, sweet look ; but never had he observed that shade of melancholy which now, as a barbed arrow, pierced his very soul. The wife, with the quick eye of a woman’s love, detected in a moment the sobered expression of her husband’s face, and longed to ask the cause, but she dared not. Her heart suggested that something wrong had occurred during the discussion, and she would not recall unpleasant scenes. She endeavored, by cheerful conversation and kind attentions, to drive away his gloom. She brought a basket of most delightful fall-pippins, and while the gentlemen were enjoying an apple, she asked Mr. Lewis about the discussion.

“ I suppose you came off victorious, Ed. ? ”

“ Not in your father’s estimation. He declared ‘ I had made nothing clear to his mind ; that I, and all the Fathers could not make him believe that dipping people, head and ears, under the water was what the Bible meant by baptism.’ ”

"O, father, you know, *will not be convinced*; but what did the others decide—what is your opinion, Mr. Holmes?"

"Why, Ed. beat Mr. Gordon; he knows he did; but I think all this arguing amounts to nothing after all. People will believe just what they please."

There was something in his manner so strange and cold she dared not question him farther. So she addressed her conversation to Mr. Lewis, hoping that in this way she might accomplish her wish. But there was not potency enough in her cheerful words and pleasant smiles to break the spell. The music of her tones could not drive away the evil spirit, and after a half hour's fruitless endeavor, she yielded the undertaking. Mr. Lewis was shown to bed. And then, in their privacy, she longed to ask her husband the cause of his distress; but judgment bade her be silent. And with a heavy, aching heart, she laid her down to rest; but long hours after deep sleep had sealed the eyelids of her husband, did she lie vainly endeavoring to answer her own question.

"Why need I rack my brain with further conjectures," she at length said to herself. "I will commend myself unto the Lord, and trust in him, and he shall bring it to pass." And 'God, her Maker, gave unto her songs in the night.'

Mr. Gordon had been exceedingly restless, since the discussion, to know the effect of it upon Fannie's mind. He had rejoiced with unusual satisfaction, that Grace was not present, knowing that she would have been able to detect his weak points, and to use them with advantage against him on future occasions. He thought it possible that Fannie, under the influence of her father's presence and the excitement of the discussion, had failed to discover them; and, that by having his strongest arguments reiterated in her hearing, which he knew old Mr. Holmes was sure to do on every occasion, he hoped, that if her doubts were not removed, they were at least not increased. And yet, with all his endeavors to solace himself with this belief, strong fears that it was not as he desired, would constantly haunt him. He determined to avail himself of the very first opportunity that offered to acquaint himself with the state of her feelings. A very opportune occasion was given the evening following the last discussion. She had walked down to the village to make some little

purchases for her mother. Just as she had gained the corner of the pavement to turn in the direction of him, she encountered Mr. Gordon, who very kindly proffered to relieve her of her packages. She at first declined this gallantry, but being convinced that it was his intention to go home with her, she yielded him the papers. Her heart beat violently, for she read his object in a moment. He did not speak for some minutes. During the interval the young girl had time to scan the matter hastily, and, in some measure, to prepare herself for the attack.

"Well, Fannie," said he, (the pastor had, for some time, addressed her thus familiarly) what conclusion have you reached with regard to baptism since the discussion?"

"Do you mean my views or my determination," she asked, looking up into his face inquiringly.

"Both; as my earthly happiness is deeply involved in the question, I must ask a fair, candid answer."

For a moment she made no reply. She was endeavoring to collect her thoughts, and to frame them into such words as would convey her views clearly. She desired to be fully understood; in no way to cause a false impression.

"You have asked me to give you an honest and definite answer, Mr. Gordon. I shall attempt to do so. My convictions respecting immersion as being the only mode of baptism, have been strengthened by the arguments I have listened to. I now look upon it as the *only* baptism of believers. As to my future course I have not decided. *I cannot*," she said with emphasis, while her voice grew tremulous with emotion.

"You have not, then, determined to join the Baptist Church?"

"No, not now."

"Let me beseech you, Fannie, before deciding on this step, to weigh the subject fully—all its consequences to yourself and to your friends. You know that it must forever raise an insuperable barrier to our union; and I need not tell you how this would crush out from my heart every ray of earthly happiness. I need not tell you how ardently I have loved you, for that you already know. I can only urge upon you by all that I hold most dear on earth, by the undying love of your parents to you, and a consideration of your father's known views, to act cautiously—to look

at this matter calmly, to view it in all its bearings, present and future; temporal and eternal, and then to tread with prayerful feet the way before you. Will you promise me, Fannie, to heed my request—to measure this subject in all its length and breadth? It is momentous to me and to you. O, that I could make you feel its importance as I do! I know not what to say, nor how to speak!” and his voice faltered beneath the agitation that shook his frame. “I would that I could say something that would place it before you in its true light! Promise me, Fannie, I beg of you, that you will not act hastily; and I will pray God that your doubts may be removed, and that peace may soon again return to your bosom.”

Her eyes had not met his. She had not seen the intense, pleading look he bent upon her, but she had *felt* the earnestness of his soul as the impassioned words met her ear and burned themselves deep in upon her heart. The hand, that rested in his arm, trembled violently, and her whole being shook with the intensity of her feelings. She made no answer.

“Speak, Fannie, I entreat you; only say you will not act rashly.”

She raised her eyes to his, while the tears streamed down her cheeks.

“I will promise you this, Mr. Gordon. I would not take a step, fraught with so much moment to myself and to others, without due consideration. But do not, I beseech you, urge such motives to influence me. When I am convinced what my duty is, I must endeavor to perform it, though it should cost me the sacrifice of every worldly hope. You are a minister of the gospel, and you know the Saviour says, ‘he that loveth father and mother more than me, is not worthy of me.’ We must leave all to follow Him, for he says, ‘if ye love me, keep my commandments.’ I may never join the Baptist Church, but I can never again commune with the Presbyterians; I have not been baptized; I know I have not, and how dare I to come to the Lord’s table?”

“But, Fannie,”——

“O, Mr. Gordon, do not urge this upon me; I am fully convinced that I have never followed this command. I was sprinkled

in infancy, and you know the Bible requires all to *believe* before they are baptized. I have always had my doubts respecting infant baptism, but now I feel not only that there is no virtue in it, but that it is wrong, essentially wrong."

"Will you not commune at our next quarterly meeting, Fannie? you know it commences next Friday. Surely, you will do this?"

"No, I cannot; I feel that I have no right to that sacrament. I have not submitted to that ordinance which is a figure of his death, and it would be sacrilege in me to engage in that which 'shows forth his death till he come.'"

"But what will your father say, Fannie? you know how——"

"O, speak not to me of his opposition, Mr. Gordon. I know it all—all—and the thought of it bows my soul to the earth; and I believe that even now my resolution would give way in view of this, but whenever I am ready to falter, I seem to hear a voice whispering in my ear, 'Fear not, I am with you, my grace is sufficient for thee.'"

She paused, overcome by her deep emotion. Mr. Gordon looked at her amazed. He had never before seen the strength of her principle tested. But now that he beheld her under the most painful trials manifesting the deepest affection, and, at the same time, the most unyielding steadfastness to right, imbued with a maturity of judgment far beyond her years; and all this crowned by the clear, trusting faith of a Christian, his admiration knew no limit. He felt a deeper, holier devotion for her than ever before, now that she seemed just ready to elude his love. They passed up the avenue in silence. Each heart was too full for utterance. Reaching the hall door, Fannie asked Mr. Gordon into her mother's room, and excusing herself, sought her own chamber. Mrs. Holmes observed the minister's agitation, but she appeared not to notice it.

"Did you see Mr. Holmes in town, Bro. Gordon? He went down to look for you."

"I did not meet him, ma'm. Had he any particular business with me?"

"He wished to see you with regard to asking some two or

three ministers to be present at our next communion." Her face assumed a sad look as she added, "You know that we feel a great deal depends upon that meeting."

"Yes, I have done this, sister Holmes," and the minister gazed steadfastly into the fire. "I feel exceedingly anxious with regard to the results, and hope they may be all we desire. But should our expectations be disappointed, we must endeavor to be prepared for the worst," said he, drawing a deep, heavy sigh. "Is there any hope?"

"None, that I can see; Mr. Holmes intends to make a last effort before next Sabbath; but now that he has Edwin's influence to contend against, I have but little expectation that he will succeed. Yet you know we are commanded 'to hope all things, and to pray in faith.'"

"How does John seem to be affected by the discussion of last night?"

"Well, I cannot say. He was here a few minutes this evening, and he appeared very morose; more so than I have ever known him. I asked him if he was convinced? and his reply was, 'Oh, it is no use to talk about this matter any longer, the Baptists have it.'"

"I should think, now that his wife sees his growing indifference, she would be willing to avail herself of the only means which seems to promise any hope of restoring him." Mrs Holmes made no answer. "I will hasten back to town; perhaps I may reach there before Brother Holmes leaves. And if I do not, I will mention this subject to him to-morrow."

The pastor took his hat to leave. As he passed down the avenue he met old Mr. Holmes.

"I have just been down to the village in search of you," said the old gentleman, as he encountered the minister. "I wanted to ask you if you don't think it best to invite several ministers to our next meeting? Brother Robinson will be here; I have just got a letter from him; and I think we should not only write, but insist upon two or three more to come."

"Who shall we ask?"

"O, I will leave that with you. You know better than I do who will be most active and influential. Much depends on that

meeting, Brother Gordon. The fact of the business is, if this thing ain't settled then we had just as well give it over."

"Yes, I feel so; suppose I ask Bro. Stacy, Bro. Green, and Bro. Hill; they are all men of ability and talent; and I think they will come."

"Yes, yes, they will do first rate. You could not make a better choice."

"I am afraid our discussion last night did not benefit John much. Sister Holmes tells me he appears unusually morose to-day, and thinks that we were defeated."

"O, he is so much influenced by his wife in this thing that he could not do our side justice. I never saw a woman have such power over a husband in all my life; and if she would just come and join us, John would come back directly. The fact of the business is, she must do it. I am going to talk to her again next week, and show her, that if she don't, her husband will be a ruined man. I want to wait until the day before communion, so that she will have no time to argue herself out of the notion."

"How do you think Fannie was affected by the controversy? You know that she has had doubts about her baptism since last spring. I am fearful she was rather strengthened in her views than otherwise."

"Pshaw! I don't intend to give myself any trouble about her. She would not think of such a thing as being anything but what she is now. Don't give yourself any uneasiness about her; I will attend to her case, and see that it is all straight. It is only sympathy with Grace that makes her talk so. She has no notion of becoming a Baptist."

"If she had, I think the best means to be used with her is persuasion and reason; don't you believe so? She is always ready to be led by kindness, but, if I mistake not, she can't be driven."

"No, no, can't drive her an inch; she is too much like me for that," and the old man spoke with an air of self-complacency truly amusing to behold.

"You can very readily ascertain her views. She will withhold nothing from you."

"Yes, yes, there is no danger of her going wrong. I wish they were all as yielding as she is; we wouldn't have had all

this trouble in the family. The fact of the business is, a daughter of mine would know better than to do such a thing. You write to the preachers and leave the rest to me," and the old gentleman shook the pastor's hand and moved on.

The next morning, which was Sabbath, Grace was at Church ; and what was very unusual, her husband was with her.

"I hope my conversation had some effect," Mr. Lewis said to himself, as he saw with what undivided attention his cousin listened to the sermon. His countenance still wore the same gloomy expression. It was a blended look of ill temper and melancholy. At the close of the services the minister announced the evening meeting, accompanying it with a request that all should attend if possible. He mentioned that Mr. Robinson would be with them on the occasion, and that several other preachers were expected to be present also.

The week passed on, and at length Friday came. It had been a week of impatient expectation to some of our characters, of anxious fear to others, and of prayerful self-examination to Grace and Fannie. Friday morning brought Mr. Robinson, who was to preach that night. Old Mr. Holmes was very grave and thoughtful through the whole morning. He seemed to be conning over in his own mind the best way to accomplish the work before him. He felt that it was a mighty work, one fraught with the most momentous consequences. Could he but realize his hopes, how complete, how perfect would be the reward ; but should his utmost endeavors prove futile, he saw nothing but unhappiness and sorrow through all his coming years. His faith was faint ; he relied upon his own feeble efforts instead of "trusting in the Lord and waiting patiently for him." How often it is thus with us. The eye of our faith becomes dim, and we cannot penetrate the dark cloud that envelopes us, and we set about working out our own good, instead of looking to Him, "who speaketh, and it is done."

After dinner, old Mr. Holmes told Fannie to get her bonnet and shawl, and go with him to see Grace. She knew the object of his visit, and while she dreaded the results, she was glad to have an opportunity to be with Grace in her affliction, and so share with her her trying ordeal. Her sentiments were fully under-

stood by her sister; often in the last two weeks had they spoken together of their views, their fears, their hopes; and their common sorrow rendered doubly strong the tie that already bound their hearts in the strongest friendship and tenderest sympathies.

It was a beautiful evening in November. The cloudless skies smiled down a glorious light and loveliness upon the peaceful earth, and the peaceful earth smiled back, though less gloriously upon the gorgeous skies. All earthly good is but a reflection of the heavenly, and, therefore, less intense; and well it is so. The Giver in wisdom has adapted it to our capacities. All inanimate nature breathed that soft, still beauty which we feel, but cannot describe. It was all a "sealed book" to Fannie as she trod with her father the little meadow path. The burden at her heart had shut out the glory of the outer world. They reached the "Retreat," and found Grace alone reading "Pilgrim's Progress;" her Bible, the companion of many of her leisure hours, was open on the stand at her side. She had studied it far more carefully—prayerfully, ever since the evening of her mother's visit. In the fear of God she sought to find out her duty. As her eye rested on the face of her father her heart failed within her. She knew the cloud that enveloped his brow presaged the coming storm; and she felt that upon her must be expended all its wrath.

While she and Fannie engaged in a unstrained conversation, the old man sat with his head bent, as if cogitating her to begin his mission. At length, looking up suddenly, he said, rather abruptly, "Grace are you going to attend our meeting?"

She commanded herself as well as she could, and answered, "I shall attend I suppose during the day. I have no one to go with me at night.

"Why, where is John, can't he go with you; he's not sick, is he?"

"No sir, he is not sick; but you know Mr. Holmes does not love to go to church."

"And can't you make him go? I think any woman that has so much power over a husband as you have over John, might make him do as she pleased."

"I never attempt to force Mr. Holmes to do anything. I have

endeavored to persuade him to go to church, but my efforts have generally failed."

"Now Grace, I am going to speak to you plainly; what I am going to say is for your good as well as his;" and the old gentleman left his seat and took a chair by her side.

"I want you to listen to my words. There is but one way to bring John back, and that is for you to do your duty. I tell you there is no use holding out any longer, unless you want to be made a miserable woman, and see your husband ruined for life. Hav'nt we tried every thing in our power to reclaim him; hav'nt we said all we could, and still you see it has done no good. I have talked to him and prayed for him, and it only seems to make him worse. And it now depends upon you whether he will give up his ways and come back to the church. There is one thing you can do, and this is the only thing that can be done! And won't you, Grace, set aside all your notions, and make this one effort to save him? Surely, you can't object any longer. Try it for a few times, anyhow, and then, if it does no good, you can give it up if you like. I tell you there will be no sin in it, and it may save your husband. Will you do it, just tell me?"

"How can I do it, when I believe it would be wrong. And how can I know that it will have the desired effect?"

"I tell you it will, take my word for it. I know it would have a more powerful effect on him than anything else. Try it, child, and see if it don't."

"But father, how can I do wrong. Surely God will not bless me in such an act. I must not do evil that good may come! Oh, if I could be convinced that I might take this step, how gladly would I do it; anything to win back my husband to his duty"—and the excited girl burst into tears. Fannie took her hand in hers and pressed it warmly. She did not speak, but her silent tears told her heart's full sympathy.

"Grace, I tell you its no use to cry! you must make up your mind to do this thing and end the matter. It has gone on long enough"—and the old gentleman grew more and more excited as he saw her tears. "I can't see why you won't, there is nothing on earth in the way but your prejudice. You think it is wrong

just because you have been taught so. I tell you you need'nt cry, it won't mend the matter one whit. I have told you your duty, and the fact of the business is, you must do it, or things will be dreadful. Why, think, Grace, what people will say, when they know that your obstinate notions have kept you from doing what every body believes will save John. They all know it depends upon you; and surely you won't have them to say that you would do nothing to keep your husband from being lost."

This was a new aspect of the matter to the sorrowing girl. "And can it be, she asked herself, convulsively, that every body thinks I am doing wrong; must I be blamed by the whole world for acting according to my conscientious convictions? No, no; this cannot be so. God will not suffer me to be thus afflicted."

"You know our meeting begins to-night," resumed the old man in a low tone, "and Sunday will be our communion, and I want you to promise me that you will come to meeting and commune with us. Will you do it?"

"I will come to meeting, but I cannot now promise you to commune. I must wait till then before I can decide."

"Tut, tut, what nonsense. You can't settle the matter now? I should like to know why you can't. You don't expect to get any more enlightenment on the subject do you? The fact of the business is, I don't see what you want with any more; its just as plain to me that you ought to do it as that you are in that chair. What is the reason that you can't be convinced?"

"I need not give you my reason, father, you know it well enough! How can I commune with persons that have not been baptized?"

"But I tell you they have been baptized just as much as you have, and it is nothing in this world but a head-strong disposition that keeps you from seeing it."

"Oh do not talk so, father, you will break Grace's heart. She thinks she is right, don't prevail upon her to sin against her judgment."

"You don't pretend to say that coming to our table is a sin. Fannie, is your head turned too? I want to hear no more of this from you. If Grace will do wrong its no reason why you should."

Fannie saw that it was best to say no more; and she only bent

on Grace a more tender, sorrowing look, and pressed her hand more closely. At this moment aunt Peggy entered the room to get the keys, but seeing her young mistress in tears, and the angry face of her old master, she remained silent, and took a seat near the door.

“Well, I can’t stay here all evening arguing with you, Grace; I want you to tell me what you are going to do. If you hold out in your stubbornness, you must expect to reap your reward. I tell you now, that you needn’t look for any favor from me. I will not look upon such disobedience with any degree of allowance. If you are willing to give up your husband and your own happiness, and the peace of a family, for this foolish notion of yours, I want you to understand, that for one, I am not going to countenance you in it. What will you do? I want you to tell me before I leave.”

“I will try to do my duty,” sobbed out the weeping girl.

“Well, that’s all I ask of you. Your duty is to come along and commune with us, and I shall expect to see you do it,” and old Mr. Holmes snatched his hat from the table, and opening the door, passed out before Grace could add a word of explanation.

As she heard the door slam behind the old gentleman, she burst into a fresh flood of tears. Fannie could not give a word of consolation, but throwing her arms about her sister’s neck, she leaned her head on her bosom, and mingled her silent tears with those of the heart-broken mourner. It was a sad and touching sight to see this young martyr to principle folded in the arms of one scarce less a martyr than herself, who, by the silent eloquence of love, was endeavoring to bind up the broken spirit; her own trials forgotten in her deep pity for the sorrows of one whom she loved with a sister’s heart. She heeded not the storm that was soon to burst upon her defenceless head, she only saw the desolations of that which was pouring its wrath upon the stricken one at her side. Aunt Peggy wisely forbore to say anything while Grace was so deeply agitated; as soon as she saw that she had grown more calm, she moved her chair to her side, and said:

“Be of good cheer, Miss Grace; dis thy evil wiil all come right arter a while. De blessed Lord will not forsake you, but will be wid you to de end, if you will only trust in him.”

Oh! Aunt Peggy, it seems that he has already forsaken me; my way appears very dark before me. I have prayed and hoped, but it all seems vain; this trouble cannot be removed. Oh, why am I afflicted thus—why is the hand of his displeasure laid so heavily upon me?"

"He wants to prove you, my child, as he did de chil'ren of Israel in de wilderness. It all 'pears mighty dark to you now, but wait a little bit, and it will all be clear as dat sun in yonder pretty sky. You know de very darkest hour of de night is always just afore de break of day; and so it will be wid you, mark my words child. De Lord ain't forgot to be gracious, blessed be his holy name."

"I know that, Aunt Peggy. God is always good; but perhaps I am wrong in this matter. You have heard what father said, 'that every body thinks I am doing wrong, and that if I persist in my course, I need expect no favor from him.'"

"Well, don't let dis distress you, Miss Gracey; you remember what you read to me last Sunday evening from dat sweet Psalm, so full of consolation—'When father and mother forsake me, den de Lord will take me up;' think on dis promise, Miss Gracey, its shure and steadfast; and den remember, too, de dear Saviour himself, said to his disciples—'Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you.' We must have triberlations and trials in dis world dat we may have de exceedin' great reward in de next. Dese things looks dark to you now, Miss Gracey, but de light will come afore long. Think what dat good song says dat we sung together last Sunday evening:"

"Judge not de Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace,
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

"His promises will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour,
De bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be de flower."

"De bud is very bitter to you, Miss Gracey, but de flower, when it comes, will be mity sweet. De Lord never forsakes his children, bless'd be his name."

"But, Aunt Peggy, if I am mistaken in my belief of what is my duty, God will never bless me in this course; I cannot expect it. If I should act differently, I might be the means of saving my husband; all of his friends thinks so; and, oh, Aunt Peggy, to do this I would make any sacrifice, would do any thing that is right." And the weeping wife buried her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud. "And you know, Aunt Peggy," she added, after the outburst of her deep grief had somewhat subsided. "that Baptists look upon Presbyterians as good Christian people, and the children of God, and agree with them on all the essential points of doctrine, and why couldn't I join with them in celebrating an ordinance which He has commanded all of his followers to observe? How could there be any wrong in my doing this?"

"Well, now, Miss Gracey, it 'pears to me like dis: I went down to de store last week to buy dat new calico gown you was a making dis mornin', and arter de calico was rolled up, I untied de corner of my hankercher an' gin Mas'r Ray, Miss Fannie's beau dare, a dollar; he looked at it and handed it back to me! I was took by supprise, I tells you, and said, 'Mas'r Ray aint dat good silver?' 'Yes, Aunt Peggy, it is good silver.' 'What do you mean,' says I, 'I knows it is good and no counterfeiter, for I's rung it more'n a dozen times, and its jes as clar as a bell.' 'It's good silver, Aunt Peggy, excellent stuff.' 'Well, I wish you would tell me what you mean,' says I, growin' more an' more puzzled, 'if it is gennywine, what is de reason you don't keep it, don't you take such money?' 'Yes, Aunt Peggy, just as much of it as I can get. I wish I could have thousands of it every day.' 'Well, why don't you take it den?' 'Well,' said he, bustin' out into de biggest laugh you ever heerd, 'I don't take it, Aunt Peggy, just because it ain't a dollar, it wants five cents of it, it's only a five franc piece.' Now, Miss Gracey, it's jes so wid Presbyterians, dey is mity good silver, an' we Baptists is willin' to take dem for jes what dey is worth, but dey aint a dollar, dey wants de five cents."

Grace and Fannie were forcibly struck with the old servant's apt illustration, and, for a moment, neither of them made any reply. At length, as if a new thought had struck her, Fannie said:

"But, Aunt Peggy, if Mr. Ray had chosen, he could have taken your five franc piece."

"No, no, Miss Fannie, it is not lef' to Mas'r Ray to do as he pleases in dis matter. Mr. Matthews 'spects him to mind what he says, an' it is jes so wid us, we mus' follow de Master's command, we doesn't dar to change it. If he had lef' us to do as we pleased, we might commune wid all Christian people, but you know he told all dat partakes of de emblems of his broken body and spilt blood first to be baptized, an' dis is de reason why we Baptists can never break bread wid dose dat has only been sprinkled." Don't you see dis, Miss Gracey?"

"Yes, Aunt Peggy, it is all very clear, but what am I to do?"

"'Trust in de Lord,' old David said, 'an' he will bring it to pass;' and so I say to you, Miss Gracey, trust in de Lord and he will bring you out of all your troubles."

"Oh, that I knew what course to pursue," said Grace, as old Aunt Peggy left the room. "Fannie, if I could but be convinced what is best! I would willingly give up any former prepossessions could I but see the finger of God pointing the way! I feel that I would gladly run therein and not count any sacrifice too dear, that I might do his bidding. But all seems so dark, so incomprehensible! I am as a man groping his way through a strange wilderness, without one mark of guidance, one ray of light."

"Oh, say not so, sister, our Heavenly Father has promised to be a guide to all who put their trust in him. Can't you lean on his promises, and feel willing to give this matter up to him?"

"It appears to me that God has forsaken me, Fannie," and her tears flowed afresh, "I have endeavored to surrender myself into his hands, and to yield all to his guidance. I have asked him to remove the cloud that has so long flung its mantle of blackness over me, but its thick darkness yet remains, and I know not whither to turn."

"I know it is hard, sister, for us to feel reconciled to our afflictions, but if we do not trust in God, where shall we find comfort and consolation? My pathway is very dark before me. I sometimes think my trials are more than I can bear." She paused a moment and hid her face on the shoulder of Grace. "You know

it all, sister," she added, in a tone of deep feeling, "I am young, my trial is a very great one, and I would despair were it not for the precious words of heavenly love and comfort I have heard from the lips of old Aunt Peggy ever since I can remember. She has taught me more to exercise faith than all the sermons I have ever heard. She is always ready with some promise full of consolation and power."

"Yes, *I must*, I know I must commit all to the direction of him who guideth the weak in judgment, and who has said, 'He that trusteth in me shall never be put to shame.' We both need his protection and guidance in this, our dark trial, and here, Fannie, let us seek his blessing on our future course."

They both knelt, and Grace, amid sobs and tears, poured out her soul before him who "heareth the cry of the afflicted," and giveth peace to the troubled spirit. Neither one asked the other how she intended to act on the following Sabbath. Each had confidence to know that whatever step the other might take, it would proceed from a consideration of duty, and a desire to do the will of him whose "power is life," and whose "loving kindness is better than life."

After tea her brother escorted Fannie home. When they reached the door they heard old Mr. Holmes speaking within in a very excited voice. Mr. Robinson, being somewhat fatigued with the exercises of the day, had retired. The children had grown weary and sought rest; there was no one round the fire but Mr. and Mrs. Holmes. The first question advanced to Fannie by her father, was—

"Why didn't you come to church to-night, Fannie? I left you on purpose that you might bring Grace and John with you."

She hesitated a moment, and her brother relieved her of embarrassment, by replying, that it was quite late before he reached home, and he did not feel disposed to go out again. A dark frown gathered over the old man's brow; he seemed to be studying what to say next. At length, he broke the awful silence, by addressing Fannie in a voice by no means pleasant."

"I don't believe you wanted to come, Fannie. Brother Gordon has as well as told me to-night that you have made up your mind not to commune next Sabbath. Now I tell you, you had

just as well give up all such foolish notions. As long as you are under my roof I shall expect you to obey my wishes. It is perfectly ridiculous to think of any body acting so that has been taught as well as you have. The fact of the business is, it is out of the question. I want to hear no more of it. Do you understand me?"

She could make no reply; her heart was full to bursting. She waited a few moments, and finding her father made no further remark, passed out of the room to her own chamber. Reaching it, she threw herself on a chair by the fire and gave vent to her uncontrolable sorrow; she wept long without relief.

"Why am I thus distressed—what will the end of this be?" she asked herself, and from the depths of her stricken heart there came the hollow echo—"WHAT." She knelt and committed herself to the mercy of Him, who, "having suffered like unto us, is touched with a feeling of our infirmities, and who will not suffer us to be overcome, but, with the temptation, will also provide a way of escape." She rose from her knees, and, in a low, plaintive voice, sung the first and last two verses of that hymn, ever dear to her, which Aunt Peggy had taught her while she was yet a little child—

"Though troubles assail and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail and foes all unite," &c.

Weary, and bowed down beneath a weight of grief, she retired to her bed. The eye of faith could not clearly pierce the dark veil that shut from her anxious gaze the unsealed future.

"I will commit my ways unto the Lord; He will guide me in safety."

(*To be Continued.*)

OBITUARIES.—We have frequently been requested to publish obituaries, and have hitherto declined. We have concluded, however, to gratify our readers. The notices must be furnished us—must be written for the Repository—and must be *short*.

RECEIPTS.—Our receipts could not all appear in this number. Will our friends give us the privilege to cover two pages with their names next month?"

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

LOUISVILLE, FEBRUARY, 1, 1856.

BUNYAN'S BLIND DAUGHTER.—The eye that has perused Bunyan's immortal "Progress," and glanced, however rapidly, over his sad, heroic life, will be moistened with a tear as it dwells on the almost speaking picture that fronts this number. Poor Bunyan! Ah, me! what a perilous path, what a dark, wintry, midnight journey have God's servants traveled.

Near Bedford jail was the Baptist church, where Bunyan was pastor. He loved them, and for him they would have sacrificed their lives. But they were poor, persecuted, scattered. While his persecutors, Episcopal clergymen, were reveling in wealth and wickedness, and the head of the "Church," Charles II, was expending the wealth of the kingdom in profligacy, the family of Bunyan, reduced to utter want, were begging bitter bread from door to door, and that man of God shut up in a dungeon for the *crime* of preaching Christ. Look into that dreary cell. The light struggles through a narrow chink, but too feebly to render visible his abode of woe. By the light of a dim lamp you see the pale, emaciated prisoner seated on the damp ground, pursuing his daily task, of making leather shoe laces, to earn even the morsel of bread which prolongs his existence and his sorrows. Near him reclines in pensive sadness his dearest earthly treasure—his little blind daughter, who earns her own and father's bread by selling the laces he has made. She has been his daily companion in his captivity; sympathy and paternal tenderness binds her to his heart. No other solace is left him, but the mournful one, arising from the occasional visits of five other children and an affectionate wife, whom pinching want has worn down to the gates of death.

But night comes. The prison door grates, and the jailor enters. The blind child, seated beside her father, the solace of his dreary solitude, must leave for the night. Poor Bunyan! he gives her the parting kiss, he offers a father's prayer—"God bless my poor child." What feelings must have been his. Ah! they were deeper, sadder than we can fathom or feel.

"I found myself," he tells us, "a man encompassed with infirmities; the parting with my wife and poor children hath often been to me, in this place, as the tearing of the flesh from the bones, and that not only because I am somewhat too fond of these great mercies, but also because I should have often brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants that my poor family was like to meet with, should I be taken from them, especially *my poor blind child*, who lay nearer my heart than all beside. O, the thoughts of the hardships I thought my poor blind one might go under, would break my heart to pieces! Poor child! thought I, what sorrow thou art like to have for thy portion in this world. Thou must be beaten, must beg, suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot now endure that the wind should blow upon thee. But yet, recalling myself, thought I, I must venture you all with God, though it goeth to the quick to leave you. Oh! I said in this condition, I was like a man that was pulling down his house upon the head of his wife and children. Yet, thought I, *I must do it, I must do it.*"

Do what? Preach Christ. Here was heroism indeed. "But none of these

things move me ; neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and ministry that I have received of the Lord Jesus to testify the gospel of the grace of God." Who can contemplate the heroism of Bunyan, and look on the picture of his parting with his blind child without shedding, as we have done, a tear of admiring sadness ?

SPURGEON.—We shall present to our readers a splendid likeness of this youthful man of God in our next number. We have delayed the publishing of his sermons so that the first might accompany the likeness.

SIX THOUSAND.—We have made quite a good beginning towards realizing our confident expectations of increasing our list to six thousand this year. Nearly four hundred have been added since our last issue.

Thanks to Brethren Garnett, Porter, Pitts, Jenkins, Raysor, and Patterson, of Kentucky, and Robinson, Vardeman, and Polk, of Missouri, for large lists of new subscribers. May the Lord reward them.

SISTERS.—The efficiency with which several Sisters have acted as voluntary agents for the Repository during the last month, has filled us with grateful joy and buoyant hope. Their appreciation of our labors we esteem the highest meed of praise. Their generous co-operation will soon swell our list of subscribers to six thousand, in which event we will make the Repository as interesting and valuable to Baptists as Harper's Monthly is to the world. Sisters, if you have not sent us a new subscriber, will you think a little ? Who can you get to take it ? Think of some one. Speak to them about it. Send us one new name in February—*one if no more*.

ORDER OF CONVERSION.—We hope none will neglect to read the article on this vital subject because of its length ; it will amply reward the reader who will closely study it.

WILL THE CHURCHES ACT ?—Will they make the effort to send their pastors up to Louisville next May ? The Southern Baptist Convention meets immediately after the Kentucky General Association. The Revision Association meets at the same time, which, it is expected, will be addressed by Richard Fuller, of Baltimore. The Southern Baptist Publication Society will, it is to be hoped, also hold its next anniversary here ; and the Convention to take into consideration the location of a Theological Seminary, was adjourned to meet next May, in Louisville, in connection with the other Societies. The Ministers and Messengers from Missouri can attend these anniversaries and return in time to attend their own General Association, as also the Brethren in Mississippi. Will the Churches in Missouri and Kentucky lead off by saying they will defray the expenses of their pastors to Louisville and back next May ? Ought it not to be done ?

CORRESPONDENTS.—The unusual length of one of the articles in this number has crowded out several others which were set up. We will make up for it in our next number.





*Yours in Christ
C. H. Spurgeon*

MINISTER OF NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL SOUTHWARK

The Christian Repository.

NO. LXIII.—MARCH, 1857.

CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

THIS youthful man of God, whose voice, sweeping over the broad Atlantic in stirring tones of power and pathos, will now be heard in echo through this far West, stands here imaged in his pleading earnestness before us. Look at him! There is power in his very expression. It is the expression of one who believes in the gospel—believes it is the power of God unto salvation. No wonder that thousands throng the place where he preaches! He *believes*, and therefore he feels, and moves, and is accompanied with a wondrous, a spiritual energy.

He was born at Kelvedon, in Essex county, the 19th of June, 1834; so that he is not yet twenty-three years of age. His grandfather and father are both ministers, and yet living. His education is what *cant* calls deficient, for he never passed through a regular literary or theological course. When about seventeen he commenced talking to Sabbath schools, but soon attracted grown-up persons. He soon after began to preach to the little villages round Cambridge, and ere he was nineteen he was called to the charge of the Waterbeach Baptist Church. In July, 1854, he was called to the charge of the Park Street Church, on the South side of the Thames, London—a spot sacred to the name of Gilland Rippon. Of his course since, all we could say is known. Thousands throng the avenues to the spacious meeting-house. Hundreds upon hundreds have been won to the Redeemer under his ministry.

“We proceeded to New Park Street one Sabbath evening,” says a visitor, “a half hour before the time; the avenues were thronged, and the regular congregation was admitted through a

side-door. At twenty minutes past six the front doors were opened, and the rush was soon over for the house was jammed. Mr. Spurgeon then ascended the pulpit, and, giving out his hymn, said, 'We will sing a battle-hymn to-night, friends, to stir our spirits,' and went on—

'Am I a soldier of the cross,' etc.

The hymn was sung by the whole audience, with none of the nonsense of a quartette choir, or the attractions of fine instrumental music."

In contemplating the popularity, the success, and the growing influence of Spurgeon, the whole secret can be written with one word. It is *faith—faith in the gospel*. Down in the depths of his great heart is the unwavering belief that the gospel is true, is attractive, is all-powerful, all-conquering. Faith even in a wild dream will make its possessor powerful. Doubt will make the sternest eye swim irresolute, the strongest arm hang powerless. Give a man faith—intense, eye-bright, steadfast—and, though his capacities be limited, he will pass by hundreds of abler men and make his mark, and make his power felt. But let that unwavering faith, of head and heart, be fixed without a cloud, without a doubt on the truth—the adaptedness, the power of the cross—let it gleam ever as a bright flame-image in his inmost soul—the sign, the pledge, the watchword of victory—that man's preaching must be mighty, through God, "to the pulling down of strongholds." This is the open secret of success. What will such a man care for newspaper puffs? What is it to him whether he be thought learned or not? What needs he for high-sounding titles to his lectures—sugar-coating God's truth with vain, pompous wrappage? Shows, shams, contemptible signs of a want of faith in the gospel, are all these. To the sincere man, the gospel, Christ crucified, is *the power, the thing*, both to attract and to conquer. That or nothing. If he lose full faith in it he would give up the business.

Such a man is Spurgeon. Not a sermon, vast as their variety is, but has Christ its first, its center, its last. This will be verified in the perusal of these sermons, which were taken down as he spoke them.

Nor can we close without recording our thanks to the Great Head of the Church, that, in these days of show, and sham, and doubt, there is one trusting in the *real*, whose every sentence seems to say—

“In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o’er the mist of time,
 All the light of sacred story
 Blending in its beams sublime.”

CHRIST EXALTED.

A Sermon,

BY REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

“This man, after he had offered one sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down on the right hand of God; From henceforth expecting till his enemies be made his footstool.”—*Heb. x.*, 12, 13.

At the Lord’s table we wish to have no subject for contemplation but our blessed Lord Jesus Christ, and we have been wont generally to consider him as the crucified One, “the Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief,” while we have had before us the emblems of his broken body, and of his blood, shed for many for the remission of sins; but I am not quite sure that the crucified Saviour is the only appropriate theme, although, perhaps, the most so. It is well to remember how our Saviour left us—by what road he traveled through the shadows of death; but I think it is quite as well to recollect what he is doing while he is away from us—to remember the high glories to which the crucified Saviour has attained; and it is, perhaps, as much calculated to cheer our spirits to behold him on his throne as to consider him on his cross. We have seen him on his cross, in some sense; that is to say, the eyes of men on earth did see the crucified Saviour; but we have no idea of what his glories are above; they surpass our highest thought. Yet faith can see the Saviour exalted on his throne, and surely there is no subject that can keep our expectations alive, or cheer our drooping faith better than to consider, that while our Saviour is absent he is absent on his throne, and that when he has left his Church to sorrow for him, he has not left us comfortless—he has promised to come to us—that while he tarries he is reigning, and that while he is absent he is sitting on his Father’s throne.

The Apostle shows here the superiority of Christ’s sacrifice over that of every other priest. “Every priest standeth daily ministering and offering oftentimes the same sacrifices, which can never take away sins: but this priest,” or man—for the word “priest” is not in the original “after he had offered one sacrifice for sins,” had finished his work, and for ever, he “sat down.” You see the superiority of Christ’s sacrifice rests in this, that the priest offered continually, and, after he had slaughtered one lamb, another

was needed; after one scape-goat was driven into the wilderness, a scape-goat was needed the next year, "but this man, when he had offered only one sacrifice for sin," did what thousands of scape-goats never did, and what hundreds of thousands of lambs never could effect. He perfected our salvation, and worked out an entire atonement for the sins of all his chosen ones.

I. We are taught here, in the first place, THE COMPLETENESS OF THE SAVIOUR'S WORK. He has done all that was necessary to be done, to make an atonement and an end of sin. He has done so much that it never will be needful for him again to be crucified. His side, once opened, has sent forth a stream deep, deep enough, and precious enough, to wash away all sin; and he needs not again that his side should be opened, or that any more his hands should be nailed to the cross. I infer that his work is finished, from the fact that he is described here as sitting down. Christ would not sit down in heaven if he had more work to do. Sitting down is the posture of rest. Seldom he sat down on earth; he said, "I must be about my Father's business." Journey after journey, labor after labor, preaching after preaching, followed each other in quick succession. His was a life of incessant toil. Rest was a word Jesus never spelled. He may sit for a moment on the well; but even there he preaches to the woman of Samaria. He goes into the wilderness, but not to sleep; he goes there to pray. His midnights are spent in labors as hard as those of the day—labors of agonizing prayer, wrestling with his Father for the souls of men. His was a life of continual bodily, mental, and spiritual labor; his whole man was exercised. But now he rests; there is no more toil for him now; there is no more sweat of blood, no more the weary foot, no more the aching head. No more has he to do. He sits still. But do you think my Saviour would sit still if he had not done all his work? O! no, beloved; he said once, "For Zion's sake I will not rest, until her glory goeth forth like a lamp that burneth." And sure I am he would not rest, or be sitting still, unless the great work of our atonement were fully accomplished. Sit still, blessed Jesus, while there is a fear of thy people being lost? Sit still, while their salvation is at hazard? No; alike thy truthfulness and thy compassion tell us, that thou wouldst still labor if the work were still undone. O! if the last thread had not been woven in the great garment of our righteousness, he would be spinning it now; if the last particle of our debt had not been paid, he would be counting it down now; and if all were not finished and complete, he would never rest, until, like a wise builder, he had laid the top-stone of the temple of our salvation. No; the very fact that he sits still, and rests, and is at ease, proves that his work is finished and is complete.

And then note again, that his sitting at the right hand of God implies, *that he enjoys pleasure*; for at God's right hand "there are pleasures for evermore." Now, I think, the fact that Christ enjoys infinite pleasure has in it some degree of proof that he must have finished his work. It is true he had pleasure with his Father ere that work was began; but I cannot conceive that if, after having been incarnate, his work was still unfinished, he would rest.

He might rest before he began the work, but as soon as ever he had began it, you will remember, he said he had a baptism wherewith he must be baptized, and he appeared to be hastening to receive the whole of the direful baptism of agony. He never rested till the whole work was finished; scarcely a smile passed his brow till the whole work was done. He was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," until he could say, "it is finished;" and I could scarcely conceive the Saviour happy on his throne if there were any more to do. Surely, living as he was on that great throne of his, there would be anxiety in his breast if he had not secured the meanest lamb of his fold, and if he had not rendered the eternal salvation of every blood-bought one as sacred as his own throne. The highest pleasure of Christ is derived from the fact, that he has become the "head over all things to his Church," and has saved that Church. He has joys as God; but as the man-God, his joys spring from the salvation of the souls of men. That is his joy, which is full, in the thought that he has finished his work and has cut it short in righteousness. I think there is some degree of proof, although not, perhaps, positive proof there, that Jesus must have finished his work.

But now, something else. *The fact that it is said he has sat down for ever proves that he must have done it.* Christ has undertaken to save all the souls of the elect. If he has not already saved them, he is bound to do something that will save them, for he has given solemn oath and promise to his Father, that he will bring many souls unto glory, and that he will make them perfect through his own righteousness. He has promised to present our souls unblemished and complete,—

"Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great."

Well, if he has not done enough to do that, then he must come again to do it; but from the fact that he is to sit there for ever, that he is to wear no more the thorny crown, that he is never again to leave his throne, to cease to be king any more, that he is still to be girded by his grandeur and his glory, and sit for ever there, is proof that he has accomplished the great work of propitiation. It is certain that he must have done all, from the fact that he is to sit there for ever, to sit on his throne throughout all ages, more visibly in the ages to come, but never to leave it, again to suffer and again to die.

Yet, the best proof is, *that Christ sits at his Father's right hand at all.* For the very fact that Christ is in heaven, accepted by his Father, proves that his work must be done. Why, beloved, as long as an ambassador from our country is at a foreign court, there must be peace; and as long as Jesus Christ, our Saviour, is at his Father's court, it shows that there is real peace between his people and his Father. Well, as he will be there for ever, that shows that our peace must be continual, and, like the waves of the sea, shall never cease. But that peace could not have been continual unless the atonement had been wholly made, unless justice had been entirely satisfied; and, therefore, from that very fact it becomes certain that the work of Christ must be done.

What! Christ enter heaven—Christ sit on his Father's right hand before all the guilt of his people was rolled away? Ah! no; he was the sinner's substitute; and, unless he paid the sinner's doom, and died the sinner's death, there was no heaven in view for me. He stood in the sinner's place, and the guilt of all his elect was imputed to him. God accounted him as a sinner, and, as a sinner, he could not enter heaven until he had washed all that sin away in a crimson flood of his own gore—unless his own righteousness had covered up the sins which had become his by imputation; and the fact that the Father allowed him to ascend up on high—that he gave him leave, as it were, to enter heaven, and that he said, "Sit thou on my right hand," proves that he must have perfected his Father's work, and that his Father must have accepted his sacrifice. But he could not have accepted it if it had been imperfect. Thus, therefore, we prove that the work must have been finished, since God, the Father, accepted it. O! glorious doctrine! This Man has done it; this Man has finished it; this Man has completed it. He was the Author, he is the Finisher; he was the Alpha, he is the Omega. Salvation is finished, complete; otherwise, he would not have ascended up on high, nor would he also sit at the right hand of God. Christian! rejoice! Thy salvation is a finished salvation; atonement is wholly made; neither stick nor stone of thine is wanted; not one stitch is required to that glorious garment of his—not one patch to that glorious robe that he has finished. 'Tis done—'tis done perfectly; thou art accepted perfectly in his righteousness; thou art purged in his blood. "By one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified."

II. And now, our second point,—THE GLORY WHICH HE HAS ASSUMED. "After he had offered one sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down on the right hand of God"—the glory which Christ has assumed.

Now by this you are to understand the complex person of Christ; for Christ, as God, always was on his Father's throne; he always was God; and even when he was on earth, he was still in heaven. The Son of God did not cease to be omnipotent and omnipresent, when he came wrapped in the garments of clay. He was still on his Father's throne; he never left it, never came down from heaven in that sense; he was still there, "God over all, blessed for ever." As he has said, "The Son of Man who came down from heaven, who, also," at that very moment, was "in heaven." But Jesus Christ, as the man-God, has assumed glories and honors which once he had not; for, as man, he did not at one time sit on his Father's throne; he was a man, a suffering man, a man full of pains and groans, more than mortals have ever known; but as God-man, he has assumed a dignity next to God; he sits at the right hand of God; at the right hand of the glorious Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, sits the person of the man Jesus Christ, exalted at the right hand of the Majesty on High. From this we gather that the dignity which Christ now enjoys is *surpassing* dignity. There is no honor, there is no dignity to be compared to that of Christ. No angel flies higher than he

does. Save only the great Three-One God, there is none to be found in heaven who can be called superior to the person of the man Christ Jesus. He sits on the right hand of God, "far above all angels, and principalities, and powers, and every name that is named." His Father "hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every one should bow, of things in heaven, and of things on earth, and of things under the earth." No dignity can shine like his. The sons of righteousness that have turned many to God, are but as stars compared with him, the brightest of the suns there. As for angels, they are but flashes of his own brightness, emanations from his own glorious self. He sits there the great master-piece of Deity.

"God, in the person of his Son,
Hath all his mightiest works outdone."

That glorious man, taken into union with Deity, that mighty man-God, surpasses every thing in the glory of his majestic person. Christian! remember, thy Master has unsurpassed dignity.

In the next place Christ has *real* dignity. Some persons have mere empty titles, which confer but little power and little authority. But the man-Christ Jesus, while he has many crowns and many titles, has not one tinsel crown or one empty title. While he sits there he does not sit there *pro formâ*; he does not sit there to have nominal honor done to him; but he has real honor and real glory. That man-Christ, who once walked the streets of Jerusalem, now sits in heaven, and angels bow before him. That man-Christ, who once hung on Calvary, and there expired in agonies the most acute, now, on his Father's throne exalted sits, and sways the scepter of heaven—nay, devils at his presence tremble, the whole earth owns the sway of his providence, and on his shoulders the pillars of the universe rest. "He upholdeth all things by the word of his power." He overruleth all mortal things, making the evil work a good, and the good produce a better, and a better still, in infinite progression. The power of the God-man Christ is infinite; you cannot tell how great it is. He is "able to save unto the uttermost them that come unto God by him." He is "able to keep us from falling, and to present us spotless before his presence." He is able to make "all things work together for good." He is "able to subdue all things unto himself." He is able to conquer even death, for he hath the power of death, and he hath the power of Satan, who once had power over death; yea, he is Lord over all things, for his Father hath made him so. The glorious dignity of our Saviour! I cannot talk of it in words, beloved; all I can say to you must be simple repetition. I can only repeat the statements of Scripture. There is no room for flights; we must just keep where we ever have been, telling out the story that his Father hath exalted him to real honors and real dignities.

And once more: This honor that Christ hath now received (I mean the man-God Christ, not the God-Christ, for he already had that, and never lost

it, and therefore could never obtain it; he was man-God, and as such he was exalted;) was *deserved* honor; that dignity which his Father gave him he well deserved. I have sometimes thought, if all the holy spirits in the universe had been asked what should be done for the man whom the King delighteth to honor, they would have said, Christ must be the man whom God delighteth to honor, and he must sit on his Father's right hand. Why, if I might use such a phrase, I can almost suppose his mighty Father putting it to the vote of heaven as to whether Christ should be exalted, and that they carried it by acclamation, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive honor and glory for ever and ever." His Father gave him that; but still the suffrages of all the saints, and of all the holy angels, said to it, amen; and this thing I am certain of, that every heart—every Christian heart—says amen to it. Ah, beloved! we would exalt him, we would crown him, "crown him Lord of all;" not only will his Father crown him, but we, ourselves, would exalt him if we had the power; and when we shall have power to do it, we will cast our crowns beneath his feet, and crown him Lord of all. It is deserved honor. No other being in heaven deserves to be there; even the angels are kept there, and God "chargeth his angels with folly," and gives them grace, whereby he keeps them; and none of his saints deserve it; they feel that hell was their desert. But Christ's exaltation was a deserved exaltation. His Father might say to him, "Well done, my Son, well done; thou hast finished the work which I had given thee to do; sit thou for ever first of all men, glorified by union with the person of the Son. My glorious co-equal Son, sit thou on my right hand till I make thine enemies thy foot-stool."

One more illustration, and we have done with this. We must consider the exaltation of Christ in heaven as being, in some degree, a representative exaltation. Christ Jesus exalted at the Father's right hand, though he has eminent glories, in which the saints must not expect to share, essentially he is the express image of the person of God, and the brightness of his Father's glory, yet, to a very great degree, the honors which Christ has in heaven he has as our representative there. Ah! brethren, it is sweet to reflect how blessedly Christ lives with his people. Ye all know that we were

"One, when he died, one, when he rose,
One, when he triumphed o'er his foes;
One, when in heaven he took his seat,
And angels sang all hell's defeat."

To-day you know that you are one with him, now, in his presence. We are at this moment "raised up together," and may, afterwards, "sit together in heavenly places, even in him." As I am represented in parliament, and as you are, so is every child of God represented in heaven; but as we are not one with our parliamentary representatives, that figure fails to set forth the glorious representation of us which our forerunner, Christ, carries on in heaven, for we are actually one with him; we are members of his body, of his flesh, and

of his bones, and his exaltation is our exaltation. He will give us to sit upon his throne, even as he has overcome, and is set down with his Father on his throne; he has a crown, and he will not wear his crown, unless he gives us crowns too; he has a throne, but he is not content with having a throne to himself; on his right hand there must be his gleaming gold of Ophir. And he cannot be there without his bride; the Saviour cannot be content to be in heaven unless he has his Church with him, which is "the fullness of him that filleth all in all." Beloved, look up to Christ now; let the eye of your faith catch a sight of him; behold him there, with many crowns upon his head. Remember, as ye see him there, ye will one day be like him, when ye shall see him as he is; ye shall not be as great as he is, ye shall not be as glorious in degree, but still ye shall, in a measure, share the same honors, and enjoy the same happiness and the same dignity which he possesses. Be, then, content to live unknown for a little while; be content to bear the sneer, the jest, the joke, the ribald song; be content to walk your way weary, through the fields of poverty, or up the hills of affliction; by-and-bye ye shall reign with Christ, for he has "made us kings and priests unto God, and he shall reign for ever and ever." By-and-bye we shall share the glories of the Head; the oil has been poured on his head; it has not trickled down to us yet, save only in that faithful fellowship which we have; but by-and-bye that oil shall flow to the very skirts of the garments, and we, the meanest of his people, shall share a part in the glories of his house by being made kings with him, to sit on his throne, even as he sits on his Father's throne.

III. And now, in the last place—WHAT ARE CHRIST'S EXPECTATIONS? We are told, *he expects that his enemies shall be made his footstool*. In some sense that is already done; the foes of Christ are, in some sense, his footstool now. What is the devil but the very slave of Christ, for he doth no more than he is permitted against God's children? What is the devil, but the servant of Christ, to fetch his children to his loving arms? What are wicked men, but the servants of God's providence, unwittingly to themselves? Christ has even now "power over all flesh that he may give eternal life to as many as God has given him," in order that the purposes of Christ might be carried out. Christ died for all, and all are now Christ's property. There is not a man in this world who does not belong to Christ in that sense, for he is God over him and Lord over him. He is either Christ's brother, or else Christ's slave, his unwilling vassal, that must be dragged out in triumph, if he follow him not willingly. In that sense all things are now Christ's.

But we expect greater things than these, beloved, at his coming, *when all enemies shall be beneath Christ's feet upon earth*. We are, therefore, many of us, "looking for that blessed hope; that glorious appearing of the kingdom of our Saviour Jesus Christ;" many of us are expecting that Christ will come; we cannot tell you when; we believe it to be folly to pretend to guess the time, but we are expecting that even in our life the Son of God will appear, and we know that when he shall appear he will tread his foes beneath his feet,

and reign from pole to pole, and from the river even to the ends of the earth. Not long shall anti-Christ sit on her seven hills; not long shall the false prophet delude his millions; not long shall idol gods mock their worshipers with eyes that cannot see, and hands that cannot handle, and ears that cannot hear;

“Lo! he comes, with clouds descending,”

in the winds I see his chariot wheels; I know that he approaches, and when he approaches he “breaks the bow and cuts the spear sunder, and burns the chariot in fire;” and Christ Jesus shall then be king over the whole world. He is king now, virtually; but he is to have another kingdom; I cannot see how it is to be a spiritual one, for that is come already; he is as much king spiritually now as he ever will be in his Church, although his kingdom will assuredly be very extensive; but the kingdom that is to come, I take it, will be something even greater than the spiritual kingdom; it will be a visible kingdom of Christ on earth. Then kings must bow their necks before his feet; then at his throne the tribes of earth shall bend; then the rich and mighty, the merchants of Tyre, and the travelers where gold is found, shall bring their spices and myrrh before him, and lay their gold and gems at his feet.

“Jesus shall reign where’er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.”

Once more, beloved: *Christ will have all his enemies put beneath his feet, in that great day of judgment.* O! that will be a terrible putting of his foes beneath his feet, when, at the second resurrection, the wicked dead shall rise; when the ungodly shall stand before his throne, and his voice shall say, “Depart, ye cursed.” O! rebel, thou that hast despised Christ, it will be a horrible thing for thee, that that man, that gibbeted, crucified man, whom thou hast often despised, will have power enough to speak thee into hell; that the man whom thou hast scoffed and laughed at, and of whom thou hast virtually said, “If he be the Son of God, let him come down from the cross,” will have power enough, in two or three short words, to damn thy soul to all eternity: “Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.” O! what a triumph that will be, when men, wicked men, persecutors, and all those who opposed Christ, are all cast into the lake that burneth! But, if possible, it will be a greater triumph, when he who led men astray shall be dragged forth.

“Shall lift his brazen front, with thunder scarred,
Receive the sentence, and begin anew his hell.”

O! when Satan shall be condemned, and when the saints shall judge angels, and when the fallen spirits shall all be under the feet of Christ, “then shall

be brought to pass the saying that is written, he hath put all things under him." And when death, too, shall come forth, and the "death of death and hell's destruction" shall grind his iron limbs to powder, then it shall be said, "Death is swallowed up in victory," for the great shout of "Victory, victory, victory," shall drown the shrieks of the past; shall put out the sound of the howlings of death; and hell shall be swallowed up in victory. He is exalted on high—he sitteth on his Father's right hand, "from henceforth expecting till his enemies be made his footstool."

OLDEST RELIGIOUS PAPER WEST.—A good deal has been written lately about the first religious periodical west of the Mountains. I have now before me a bound volume of a Monthly, published at Frankfort, Ky., bearing the date of 1813, and edited by Silas M. Noel, pastor of the Frankfort Baptist Church. I obtained this volume a year ago from Dr. Drake, of Lexington, Ky. It is, doubtless, the oldest religious periodical West, and would do credit to any editor or denomination of the present day. The "*illiterate*" Baptists were the pioneers of religious literature in the West. The following extract, from the old journal, the Gospel *Herald*, is commended to every reader of the Repository:

"A perpetual Covenant, made and concluded between the Editor of the Gospel Herald on the one part, and the several readers of that paper on the other part:

"Forasmuch as the editor intends to write more with the view to discover and exhibit the truth, than to please or gratify any class of his readers: and whereas, he means earnestly to contend for the doctrines *once* delivered to the Saints, to the rejection and exclusion of many *now* delivered, a diversity of opinion between the parties may be easily anticipated. In fact, from the very great variety of subjects which will necessarily pass before us, it is not to be expected, nor do we know it to be desirable, that some difference should not exist. For remedy whereof, and to prevent any misconception or heart-burnings in future, and that a perfect good understanding and lasting friendship may be secured, it is now, by mutual consent, agreed and declared:

"*First*. That no individual shall be bound to agree in opinion with the editor, or any other writer in the Herald, farther than he receives conviction.

"*Second*. That every reader shall have the right of replying, respectfully, to any publication in this paper: whose communications shall be duly noticed."

RISE OF THE CURRENT REFORMATION.

BY S. H. FORD.

By those, who have calmly watched and weighed the strange and startling occurrences of the *Great Revival*, a destructive upturning of ancient forms and landmarks would naturally be expected, when the sweeping flood should subside and flow in its former channels. We have followed the Revival, and beheld it bearing down every form of opposition, and filling the wide land. But order is heaven's first law. Even chaos and anarchy have within them the elements of system, order, and peace; and these, confusion itself will develop; they will cohere, and harmonize, and settle down into some kind of consistency, and clothe the new formation in some kind of form. The storm will exhaust itself by the force of its own fury.

In 1803, the revival began to decline. Its tragic scenes of falling, swooning, and the like, were becoming ridiculous, sometimes profane. It was soon evident that the storm had passed, and in its track was many a scattered wreck—society itself in one wide welter.

The part taken by Barton W. Stone in scenes of the revival has already been given to the readers of this work. He was, indeed, its leader, its advocate, its apologist. At his church commenced the first and greatest camp-meeting which occurred during the whole excitement, and Cane Ridge, of which he was pastor, was the central point during the three years that it continued. "I am always hurt," he tells us in after life, "to hear people speak lightly of this work. I always think they speak of what they know nothing about." * * "That cannot be Satan's work which brings men to humble confession and forsaking of sin. I have thought that nothing common could have arrested the attention of the world, therefore these agitations were sent for this purpose. The whole number converted will be known only in eternity."

These extracts, from the memoirs of the venerable Stone, as he looked back on these scenes in which he was a principle actor, show his matured opinion of their character. But he seemed

destined to act a singular if not a most inconsistent part in the battle of life, in which he was, doubtless, a sincere and active warrior.

Several years before this revival occurred, or these strange sights were witnessed, Stone records of his mental struggles: "I at that time believed and taught that mankind were totally depraved; that they could do nothing acceptable to God till his Spirit, by some physical, almighty, and mysterious power, had quickened, enlightened, and regenerated the heart, and thus prepared sinners to believe in Jesus for salvation." After suffering restless anxiety of mind for months while pondering those momentous questions, he says: "From this state of perplexity I was relieved by the precious word of God." He was, in fact, "led on to the rich pastures of liberty," saw that there was no "physical almighty power" exerted, but that the man had but to believe, and that the encouragements and intimations of the gospel were sufficient, if believed, to lead him to the Saviour." Here was the germ of the mighty tree, which has since put forth its branching boughs—the central point in the "begun Reformation."

Yet, with these convictions, with these views of conversion and spiritual influence, Stone entered whole-hearted into the frenzied fanaticism, and, denying the "physical almighty power" of God's spirit in regenerating a depraved sinner, he yet records, sincerely, doubtless, "that many things transpired which were so much like miracles, that, if they were not, they had the same effects as miracles on infidels and unbelievers, for many of them were by these convinced that Jesus was the Christ."*

It is easy to conceive how a mind thus tossed to and fro by conflicting winds of doctrine, would finally be drifted on the strongest current and land, no one knew where. It is recorded in a certain oriental tale the mishaps of a vessel whose pilot steered her too close to a magnetict mountain. The nails of the ship were at once extracted, and a total wreck followed. Many a man sails along in his ship of faith till he approaches some new system or unaccountable spiritual development. It is a magnetic mountain.

* Biography, page 38.

Every fastening of his faith is influenced attracted or extracted ; his whole ship is shivered, and he and it lie in scattered confusion on the wide-tossing sea. But like the mariner in the fable, he manages to drift away from the mountain and gather up the planks of the floating wreck. He re-constructs his belief, and sets sail again with a prosperous gale. "Lo, another magnetic mountain ! the nails are again flying ; again he lies discomfited among waves and confused planks. His courage does not quite fail however. Again he gets piece to piece, and under a new phase once more sets forth. And so he proceeds. Mountain after mountain, phase after phase, the whole voyage being taken up either in refitting or proclaiming that *now at last a balmy and salubrious region has been entered, and that all ships ought to sail on this tack.* That the *last* magnetic mountain passed (though the head of the next is becoming visible in the horizon) was positively the last magnetic mountain in the world."

The moral of this fable is worth thinking of. Its striking illustration of the developments of New Lightism will be apparent.

We have seen the sudden transition of Mr. Stone, from doubt and the denial of direct spiritual influence in conversion, to a full faith in sudden, physical, overwhelming, yea, miraculous visitations of the Spirit. After gratefully recording his deliverance from the notion that God's Spirit quickens, enlightens, and regenerates ; after seeing clearly that the requirement to believe was reasonable ; because the encouragements and invitations of the gospel were *sufficient*, if believed, to lead men to the Saviour ; after this magnetic mountain of rational belief had shattered to atoms his old Calvinistic ship of faith—he records with full confidence the conversion of two gay young ladies, instantly struck to the earth, and stretched there for an hour in death-like stupor, till the gloom on their pale faces grew bright with heavenly smiles, and returning consciousness was accompanied with a complete spiritual change. "She rose up, (he tells us of one) and spoke of the love of God, the preciousness of Jesus, and the glory of the gospel, to the surrounding crowd in language almost superhuman, and pathetically exhorted all to repentance. From that time they became remarkably pious members of the Church."* Where

* Memoirs of B. W. Stone by himself, p. 38.

now was the poor mariner's vessel? Where were all the rivets and fastenings by which his ship—delivered from the *fatal* sea of spiritual, almighty, mysterious power—had set sail on the new-found, open sea of faith, produced in a rational way by testimony? He had neared another magnetic mountain. Its influence was irresistible. Every nail in his newly built faith-ship was loosened and drawn, and on the wide tossing sea of fanaticism was his splintered bark riven, to be thrown together again in some other form.

To check the destructive whirlwind of fanaticism, attempts were made by some of the older and calmer Presbyterian clergy at a camp-meeting, held at Paris, in June, 1803, not far from Mr. Stone's charge. A Mr. McPheters occupied the stand at night. "Here, for the first time, (says Stone) a Presbyterian preacher arose and opposed the work and the doctrine by which the work amongst us had its existence and life. He wished to Calvinize the people, and to regulate them according to his standard of propriety."

What this *calvinizing* and regulating were, Mr. Stone shall tell us. All who witnessed the proceedings at these camp-meetings testify to their inexcusable and disgraceful disorder. Fainting, falling, shouting, exhorting, praying; together with those effected with "jerks" and the "barks"—it was like bedlam let loose. The sexes were indiscriminately mingled both night and day; and, in addition to other exercises, that of "hugging" became a common habit; "and by this time females from fourteen to forty years of age would embrace every one in their vicinity in the transport of their feelings, and the men, especially the preachers, came in for a liberal share of these caresses." Aye and "tradition whispers in an under tone that wild fellows from adjoining towns frequented the camps to take advantage of prevailing disorders." To the really pure minded Stone, these evils appeared exaggerated. For of his purity, and love of virtue, the bitterest foe has never uttered an insinuation. But the moral tendency of the midnight confusion of these camp-meetings, where excited males and females of every age mingled promiscuously, is beyond a cavil.

A Presbyterian preacher, at this meeting, wished to *calvinize*

the people and regulate them according to his standard of propriety. "He wished them, (continues Stone) to decamp at night and repair to the town, nearly a mile off, for worship in a house that could not contain half the people." The consequence was, the meeting was divided and the work greatly impeded. Infidels and formalists triumphed at this supposed victory, and extolled the preacher to the skies, but the hearts of the Revivalists were filled with sorrow. Being in a feeble state, I went to the meeting in town. A preacher was put forward who had always been opposed to the work, and seldom mingled with us. He lengthily addressed the people in iceberg style. Its influence was deathly. I felt a strong desire to pray as soon as he should close, and had so determined in my own mind. He at length closed, and I arose and said, let us pray. At that very moment another preacher, of the same cast with the former, rose in the pulpit to preach another sermon. I proceeded to pray, feeling a tender concern for the salvation of my fellow creatures. The people became very much affected, and the house was filled with cries and distress; some of the preachers jumped out of the window back of the pulpit, and left us. Forgetting my weakness, I pushed through the crowd from one to another in distress."*

Confusion and uproar ensued, mingling and wrapping the promiscuous crowd into a weltering, hissing chaos. But the revival-men triumphed. The bold stroke of Stone succeeded, and "the sticklers for orthodoxy" left in disgust.

From this occurrence may be dated the division among the Presbyterian clergy. It was marked and antagonistic. There were the revival and anti-revival men. The latter were determined to reduce, if possible, the storm elements into something like order. The others claimed to be the children of the *mist* and the tempest, who loved the roar of the whirlwind, and the sweep of its wild wing. Among the revival men were Barton W. Stone, Robert Marshall, John Thomson, Richard McNemar, and John Dunlary. The part they took in the strange and often disgusting scenes of the revival has been partly detailed. To dance for an hour round the communion table, crying, "This is the Holy

* Stone's Biography, page 44.

Ghost! Glory!" to believe in physical and overwhelming power of God, wrapping in passive stupor the senses and faculties of thousands, who, while in this state of insensibility, repented, believed, and awoke rejoicing; to encourage and fan up the most maddening scenes of excitement witnessed for centuries; all this was left to transpire in a denomination which boasts proudly of its learned men, and to be enacted by a clergy who looked down with pity, if not contempt, on ministers around them whose learning went no farther than their mother tongue. These several men were graduates in the classics and divinity. Their memories were well stored with logical formulas, stereotyped systems, and spiritual prescriptions. In the midst of them, and of their revival, was a class of ministers, warm-hearted and enthusiastic men, who had never entered a college hall, and to whom *packed* and *labelled* divinity was as unknown tongues. The current of fanaticism set in. It swept through and round Baptist neighborhoods, and awoke the burning enthusiasm of the *unlearned* Baptist ministry, whose knowledge, like John Bunyan's, was confined to God's book and his spirit's guidance. Here, then, was a fair open field to test the wisdom of men and the "foolishness of God." It was a trial of strength, of firmness, of trust. Will not these unlearned, untried men give way in mid-battle? Will not these untrained soldiers fall powerless and surrender? And shall we not see those who have been drilled in the class room, who have been taught to handle their weapons with scientific precision under the eye of some renowned fudge man—shall we not see them in solid square and phalanx, meet unmoved the fury of the charge, and tramp the foe beneath the tread of their steady onset? Will not scribes and philosophisers, tried and trained, with their military facings, starched dignity, be the men to rely on in the crisis and the danger? Ah, God's ways are not as man's ways. The very foolishness of God is wiser than the wisdom of men. Obscure sheep-tenders, "unlearned" fishermen, have been his chosen and trusted in every momentous crisis of the world's history. The learning which He chooses, the weapons which He blesses are spiritual, obtained from the armory of truth. He who has these, is *LEARNED* in the real, if not in the show. To call him who has God's word stored in his memory, engraven on his heart,

burning, shining, in his heart of hearts, the light of his path, the shield of his excellence, with the All-Guiding Spirit leading him into all truth—to call him *unlearned* is false. *He is thoroughly furnished to every good word and work.* And, therefore, while we shall follow the drifting wreck of many a once noble bark richly freighted with classic lore, with logical formulas, and scholastic divinity, with one single exception, the earthen vessels, the Baptist ministry remained steadfast, unmoveable, moored to the rock of truth.

“The established opinion with Churches,” says one of those *learned Presbyterian reformers*, “had been that the scriptures explained according to sound reason and philosophy, was light sufficient; and simply to believe what was then taught was the highest evidence we could have of the truth of spiritual things.”

We have already seen that this was the record which had opened to Stone when he had been delivered from his perplexing doubts. But the magnetic mountain’s influence had been felt, and, continues McNemar, the revivalist, “they adopted a very different faith, and taught, as an important truth, that the will of God was made manifest to each individual who honestly sought after it by an inward light which shone into the heart. Hence, they received the name of *New Lights*.”*

From the meeting at Paris, the excitements and camp-meetings rapidly declined. “But,” says Stone, “though the revival was checked, it was not destroyed. Still the Spirit of truth lingered in our assemblies, and evidenced his presence with us. ONE THING IS CERTAIN, that from that revival a fountain of light has sprung, by which the eyes of thousands are opened to just and proper views of the gospel.” This fountain of light, as we shall see, was the current reformation which sprung from this revival.

But as the stimulating influence of the bodily agitations abated, the leaders fell back upon doctrines; or, to carry out the figure introduced, gathered up the scattered floating planks of those wrecked vessels of belief, and put out to sea with fresh determined courage. Their watchword or guiding star now, was rational belief and war to the death on all creeds, systems, and confes-

* McNemar, p. 29.

sions of faith. The consequence was that a complaint was brought by members of Mr. McNemar's Church. The charges were as follows: *

1. He reprobated the idea of sinners attempting to pray, or being exhorted thereto, before they were believers in Christ.

2. He has condemned those who urge that convictions are necessary, or that prayer is proper in the sinner.

3. He has expressly declared, at several times, that Christ has purchased salvation for all the human race, without distinction.

4. He has expressly declared that a sinner has power to believe in Christ at any time.

5. That a sinner has as much power to act faith, as to act unbelief; and reprobated every idea in contradiction thereto, held by persons of a contrary opinion.

6. He has expressly said, that faith consisted in the creature's persuading himself assuredly, that Christ died for him in particular; that doubting and examining into evidences of faith, were inconsistent with and contrary to the nature of faith; and in order to establish the sentiments, he explained away these words—*Faith is the gift of God*, by saying it was Christ Jesus, the object of faith there meant, and not faith itself; and also, these words, "No man can come to me, except the Father who hath sent me draw him," by saying that the drawing there meant, was Christ offered in the gospel; and that the Father knew no other drawing, or higher power, than holding up his Son in the gospel.

With the exception of the first part of the sixth charge, McNemar acknowledges that he held the doctrine complained of in the foregoing statement. From this Presbytery the case came before the Synod, at Lexington, Kentucky. "The other four of us," says Stone, "well knew what would be our fate, by the decision of McNemar's case, for it was plainly hinted to us that we would not be forgotten by the Synod. We waited anxiously for the issue, till we plainly saw it would be adverse to him, and, consequently, to us all."

These five associates withdrew to a private garden for mutual council and encouragement. They sought direction by prayer, and then, with perfect unanimity, drew up a protest against the Synod's proceedings, and a declaration of their independence, and a withdrawal from the Synod's jurisdiction.

* Minutes Springfield Presbytery, 1801.

The protest was at once presented to the Synod, and its reading produced a profound sensation. A committee was appointed to endeavor, if possible, to reclaim the protestants, but it only resulted in winning over to the seceders one of the committee, Matthew Houston. The failure of the committee to effect a restoration was followed by the only course left to the Synod to pursue, and Robert Marshall, Richard McNemar, Barton W. Stone, John Thomson, and John Dunlary, were accordingly solemnly suspended from the office of the ministry, and their pulpits declared vacant. The separation actually made, a war of extermination commenced. The battle cry of death to creeds, revival, reformation, deliverance from Babylon, was heard on the one hand; and truth and the venerable confession of faith on the other. The five suspended preachers, were popular, enthusiastic, sincere, and energetic. They entered at once on a course of sleepless activity, admitting of no relaxation, breathing notes of triumph, with not the faintest whisper of submission or retreat. A torrent of enthusiasm swept over the whole territory within the bounds of the Synod, threatening to sweep away every trace of Presbyterianism, and awake the din of battle in other and peaceful camps.

Carlyle says somewhere, "the stroke of the clock tells the change from hour to hour, but no hammer on the horologue of time rings out through eternity the transition from one era to another." The dawn steals on unmeasured till the full light flames on the height and floods the vale. The breeze comes whispering on, which gathers in force till the whirlwind wraps us in its storm wings. But the rise and spread of opinions are still more difficult to mark and measure. Nor should the historian of the present day, though it is his undenied privilege from the distance of half a century to survey the strange explosion, dare to give the definite date of its birth, but the on-lookers and actors in the drama have carefully and triumphantly noted it down.

It was September the 13th, 1803, that the act of suspension took place. The next day (the 14th) the seceders came before the Synod and informed it that they had formed themselves into a separate Presbytery.

"From this period," says Stone, "I DATE THE COMMENCEMENT OF THAT REFORMATION WHICH HAS PROGRESSED TO THIS DAY."

This closes the first great act in the drama, and here, for the present, we let fall the curtain; its rise will exhibit the Springfield Presbytery, its short hour of existence, and (to return to our figure) the effect of the next magnetic mountain on the bounding ship of faith.

S. H. F.

[For the Christian Repository.]

LECTURE ON HEBREWS.*

BY S. BAKER, D. D., WILLIAMSBURGH, N. Y.

The Son of God, the Revealer of the Gospel, is the heir of all things, and the Creator of the Worlds.

Heb. 1: 2—"Hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the world."

The *last* or *latter days* is an expression frequently used by the prophets to signify the age of Messiah, or some remarkable period of it, as distinguished from the age of the law; but here, if it means any thing more than *lately*, it may signify the *last days* or close of the Jewish age, as distinguished from the time past of it. It was before the end of the Jewish Church and State, that God spoke to the Hebrews by his Son, whom he sent last of all to them, (Matt. 21: 37); and his personal ministry, and, for some time, that of his apostles was restricted to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, (Matt. 10: 5-6, 15: 24). And though by his death he virtually abrogated the Mosaic establishment, yet it was not actually set aside till about forty years after, when the Romans destroyed their city and temple. But the main thing to be attended to here, is the person by whom he spoke to them, namely, "*by his Son.*"

As the arguments throughout this epistle are chiefly founded on the superior dignity and authority of Christ to all God's former messengers by whom he revealed his will, it was necessary, in the first place, to establish that important point; and hence, the apostle intimates his superiority by terming him *the Son*. Angels and men are indeed sometimes called sons of God in a certain sense; but the person here spoken of is termed *the Son* in such

a peculiar and exalted sense as will apply to none but himself. All God's former messengers were only his creatures and servants, but Christ is distinguished from them all by being called *his Son*. By this name, the apostle evidently means to express his divine dignity, and as being infinitely superior, not only to the most distinguished prophets and rulers, but to the highest order of angels.

Of this person, who is emphatically termed *the Son*, it is elsewhere declared, that he is the Word, who, in the beginning, was with God, and was God, by whom all things were made, (John, 1 : 1, 2, 3); that he possessed glory with the Father before the world was, (John, 17 : 5); that he was before all things, (Col. 1 : 17); that he existed in the form of God, and thought it not robbery to be equal with God, (Phil. 2 : 6); and in his incarnate state, he is declared to be the Word made flesh, (John, 1 : 14); to be God manifest in the flesh, (1 Tim. 3 : 16); and to be over all, God blessed for ever, (Rom. 9 : 5). There are other passages which ascribe to him the titles, attributes, works, and worship, which belong exclusively to the only true God, who will not give his glory to another. Therefore, whatever else is imported in the name, *Son of God*, by which he is distinguished to us from the Father, it always supposes and implies the divine dignity of his person, in which he is infinitely superior to all created beings, and is truly God.

The expression, *the Son of God*, definitely imports deity, as applied to Jesus Christ. It as properly denotes participation of the divine nature, as the contrasted expression, *Son of Man*, denotes participation of the human nature. As Jesus Christ is called *the Son of Man* in the proper sense, to assert his humanity, so, when in contrast with this he is called *the Son of God*, the phrase must be understood in its proper sense, as asserting his deity. The epithets attached to this phrase, *Son of God*, in the Scriptures, show it to import proper sonship. Jesus is called God's *own Son*, the *beloved*, the *well-beloved Son*, the begotten, the *only begotten Son of God*. This sonship, then, is a sonship, not only in a more eminent degree, but in a sense in which it is not true of any other in the lowest degree. God has other sons, but He has no other son in the sense in which Jesus is his son. He has no other son who enjoys the community of his nature.

Therefore, this son is called his begotten, or his only begotten Son. Other sons of God are figurative sons, or adopted sons, but Jesus' sonship is a natural sonship. He is called the *only begotten Son*, to denote that he is the only Son of God in the proper sense of the term.

The grand feature of the gospel dispensation is, that the Son of God incarnate is the speaker of the Father's Word. No such act of grace ushered in or distinguished in its progress any preceding dispensation. God, then, spake by servants, and complained that he was not heeded. He expects to be heeded now; He says, "they will reverence my Son." "The gospel," says Paul, "began at the first to be spoken by the Lord, and was confirmed unto us by them that heard him." The Son of God brought us his doctrine from heaven. From eternity he had been in the most intimate union and fellowship with the Father, and to him, as the great Prophet, the Spirit was given without measure—he could speak of the things which he had heard and seen in heaven, and whatever he reveals must be unquestionable truth, and should be received by us with the highest degree of reverence. Paul says, in another place, "See that ye refuse not him *that speaketh*; for if they escaped not, who refuse him that spake on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from him that speaketh from heaven." Heb. 12 : 25. The Hebrews acknowledge that they were bound to reverence God's prophets, and condemned their fathers for having killed them. Paul would show to those who held the prophets in such reverence, that they ought still more to reverence the Son of God.

Having declared the Son of God to be the immediate revealer of the gospel, Paul proceeds to assert his glory and excellency, both antecedent to his mediatorial office, and what he received upon his investiture therewith. Two things in the close of the verse are declared of him: That he was appointed heir of all, and by him the words were made. An heir, among men, commonly signifies one who succeeds in the right, title, and estate of the decessor; but this cannot be the meaning of the word here, for, as the father dieth not, so neither does he divest himself of his natural, necessary, and unalienable property in, and dominion over, all things. In scripture, it frequently signifies one who, either by

right of birth, or by special appointment, is Lord of the family, and hath a title to the inheritance. Isaac, in giving Jacob the peculiar blessing of the heir, made him his brother's *lord*, (Gen. 27 : 37). Paul describes the heir to be *lord of all*, (Gal. 4 : 1). So Peter declares that God, by raising up and exalting Jesus, had made him both Lord and Christ, (Acts, 2 : 36); and that he is *Lord of all*, (Acts, 10 : 36), which is the same as his being made *Heir of all things*, and imports his supreme dominion as lord, proprietor, ruler, and disposer of all persons and things.

This heirship was given him as the Son of God, or the Word made flesh of the seed of David, and the first begotten from the dead. Our apostle infers heirship from sonship, (Rom. 8 : 17, Gal. 4 : 7); and it was evidently suitable to Christ's filial character, as being the only begotten of the Father, that he should have the inheritance and dominion as heir. The Father is said to have *constituted* or *placed* him heir, which imports his solemn investiture, and his being put in actual possession of the inheritance and kingdom, with all the powers, dignities, and honors pertaining to it; but this did not actually take place till he was raised from the dead and seated at the Father's right hand; for it was conferred upon him not only as a filial right, but also as a reward of his obedience unto death. (Rom. 14 : 9, Phil. 2 : 9-12).

As to the *extent* of his heirship, he is heir (*panton*) of *all things*. This must be understood, in the most extensive and unlimited sense, as comprehending all persons and things. "The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hand." (John, 3 : 35). "All power," says he, "is given unto me in heaven and in earth." (Matt. 28 : 18). All the angels of God are made subject to him, and commanded to worship him. (1 Pet. 3 : 22, Heb. 1 : 6). The *saints* whom he hath redeemed are his special heritage—his peculiar people. (1 Pet. 5 : 3, Tit. 2 : 14). They are his many brethren, to whom he stands related as the first born among them. (Rom. 8 : 29). He is their Head, Lord, and Lawgiver, and the object of their love, worship, and obedience. He is the heir and dispenser of *all spiritual blessings*. "For it hath pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell," (Col. 1 : 19); and it is out of his fulness that all of his people have received, and grace for grace. (John, 1 : 16). He is heir of the

heavenly inheritance, and it is in his right and as joint heirs with him, that all his redeemed brethren obtain it. (Luke, 22 : 29, Col. 3 : 24, Rom. 8 : 17). But who can describe the unsearchable riches of Christ, since all things that the Father hath are his ? (John, 16 : 15).

We may also notice that he has dominion over *all the nations of the world*, with their kings and rulers ; for he is “ the Prince of the kings of the earth.” (Rev. 1 : 5). “ King of kings, and Lord of lords.” (1 Tim. 6 : 5, Rev. 17 : 14). Hence, they are admonished to acknowledge, fear, and serve him, under pain of his highest displeasure. (Ps. 2 : 10-12). He has power over all the *enemies* of his government, whether wicked men or devils. They are all under his control, so that he makes their very opposition to subserve his designs ; and he will at last judge and punish them. (Jude, verse 6, Rev. 20 : 10, 14, 15, Matt. 25 : 41). For he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet. (1 Cor. 15 : 25).

When we contemplate this heirship of the Son of God, it must strike us at once that it is infinitely too high for any mere creature to receive, and vastly too great and extensive for the possession and management of any limited being or power. But the next clause gives full satisfaction on this head, by informing us, that the Son whom God hath *constituted heir of all things, is the very same person “ by whom also he made the worlds.”* This is a clear proof of the divinity of Christ ; yet the opposers of that important truth have employed all their skill in criticism to set aside the sense of these words. Some wish to substitute *di on* for *di ou*, and so would have the sense to be, that God made the worlds *for* Christ, but not *by* him. But this alteration is without any authority or example, contrary to the exposition of all the Greek fathers, and altogether arbitrary. *Dia*, with a genitive, as here, never denotes the cause or end *for which*, but always the efficient or instrumental cause *by* or *through* which any thing is effected ; and, to dismiss this alteration at once, let it be observed, that our apostle, in a parallel passage, declares, that all things were created both *by* and *for* Christ. (Col. 1 : 16).

It has also been alleged, that *tous aionas* translated *the worlds*, signify *the ages* ; and so the apostle is made to say, “ for whom

also he made the ages." But the sense of this, or how it suits the apostle's purpose, is not very obvious. Whenever the word *aionas* is used absolutely, as here, it always signifies the whole system of the universe, as mentioned. (Gen. 1 : 1). In scripture, the whole creation is distributed into the heavens, the earth, the sea, and all created things contained in them. (Ex. 20 : 11, Acts, 4 : 24). The Jewish doctors divided the creation into several parts, calling them so many worlds, such as the upper world of angels and spirits; the world of sun, moon, and stars; and the lower world of earth, air, and sea. Paul, therefore, in the Jewish style, uses the plural word *worlds*, to express the whole creation in the most extensive sense, as he does also in Chap. 11 : 3.

Farther, it is affirmed that the *worlds* must here be understood in a metaphorical sense, denoting the gospel dispensation, and so signifies that God effected the moral creation or renovation of the world by the doctrine and example of his Son. But the gospel dispensation is never, in scripture, termed *the worlds* in the plural; and though it is once termed "*the world*" in the singular, yet not absolutely, but with the limitation of *to come*." (Chap. 6 : 5). They admit that the same word signifies the material system of the universe in Chap. 11 : 3; and indeed they cannot deny this, for it is there explained by "the things which are seen." To suppose that the apostle should use it *here* in a different sense—a sense altogether singular and metaphorical, without giving the least explanatory hint to prevent mistakes on a point of such importance—is a groundless imagination, which nothing but strong prejudice could have suggested. Besides, according to this metaphorical sense, it might with equal propriety be said, that God made the worlds by the apostles, whose ministry was more extensive and successful than Christ's personal ministry was while on earth. This is not the only place in scripture where the creation of all things is ascribed to Christ. We are told that, "All things were made by him, and without him was not any thing made that was made," (John, 1 : 3); that "God created all things by Jesus Christ," (Eph. 3 : 9); and that "by him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him, and for him; and he is be-

fore all things, and by him all things consist." (Col. 1 : 16, 17). There are many who maintain that God made the worlds by his Son as an *instrument*, or as a *created inferior agent*. The scriptures indeed intimate a certain order in which the Father and Son act both in creation and redemption. All things are said to be (*ex*) *of* or *from* God the Father, and (*dia*) *by* or *through* Jesus Christ. (1 Cor. 8 : 6, 2 Cor. 5 : 18, Eph. 3 : 9). This seems to hint, that, in order of operation, the Father is the great First Mover, and that the Son seconds the Father's designs, and brings them into effect; but this does not prove that he is a separate or inferior kind of power, but rather that he is the Father's effective Word and power, by whom he performs every divine work in relation to his creatures. It is said that God, "by his Spirit hath garnished the heavens," (Job, 26 : 13); yet, from this manner of speaking, we cannot infer that the Spirit of God is a created and inferior agent. We may distinguish first and second causes in other worlds; but the work of creating, or bringing all things at first into existence, admits of no such distinction. An instrument or second cause may operate upon materials already existing; but its agency can have no place in bringing things that are not into being. Omnipotence alone can effect this. Accordingly, the scriptures always represent creation as the peculiar, extensive, and immediate work of the deity. "Thus saith Jehovah, I am Jehovah, that maketh all things; that stretcheth forth the heavens alone; that spreadeth abroad the earth *by myself*." (Isa. 44 : 24). By this work, the living and true God is distinguished from all that is not God, and held forth as the subject of trust and of all religious worship. See Ps. 121 : 2, 124 : 8, 134 : 3, and 146 : 6; Isa. 37 : 16; Jer. 10 : 11, and 32 : 17; Acts, 4 : 24, 14 : 15, 17 : 24; Rev. 10 : 6, 14 : 7.

It is a first principle in natural religion, and obvious to the reason of mankind, that the author of those visible works which they behold with their eyes must necessarily be possessed of eternal power and godhead; so that the heathen are without excuse in their idolatry. Since, therefore, the creation of all things is repeatedly ascribed to Christ, his eternal power and godhead must be clearly seen or understood by that work, according to the apostle's argument in Rom. 1 : 20; and it would be the height of ab

surdity to suppose a created or inferior eternal power and god-head. If all things were made by Christ, how can He himself be a creature? How could God make the world by a creature, if He did it "alone," and "by himself?" The statement, then, "By Him God made the worlds," may be viewed as bringing out an additional, and, in some sense, a crowning and consummating view of the glory and dignity of Him by whom, in later times, Jehovah spake.

REMARKS.

1. "The Christian religion has a claim on the attention of man. God has spoken to us in the gospel by his Son. This fact constitutes a *claim* on us to attend to what is spoken in the New Testament. When God sent prophets to address men, endowing them with more than human wisdom and eloquence, and commanding them to deliver solemn messages to mankind, *that* was a reason why men should hear. But how much more important is the message which is brought by his own Son! How much more exalted the messenger! How much higher his claim to our attention and regard! (Comp. Matt. 21 : 37). Yet it is lamentable to reflect how few attended to him when he lived on the earth, and how few comparatively regard him now. The great mass of men feel no interest in the fact that the Son of God has come and spoken to the human race. Few take the pains to *read* what he said, though all the records of the discourses of the Saviour could be read in a few hours. A newspaper is read, a poem, a novel, a play, a history of battles and sieges, but the New Testament is neglected, and there are thousands, even in Christian lands, who have not even read through the Sermon on the Mount! Few also listen to the truths which the Saviour taught when they are proclaimed in the sanctuary."—*Barnes*.

2. The exalted dignity of the Saviour—the fact that He possessed divine attributes, and exercised divine prerogatives—is the source of the Church's glory, comfort, and assurance. He is our head, husband, and elder brother, who is gloriously vested with all this power. Our nearest relation, our best friend, is thus exalted to an abiding, an *everlasting rule* and dominion over the whole creation of God. And it is but a little while before he will

dispel all those clouds and shades, which at present interpose themselves, and eclipse his glory and majesty from them that love him. He, who, in the days of his flesh, was reviled, reproached, persecuted, and crucified for our sakes, that same Jesus is thus exalted, and made "*a prince and a Saviour*," having a name given him above every name, and, for though he was *dead*, yet he is *alive*, and lives for ever, and hath the keys of hell and of death.

3. The divine dignity and power of the Saviour is also suited to strike terror into the hearts of ungodly men who oppose him in the world. Whom is it they despise? Against whom do they magnify themselves and lift up their horns on high? Whose ordinances, laws, and institutions do they contemn? Whose gospel do they refuse obedience to? Whose people and servants do they revile and persecute? Is it not He, are they not His, who hath all power in heaven and earth committed to him? in whose hands are the lives, the souls, and the dearest interests of his enemies? Cæsar thought he had spoken with terror, when, threatening with death one who stood in his way, he told him, "Young man, he speaks it, to whom it is as easy to do it." What Christ threatens, he has power to execute. (See Rev. 6 : 14-17.)

BELIEF—BY LIVE.—This is doubtless the etymology of the word believe, and invests it with a world of meaning. We walk by faith, we live by faith, we conquer by faith in Christ's cross when we live *by it*, or believe. Believe! this is the secret of all individual power and triumph. To live for one great object; to live *on it*, as the mind's daily food; to live *by it*, as the soul's daily employment; to have our life-hopes kept in existence by it—this is faith. It is what we live by, or believe. Now, the strength of this will be the measure of a man's power. Even if what he live by, be a wild dream, belief will give him heroism. But if his faith is fixed on truth; if the cross be his trust, his glory; if he live *by it*, *on it*, ever, unwavering—triumphant he must be; the conqueror of the world.

S. H. F.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

DAVID THOMAS—THE OLD BLIND PREACHER.

BY S. H. FORD.

EARLY in the present century, a young man, of powerful frame and noble figure, with face glowing with new-found hope, crossed the Kentucky river, near where Boone once encamped alone, through the winter, and following the windings of Hickman Creek, he urged his horse along the narrow, broken path. He was then some twenty-six years of age. He had just beheld, by faith's pure vision, God's harvest field on earth; and his great heart thrilled to the deep tones of Christ's commission—"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."

The youth was JEREMIAH VARDEMAN. Down in his soul were great, solemn thoughts; over that soul rolled glorious visions. In enthusiastic fervor he was making a kind of pilgrimage to a lone hermit, one of the last, and holiest, and greatest of an age of trial, and of triumphant heroism.

Near the close of the day, as the autumn evening with its solemn splendors breathed its voiceless hymn of praise, the youth, with his soul filled with unutterable thoughts, sat by the open window in an old log house, beside an aged man. He was past his four-score years, and had long been entirely blind. He had preached the Sabbath just preceding, and had risen feebly from his pallet to see the stranger who had called on him. Let us look at the old man a moment. In youth he must have been over medium height. He now bends, yet gracefully, beneath the weight of years. His brow is broad and contemplative. His mouth is large, but beautifully chiseled. The rest of his features are open and full of character; while his whole face has the mild, sweet aspect of a loving heart; and age, with its defacings, leaves no tracks of storm-passions, or harrowing remorse. Intelligence still beams out, though the windows of the soul are closed. The scholar, the thinker, the man of energy, and of

power, are seen still in their partial eclipse. The light of a soul full of deathless faith and mantled in holy love, lingers there with a radiance more soft and beautiful than that autumn twilight. And the long, gray locks, which fell disparting from his temples down upon his shoulders, seemed to crown him with a halo of patriarchal glory. This was David Thomas, a Christian hero, whose memory will live forever.* The meeting of two such men, and the object of it, are worth the record, are worth the thinking of. They were neither of them ordinary spirits. Both men of strong *faith*—that essential element of all greatness. The one was on the threshold of his life-battle, in youth's strong vigor, ardent, intent; ready for the onset, conscious of strength divine, and certain of victory—a real man, who believed the gospel had power in it. The other, retired from the battle field, his fight finished; whose life had been one of dauntless, aggressive, uncompromising valor; who had fought the good fight, not of shows, and management, and respectability, and popularity, but the fight of *faith*—and had been blessed, Oh! as few men living had been.

They met in the old log house for the first time. The old man spoke little of himself or his labors. The future of the youth was the theme. The hour of parting came. Vardeman knelt beside the old man's chair, while the patriarch prayed. "Such a prayer," has Vardeman often said, "I never heard from mortal lips—'God bless him, and may he be blessed,'" and his trembling hand was laid on the bowed head of the youth. The young man went on in his glorious work. His life has been given.

Let us go over the path which the old man had trod. His society will not be tiresome.

David Thomas descended from Welsh parentage, and was born at London Tract, Pennsylvania, August 16th, 1732. His father and mother were Baptists, and bestowed great care and expense on his early education. He spent many years at Hopewell, New Jersey, under the care of the distinguished Isaac Eaton; and

* The circumstance was frequently told by Elder Vardeman. To William Vaughan he expressed his belief that the prayer and blessing of Thomas was answered and owned of God in his great usefulness.

such were his literary attainments that he received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Rhode Island College, now Brown's University.

Of his conversion and entrance into the ministry little is known ; but his labors are still felt in their influence, even here.

In the northern parts of Virginia, in Louden, Rockingham, and Berkely counties, one hundred years ago not a Baptist was to be found. The country was new and thinly settled, and was a wilderness, and the established Church made but little provision for the religious instruction of the inhabitants. About the year 1750, David Thomas made frequent tours through these desolate regions, and constituted a Church.* It was the first regular Baptist Church in Virginia. Thomas was there. In 1756 he made another tour into Berkely county. "And here we deem it our duty," says William Foster, "to notice how the over-ruling hand of Providence directs events."† Sixty miles distant several individuals were earnestly seeking the knowledge of the Lord. They had no ministry. They heard that the gospel was preached in Berkely county, and two of their members traveled sixty miles, along broken paths and over rough mountains, to hear Thomas preach. They listened ; and with streaming eyes, and melting, bounding hearts, *looked and lived*. Ah ! "the Word was precious in those days. They prevailed on Thomas to go back with them into Farquar county, and he readily complied. And by this means the gospel light shone in Farquar and the adjoining counties, where ignorance and superstition had long prevailed."

Thomas now commenced his glorious career in Virginia. To a strong, vigorous mind, a vivid imagination and prepossessing address were united a thorough and classical education, and an extensive general knowledge. Refusing the more dignified position of a city pastor, where he might cultivate and adorn a better field, he plunged into the wilds and in secluded valley, and amid mountain scenes he held up the torch of truth. To preach every day he considered a duty it would be wrong to neglect. Often he would preach three times a day in succession for weeks, at places fifteen or twenty miles apart. Through storm and rain, and heat

* Gano's Life, pp. 40, 55.

† His. Ketocton Association.

and cold, swimming rivers, leading his horse up broken mountain gorges, preaching to thousands in the wintry open air, or to dozens crowded in some rude log hut ; with a Hebrew Bible in his pocket, which was as familiar to him as his vernacular ; deaf to flattery's voice, and the invitations to positions of eminence, and ease, and fame ; the refined, the eloquent apostolic David Thomas knew no pause ; listened to no syren song ; sought neither ease, nor fame, nor rest. To preach Christ was his life-mission, and he counted not his life dear to him that he might finish his course with joy.

Nor was it merely labor ; persecutions were his lot. "Outrageous mobs," says Morgan Edwards, "often assailed and disturbed him. Once he was pulled down as he was preaching, and dragged out of doors in a most barbarous manner, so that the bruises on his face and person long remained as marks of his faithfulness and zeal." * * "At another time a gun was presented at him by a known desperate character. Thomas looked with unblanched cheek at the murderous weapon ; the gun was suddenly wrenched from the man's grasp, and Thomas preached on with renewed fervor."*

"At another time, at this same place, a few being met to worship their Lord, a mob collected ; they immediately rushed upon them in the meeting house, and began to inflict blows upon the worshipers, and produce bruises and bloodshed, so that the floors shone with the sprinkled blood the day following."

"It was at this time," says the historian, "that justice could be perverted, and the oppressed had to bear their burden without any hope of relief from men. With us it was quite common for persons to attack the preacher in time of preaching. When persons have been baptized they have cast dogs into the water, jump, talk, insult the preacher—all in such a way as to cast contempt on the sacred institution ; while the laity of the Episcopal Church scoffed, the clergy from the pulpit employed their aid in the same business." * * "They continued to vent their spleen by throwing a live snake in the midst of the assembly at one time, and at another, a hornet's nest."

* Frisio's His. Ketocton Association, p. 78.

"The slanders and revilings," says Edmonds, "which he met with are innumerable, and if we may judge of the man's prevalency against the devil by the rage of the devil's children, *Thomas prevailed like a prince.*" But the man of God was unmoved and undismayed. He ceased not night or day; he went forth weeping and laboring, bearing the precious seed. He believed the gospel; believed that there was life and power in it. Moralities, and lecturings, and philosophisms, he left in the hands of *quacks* and pulpit show-men. A gospel instinct with life and power he *by-lieved* or lived by. And in that gospel he found the power of God to salvation.

Church after Church was gathered under his ministry. Along the shores of Shenandoah and Rappahannock; from the Potomac to James River; from the wilds then shut out from the world of civilization, through the Northern Neck down to Richmond, the voice of Thomas rung out God's message; in the name of Christ he erected, in the midst of Churches gathered round it, the standard of truth, and to this day can the foot-prints of the herald be tracked through that whole region covered with Baptist churches.

Virginia Baptists, ye have an ancestry of whom ye might well be proud! Think of them in your wealth and weight of influence and numerical strength. Think of them with grateful emulation.

HIS USEFULNESS.—Mr. Thomas' visit to Farquar was followed with manifest blessing. "Many professed faith and were baptized. A Church was quickly constituted, of which he became pastor. This took place in 1760. He did not confine his ministry to one neighborhood. He traveled through all the surrounding country, lifting up his voice as the voice of God commanding all men to repent."

"There were few such men in the world," continues Semple, "as David Thomas was. He drew the attention of the people many miles around. They traveled, in many instances, fifty and sixty miles to hear him. With a classical education, which few of his cotemporaries possessed, his heart was filled with the love of God and sympathy for his fellow men. God led him to speak on, and much people believed through him."

Under his ministry some ten or twelve Churches were raised up, of whom he was the spiritual father. Richard Major, whose labors were blessed in the conversion of thousands, and the planting of some six or seven Churches, was awakened under his preaching. Daniel and William Fristo, and Jeremiah Moor, the instruments under God of the conversion of scores of sinners, and the establishing of scores of Churches, were the early fruits of Elder Thomas' ministry. Under the ministry of William Fristo, Lewis Lunsford, "the wonderful boy," Mason and Hickerson were led to the Redeemer. Wave following wave in extending circles of influence and power; on, ever sweeping through a shoreless eternity, woke their first ripples beneath the voice of the sainted Thomas.

Nor should freedom, enshrined within her gloricus temple, forget her eloquent, steadfast advocate when she was cast out ■ evil. "David Thomas," says the historian, "was a great patriot, and took an active part in our national revolution." "The Regular Baptists," says Mr. Semple, "having Mr. Thomas, a learned man, in their society, appeared much more respectable in the eyes of the enemies of truth," and from his warm, gushing heart he sent a poetic plea for freedom to the General Assembly, ■ few lines of which we quote.

" 'Tis all one voice, they all agree,
 'God made us, and we must be free.'
 Freedom we crave, with every breath,
 An equal freedom, or a death.
 The heav'nly blessing freely give,
 Or make an act we shall not live.
 Tax all things; water, air, and light,
 If need there be; yea, tax the *night*;
 But let our brave, heroic minds
 Move freely as celestial winds.
 Make vice and folly feel your rod,
 But leave our consciences to God."

As an inlet, through which one can see into the great soul of this man, we introduce part of a letter written by him to James Ireland while the latter was lying in a filthy jail for preaching the gospel. "This letter," said Ireland on a dying bed, "was signally blessed to me."

"DEAR BROTHER:—I am told that you are honored with a prison; if it is for Christ, it is an honor indeed; but if for Satan or self, a very great dishonor.

"I am informed that you not only preach Jesus Christ as a Saviour, but as a Judge also, and for that reason must love you as a fellow laborer in the gospel. I have nothing at present to add for your consolation, for God has said enough in his word to comfort his people on all occasions, and I hope you are not without a Bible, and if you are led by the spirit of Christ, you then possess the same spirit of him who is the author of it.

"O, brother, if you can, by bearing the charming, lovely cross of Jesus Christ, win one of the strongest of Satan's strong holds, no matter then how soon you die; and if you thus die for Him, how would the glorious armies of the Martyrs above shout to see Ireland coming from a prison to reign with them in glory."

"D. T."

Nor let it be thought that amid all these labors and persecutions he permitted his classic attainments to rust. During the revolutionary strife he wrote a new English Grammar, which, from the difficulty of printing, was used in several schools in manuscript. He revised portions of the Psalms from the original Hebrew, and was for years engaged on a doctrinal work, which, unfortunately, cannot now be found.

HIS REMOVAL TO KENTUCKY.—David Thomas was married in his twenty-seventh year to the widow of William Shreve, in Maryland. She had several children when married to Thomas, and still is the tenderness of the stepfather remembered by the grandchildren of Shreve.

In 1790 William Shreve, the father of Hon. James Shreve, removed to Mason county, Ky. The rapid flood of emigration, principally from Virginia, was inundating the country, not only with inhabitants, but also with land jobbers, litigations, and infidelity. It was the darkest day, religiously, that Kentucky has ever witnessed. The state of the country was communicated to Thomas by his stepson, and though nearly seventy years of age, he followed his children to the dark and bloody ground, again to bear aloft the torch of truth amid storm and darkness. Here he met his friend and co-laborer in youth, the venerable John Gano. It was just after the difficulties had occurred which suspended

William Wood from the pastorate of the Washington Church, and David Thomas became its second pastor. This was in June, 1799.

At the Elkhorn Association a deep solemnity filled the hearts of the discouraged ministers. The introductory sermon was preached by David Barrow, known for his scholarship and eloquence, as also for his sufferings for conscience's sake in Virginia. His text was, "Will he not come to the feast?" Around him were the Craigs, Shackelford, John Taylor, Gano, and "David Thomas and Lewis Craig, Messengers from a new Association, called Bracken." A noble band; they had all met for the first time since they had left the scenes of their persecutions in old Virginia. O, how much does the West, so much influenced by Kentucky, owe to that noble band of Christian patriots! The voice of David Thomas rung through the woods around the Great Crossing, for it was there the Association met, as that voice often had amid the gorges of the Blue Ridge, urging Christians to remember, in this their day of prosperity, the God who had led them through affliction. Ah! I can now almost imagine that scene. The old man on that stand in the unbroken forest, with thousands around him to whose fathers he had preached long ago; with Barrow, and Gano, and Dudley, and Craig, and Redding, and Taylor in tears on the stand! Ye have gone to your rest, ye sons of the Highest. Ye have laid by the helmet, the shield, and the sword; exchanged for the victor's fadeless wreath! O, may your memories awaken within us the zeal, the purity, the unbending firmness and faith that fired your souls.

The year following this session of the Association was the most remarkable known in its history—the year of the Great Revival. Jesus did come to the feast. But age had done its work. Thomas, in 1802, was known as the old blind preacher. He retired to the farm of his stepson, James Shreve, and united with the Marble Creek, now East Hickman Church. Those still live who testify to the solemn appearance of the aged man, as, led into the pulpit with his long gray locks and his benevolent countenance, he stood up to plead still for Christ. There was still melody in his tones and tenderness in his warm heart; while the love of Christ shone

undimmed upon his heart amid the eclipse of intellect and decay of years.

In the log building of Judge Shreve, that autumn evening, Jeremiah Vardeman met him. A year afterwards, David Thomas reposed on his pillow to rest awhile, as was his custom. But he woke no more. Without a struggle or a groan he passed away; as fades the summer-tints into infinitude. His spirit rests in heaven. His dust reposes in an humble grave a few miles from Nicholasville, Kentucky.

Peace to the just man's memory. Let it grow greener with age, and blossom through the flight of ages.

The generous record of his virtues write,
And hold it up to men. And let them claim
A palm like his, and catch from him
The sacred flame.

WAYLAND ON ORGANS.—“The Episcopal Church always have approved of organs, and the music of choirs. The Congregationalists imitated the Episcopalians, and we, of course, imitate the Congregationalists. We have organs in all our city churches at the North, and they are now deemed essential in our small towns and villages, and even in the country. The organ requires an organist. The organist requires a leader and several other professional singers to constitute an appropriate choir. They must perform in such a manner as to promote their own reputation. They select their own music—music in which the congregation cannot unite. The congregation listens in silence to a mere musical performance, precisely as the audience at a concert or an opera. The performers are not unfrequently the very persons who amuse the theater on the evenings of the week, and the Church of God on the Sabbath. We believe in spirituality of worship. We believe that God requires us to worship him in spirit and in truth. In how far such a service corresponds with our principles, let every Christian judge.

I hope, however, that a reaction in this matter has commenced. Men of piety have begun to feel that it is wicked to substitute a mere musical diversion for the solemn worship of God. Men of correct taste, at least, acknowledge that congregational singing, and solemn and devout music, are alone appropriate to the service of the sanctuary. Whenever a return to the old customs has been tried, it has met with unexpected success.”

Family Visitant.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. S. R. FORD.

WILLIAM WINTERFIELD, THE YOUNG PASTOR.

BY MRS. F. E. GARNETT.

CHAP. I.—PARTING WORDS.

“William, my son, will you please arrange the pillows, so that I can take a farewell look at yon glorious sun, and the green earth? The *messenger* is dispatched to summon me home, and ere to-morrow’s sun shall dawn upon the earth, I will open my eyes upon lovelier scenes, a more beauteous abode, where the fountain of grief will be changed into the gushing stream of joy and peace, and flowers will ever bloom.”

William tenderly adjusted the pillows, and, with trembling lip, imprinted an affectionate kiss upon the pale brow of his fond mother, while tears, which he vainly endeavored to suppress, flowed freely. The quick eye of affection instantly detected his emotion. The fountain of a mother’s sympathy was stirred. Gathering tears sparkled a moment in her mild blue eye, then slowly glided down her sunken cheek, upon which consumption’s hectic flush appeared in striking contrast with the marble whiteness of the wasted brow. “I feel that I must soon leave you, my son. A few brief hours will close our last earthly interview. Let us not employ the precious moments in vain repinings. Call upon your Heavenly Father for fortitude to bear the trial that awaits you. Compose your feelings, my poor grieved, desolate boy, and listen to me while I speak to you of your future. I have much to say, but I fear my fast-failing strength will not be sufficient for the effort. Do Thou assist and strengthen me, O!

my Father, that I may deliver this, my last solemn charge, to my orphan boy, ere I leave him utterly desolate in this cold, dark world."

Catherine Winterfield and her son were the only occupants of this solemn chamber, over which the pale messenger was now hovering, to enclose in his icy embrace the emaciated form of William's dearest earthly friend; but the scene of beauty that arose before her vision arrested, for a moment, the sentence ere it escaped her lips. The venerable forest seemed to forget its age as its tree-tops smiled in the departing light of the sun, while nestling birds from its embowered recesses caroled forth their simple vespers. A light shower had recently fallen, jewelizing vegetation with myriads of sparkling diamonds; and now the heavy masses of cloud rolled off in majestic grandeur, revealing the azure dome of heaven, which overarched the scene in protecting love.

"This bright earth is indeed lovely, dear William, and yet I am willing to leave it, as I have a better home, a mansion in my Father's house. Death has no sting, the grave no terror for me now. But, O! my poor, fatherless, friendless boy, I leave *you* with an aching heart. Thrown out upon life's rough sea, without a mother's hand to direct, or her voice to warn, you will be exposed to many tempests; but God will take care of you, if you will confide in Him and obey Him. You remember *some* of the difficulties I have encountered in rearing and educating you. Through them all my God has sustained me. Blessed be His holy name. He has promised to be the God of the widow and fatherless. You have at length, by my exertions and your own industry, obtained an education, which, if properly applied, will make you very useful. This, with an untarnished name, is the only inheritance I can leave you, my darling; and O! what priceless jewels, if you will place upon them a proper estimate.

"I wish to speak to you more particularly of the sacred duties imposed upon you by the church. You are now placed as a 'watchman upon Zion's walls.' Reflect seriously, O! my son, upon the responsibilities of your office. Remember, you are commissioned to utter the cry of warning to saint and sinner. Determine to know nothing, save Jesus crucified. Keep the cross

ever before you, and, shrinking behind *it*, present *His* merits and attractions, forgetting *self* in the greater, more absorbing theme. Study carefully your Bible. Be governed by its holy precepts. Live near your God in prayer; there will you find safety, and be covert from every storm. Through your instrumentality, souls may be won to Christ, or, by improper conduct, His cause may be fatally wounded. 'Tis not *your* reputation *alone* that will suffer by a departure from the path of rectitude; but the cause of that Saviour whom you profess to *love*. Keep this thought ever before you. The life of a minister is one of much self-denial. Ease and comfort *must* be sacrificed, toil and privation must be endured. I hope you have obtained your consent to bear it all as a good soldier, and labor faithfully in the vineyard of your Lord. You are young, my son, and talented; have some personal attractions. O! my God, the many snares that will gather around your pathway! Thoughtless friends will flatter and caress you, but guard carefully the germ of vanity concealed in your heart; promptly crush its first buddings, or it will prove your final ruin."

A mother's love! Who can fathom the depths of its pure ever-flowing fountain? Crime and disgrace may darken the destiny of her offspring, but still she clings to them with a tenacity unrelaxed, an affection undiminished; and even when death is sundering one by one the ties that bind her to earth, the fond out-gushings of her soul are flowing forth ardently after her children. Her last prayer is breathed for them, her last breath expended in words of advice and affection. Reader, hast thou a pious mother? Cherish her as the brightest *jewel* that flashes its light along thy pathway. Be guided by its sure unerring rays, unlike the baser scintillations emitted from the *ignis fatui* that dance and sparkle amid the marshes of sin and folly, tending inevitably to the quagmires of infamy and destruction.

Mrs. Winterfield had ceased for a few moments, as if gathering strength for a final effort, and while tears of deep feeling obscured partially her vision, she continued in a voice of much tenderness and emotion: "My son, you—will—live—perhaps, to know a love different from that you feel for me. When I am gone and you are so—lonely—in—the—world, you will feel that you *must* have some one upon whose bosom you can lean, and to whom you

can confide your every thought. I think it will be best for you, and desire that you should select some one to share with you the cares of life ; but O ! how important that you be careful in your selection, and consider well the qualifications so necessary in a minister's wife. Can you not think of some ministers of your acquaintance whose usefulness has been almost destroyed by the influence of their wives ? There is Mr. A——, a man of talent and true piety, who bade fair for much usefulness ; but poor man, he was so blinded by the beauty of Miss L——, that he lost sight of the imperfections of character. You know the result. Her vanity, and love of dress and display, not only drain his purse, but crush his feelings so that he cannot preach with acceptance, and injures his usefulness as a *pastor*. Now, what I want to say to you is this : Be not attracted by beauty, be not dazzled by wealth, or charmed by wit, but base your affection upon qualities of *mind* and *heart* that will not only make you *happy*, but strengthen your influence, and gain the affections of your people. Make *true*, unaffected piety the first consideration. She should have a well cultivated mind, a kind heart and amiable disposition. Seek in the partner of your future life these qualities, and she will be truly an help-mate for you.

“ Forget not, my child, the words of your dying mother ; and when life's shadows gather around you, O ! lean upon the strong arm of your Heavenly Father, who will sustain and comfort you. You are the child of many prayers and tears ; but you will soon be alone, my—poor—boy. Grieve not—my darling—for your mother—I am going to the bosom of my Father, and—and—Charles is there, my—loved—husband. Soon you will join us there, my boy. I—am—nearing—the dark valley, dear Will—iam, but my Saviour—is—with—me. His—rod,—His—staff,—comforts—me. I—fear—no—evil. My—dar—ling—boy—fare—well,—I—am ”——

Through blinding tears William looked up, but the pure spirit had departed, and a soft sweet smile rested on the lovely features, now fixed and still in death. “ O ! Thou who driest the mourner's tear,” exclaimed he, prostrating himself in agony, “ condescend in mercy to apply the healing balm to my wounded spirit. Sustain thy unworthy servant at this hour, when the dark billows

of sorrow are rolling over me. Help me, here, to dedicate myself anew to thy service. Prepare me to tread alone the path of life, unsolaced by a mother's love, and by thy spirit ever guide me through Christ, my Redeemer."

The angel of love bore that heartfelt prayer to heaven, and breathed it in the ear of mercy. He arose calm and peaceful, and gave place to those who came in to perform the necessary duties to the remains of the departed. Reader, hast *thou* stood beside the couch of a dying mother, and beheld her (in whose arms thy infant form was cradled, from whose breast thou didst extract the nourishment requisite to sustain life, whose watchful eye was ever o'er thee to direct all thy ways) wasted by disease? the hand that so faithfully ministered to thy comfort, motionless in death! Say, hast thou beheld her thus? And did not thy heart ache with untold agony to see her borne from thy sight and immured in the dreary charnel-house of death? But reverse the picture, and tear from about her the gloomy habiliments of the tomb, while *hope* invests her with a robe of immortality, and a voice of mighty power and sweetness exclaims, "I am the resurrection and the life," at whose command the humbly turfed grave, and magnificent mausoleum are reft asunder, and clothed with immortality, and the redeemed issue from their gloomy resting-places, and come up in the first resurrection.

William retired to his chamber, and amid its unbroken solitude sat down to reflect upon the scenes of past years. The indistinct image of a dear father, who died in the bright morn of wedded love, when sweet visions of conjugal felicity were shedding their sun-light on his pathway, flashed feebly across memory's page. Tears of deep emotion trembled in his eye as he called up the continued struggles of his last earthly friend, her quiet submission and patient endurance while contending with fortune's adverse gales, every effort being exerted for *his* promotion. And he now felt that he occupied an intellectual eminence attained by few under similar circumstances, for which he was indebted to her unremitting industry. The affecting remembrance of childhood's hours, when amid the quiet seclusion of his humble home, he experienced the tender endearments of her love, as she lavished upon him her heart's wealth of affection; the indefatigable

exertions of youthful ambition, struggling with adversity in his ascent up the hill of knowledge; the realization of his ardent hopes, now that the efforts of the youth are rewarded in the cultivated intellect of the man, who is gratefully conscious of his mental power; all pass with the rapidity of swift-winged thought through his mind.

Tender recollections of the happy morn, when the hoary headed man of God immersed him beneath the sparkling waters of the little stream, which, in its serpentine course, almost encircled the village; and, subsequently, when in the presence of hundreds, he delivered to him the solemn charge, "Preach the Word," which he had been endeavoring so faithfully to execute, God having vouchsafed a blessing upon his labors, granting him seals to his ministry—all passed in review before him. The anxious interrogatory, "What are thy prospects for future usefulness?" aroused him from his reverie. Glancing around his chamber, the evidences of a mother's love were every where visible. The snowy curtains draping his bed, adjusted with the most studied neatness and simplicity; the plain neat Bible, upon the first leaf of which were characters traced by that loved hand now cold and pulseless; the vase of rare flowers plucked and arranged, when she made a farewell visit to his room, all spoke eloquently of her whose spirit liberated from its prison-house, enjoyed sweet repose in heaven. He gazed sorrowfully upon their faded leaves, exclaiming: "How emblematic of poor humanity! man cometh forth in beauty and strength, but his days are as grass, as flowers of the field, so he flourisheth, for the wind passeth over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more." Hope's fairy wand with its magic touch, reveals a scene of light and beauty, while her halcyon voice suggests that Phoenix-like will man arise from the ashes of the tomb, and bloom in beauty in that glorious "Eden above," where the blighting hand of death has no withering influence.

William superintended, in person, the interment of his mother, performing the last sad rites with all the tenderness that filial affection could suggest. She had often spoken to him, with emotion, of an only brother living in a neighboring State, who had manifested the most heartless indifference in regard to her since

her union with Charles Winterfield. Money, in *his* estimation, was the Archimedean lever that *must* move the world. Charles unfortunately was poor, which, in the opinion of Joseph Raymond, was a crime of sufficient magnitude to doom him to perpetual infamy. Hence, his utter disregard of his sister, and evident dislike to the mention of her name. He was her only remaining relative, and now that William's feelings were softened by the death-scene through which he had passed, the resolution was immediately formed to visit him.

His rout necessarily lay through the beautiful village of Luray, where Mrs. Selwyn, an intimate friend of Mrs. Winterfield's youthful days, had recently selected her residence. Although a stranger, he determined to call on Mrs. Selwyn, and impart intelligence of his mother's death. After a farewell visit to the grave which shut forever from his vision his last earthly friend, he mounted his horse, left the dear home of his childhood, and set out on his journey.

The sun had thoroughly washed his face in the mists that formed the curtains of his bed-chamber, and now shone forth brilliantly, burnishing with gold-tints, the rural landscape. The land was full of loveliness. All the elements of natural beauty seemed there concentrated. The hills swept up in graceful undulations, green with masses of rich foliage, until their summits faded in the regions of haze which settled upon them as a crown of gold. The valleys were musical with the murmur of gliding streams, and their soft verdure preserved by the spray of glancing cascades. The plains were waving with grain, and graceful with the rich festoonry of vines, while villas and more humble homes were looking out from groves and gardens.

William felt the invigorating influence of the morning breeze as it playfully sported with the raven locks encircling his pale intellectual brow. Many and various were the plans for future usefulness suggested to his mind, yet none of them attracted him sufficiently to influence their adoption. Breathing a mental prayer for direction in his subsequent course, he resolved to be controlled by the intimations of that Providence who had hitherto directed all his ways. With humble trust and confiding affection, he committed himself to his care, feeling that infinite love and

power would securely guide him. Gird on thy armor, young Christian soldier, the contest will be a heated one, and thine enemies are many and mighty. Thou wilt soon be placed in the crucible. The ordeal that finally separates the fine gold from the dross wilt be truly a fiery one, yet, if by this purifying process, thou art made mete for the Master's use, happy wilt thou be.

NEW LIBERTY, KY., January, 1857.

(To be Continued.)

GRACE TRUMAN,
OR
LOVE AND PRINCIPLE.

BY MRS. S. R. FORD.

CHAP. XII.—THE QUARTERLY MEETING—THE TRIAL.

"I know in whom I have trusted," the Christian exclaims, as the waves of sorrow sweep over his soul. "He hideth all his ways from me, and my footsteps stumble," sighs forth the same heart, as Doubt throws over it the mantle of darkness, which, as a thick cloud, shuts out the smile of "our Father's face and leaves us to grope our way mid the wilderness of uncertainty, wherein there is no path."

In one situation hope throws out her cheering light over the blackness of the future, and with unerring finger points the afflicted one to the goal of ultimate peace and blessedness. In the other, hope has departed; the eye of faith is dim; it cannot pierce the rayless gloom which envelopes the despairing soul, and from the depths of its anguish it sends up the burdened cry—"How long, O Lord, how long?"

After the conversation with old Mr. Holmes, Grace had been in the deepest distress. Her mind was racked with conflicting thoughts and fears. The words of her father had presented the matter to her in an aspect altogether different from what she had hitherto regarded it. She had known and felt that *he* would look upon her as the sole cause of her husband's wanderings; but, acquainted as she was with his peculiar temperament, and

knowing the extent of his prejudice, she was convinced that she should not suffer herself to be influenced to act contrary to her sincere convictions on account of this opinion. And while it gave her much unpleasantness, she had decided to pursue the course she had marked out for herself and leave the results with God.

But her father was not alone in his opinion. Others thought as he did. "What must she do? What was her duty to God, to her husband, to herself? and how must this duty be performed?" With bursting heart and distracted mind she asked herself these questions. They were the burden of her every breath. The morning dawn found them pressing down her sinking soul; the midnight hour saw them resting there with accumulated weight. Sleep visited not her eyes, nor slumber her eyelids, for she could not find the "sure mercies" which would have been "a lamp to her feet and a light to her path" to guide her through the bewildering maze of doubt and fear which shut in on every side the thorny way her faltering feet *must* press. And hourly went up the prayer from her tortured heart, "How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord?—forever? How long wilt thou hide thy face from me? How long shall I take counsel in my soul, having sorrow in my heart daily?"

Old Aunt Peggy, with the quick instinct of love and sympathy, fully understood her young mistress' distress, and entered deeply into her sorrows. She endeavored, in her plain, kind way, to give consolation and encouragement; but her words, usually so full of comfort and direction, seemed now as sand thrown against the polished adamant,—as the feeble efforts of the infant's hand to bend the unstrung bow.

She attended Church on Saturday morning, and listened, as well as her distracting thoughts would permit her, to a sermon from Mr. Stacey, from these words of Jude, "It was needful for me to write unto you, and to exhort you, that ye should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered to the saints." And as he impressed it upon all present "not to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them," but with faithfulness and zeal to endeavor to show forth the "first principles of the oracles of God," she found herself continually asking, "do I un-

derstand these 'first oracles?' Is mine the faith once delivered to the saints?" Her perplexities only increased under these interrogatories, and when the sermon closed and she left the church, it was with her thoughts more bewildered, her feelings more uncertain, her heart more hardened than ever.

In the evening Fannie ran over to see her a little while; she felt anxious to know the state of her sister's feelings, and to impart to her her own. She found her brother preparing to go down to the village, and Grace making a memorandum of articles she wished him to buy.

Grace was wearing the same pleasant face, but the sadness of the heart had robbed it of its wonted cheerfulness. Like the transparent cloud, it had shut out the radiancy, but the light was still there. The brother's manner was restrained and his voice unnatural as he said in a tone of assumed pleasantness,

"I will not be gone long, Fan., and you will stay with Grace until I get back."

"Why should he have thus partially excused himself?" she looked upon herself as one of the family, not as a visitor to whom such courtesy was due.

"You will have to be in great haste, John, or I shall be gone before you return. Mother is very busy this evening, and I must soon be back to help her. I stole away only for a few minutes."

"I came, sister," said she to Grace, as the door closed behind her brother, "to ask you what you are going to do to-morrow? Have you determined on your course?"

"No, Fannie, I have not. I *cannot*. I have looked at the matter in all the different lights I am capable of doing, and it is as dark and formless to me as ever. I believe I desire to do what is right, but I cannot ascertain what this is. You remember your father said that everybody feels it is my obstinacy that has driven your brother to pursue the course he has done for the last few months, and if this is true, I am compelled to think that I have erred in some way. I cannot see how, for I feel that I have striven to do right, but it must be that I have been misled."

"I think father is mistaken, sister, with regard to public opinion. He himself firmly believes that your refusing to commune with John has caused him to act as he has done; but I

know of no one else that thinks as he does. Mother *fears* it, and hopes that by yielding you may be able to draw him back to the Church. Mr. Gordon advocates the step on the same grounds; but cousin Ed. and I do not suppose it will have any such effect. We know that Mr. Hastings has been the means of leading him astray, and that he will not leave off his present habits until he is convinced that they are wrong. John has always approbated the manner in which you have acted. He has often told me "that he was glad you had firmness enough to cling to your principles," and he has said the same thing to cousin Ed. As to the general opinion about his indifference to religion, I believe every one thinks as cousin Ed. does, that Mr. Hastings's influence has led to it all."

"Do you really suppose, Fannie, that your father has suffered himself to be deceived? and is he really mistaken with regard to what others think about the matter? Could I feel so it would at least enable me to think upon the subject with some degree of calmness; but whenever I have endeavored to view it so as to decide what to do, those horrid words, 'everybody thinks you are doing wrong,' would obtrude themselves, and I could go no farther. They wrapped the whole affair in a mantle of indecision, and I was left just where I begun."

"I am confident, sister, that what I have told you is true, and I assure you it will be wrong in you to let this consideration influence you another moment."

"Well, then, I will cast this aside and look at both sides of the question faithfully and prayerfully, and perhaps I shall be enabled to decide what to do. But tell me, Fannie, are you not going to commune?"

"I dare not, Grace; I have never been baptized."

"And have you told your father of your determination?"

"No, I cannot."

"Does Mr. Gordon know it?"

"I have told him several times that I could never commune again, I had never been baptized,' but I do not believe he feels that I am decided not to do so."

"But, Fannie, what will your father say—what will he do?"

"I cannot tell, sister. I fear to think on his anger; it makes

my heart sink within me and my head reel to think upon the consequences. You know they will be very disastrous to me ; will destroy all my earthly hopes ; but I must do what I know to be right, and leave the results in His hands to whom I have committed myself. It is a hard trial ! oh, you know not how hard !” and she turned upon Grace with a look of painful determination, which revealed the deep struggles and dark anguish of her heart far more surely than any language could have spoken it.

“And you have fully decided, Fannie ?”

“Yes, I believe it is my duty in the sight of God, and with prayers, and tears, and maddening doubts, I have resolved to do it.”

“You will suffer much, my dear, but I hope God will give you grace to bear it all. As you have determined upon it in his fear and to honor his name, he will give you strength and grace to uphold you amid the direst afflictions that can come upon you, ‘For as thy day, so shall thy strength be.’”

“And this is my only hope, sister. I know, I fully realize that father will be greatly displeased, and that it will grieve mother’s heart, and bring sorrow to my own bosom, and to—another—but I could not profane the solemn ordinance of the Lord’s house, by partaking of it without any right or authority. If you could know all the doubts, all the anguish I have endured in the last week, you would wonder that I am now so calm ; but it is over now, and I will not recall it.”

“Would that I could see what is best for me to do, could decide, as you have done, how to act ! But I fear I cannot. I must wait until the last moment, until the choice is before me, and leave it with God to determine.”

“He will then be wisdom unto you, sister. ‘In six trials I will be with thee, and in the seventh I will not forsake thee.’ I know you will do right if you but commit yourself to his guidance.”

“The time is at hand, a few hours, and the decision will be irrevocably made.”

“Remember me in your prayers, sister,” and Fannie kissed the burning cheek of Grace ; and throwing on her shawl and sun-bonnet, left the room.

Sabbath morning came. The clear, solemn peals of the church

bell rung out on the stillness, and Grace started from her seat. She had prepared herself for church when she made her morning toilet, and while her husband and Mr. Lewis, who had returned home with him from the village the evening before, walked out into the lawn she had taken her Bible and sat down to read its words of wisdom and love, and to feed upon its sure and comforting promises. She arose, put by the book, and kneeling by the bedside, offered up a silent prayer for direction and strength, to do the will of Him who hath made a covenant of mercy with his people, which shall forever endure. She was slightly agitated as she put on her bonnet. The low, deep notes of the bell were still ringing in her ear, sounding to her beating heart like a summons to an unpleasant duty. She waited a few minutes for her husband and Mr. Lewis, who, warned by the notes of the bell, had left off their morning walk and were returning to the house. They noticed her heightened color as she met them at the door, and the tremulousness of her voice reached their ear as she made some casual remark about the hour.

As they walked to church she occasionally joined in the conversation between her husband and Mr. Lewis, relative to the comparative merits as preachers, of Mr. Gordon and Mr. Stacey, but it was evident that her mind was engaged with other thoughts than the relative capacities of the two ministers.

As they were ascending the street to the church, they saw before them Mr. and Mrs. Holmes and Mr. Gordon, while a few steps in the rear, walked Fannie, accompanied by Mr. Stacy. He was engaged in earnest conversation with her, and Grace readily saw from his manner, that he was entreating her to do something. Quick as the lightning's darting ray it flashed across her mind. Mr. Gordon had imparted his distress and fears to Mr. Stacey, and he was endeavoring to persuade Fannie to change her determination. Grace did not hear the words of the conversation, but she knew from the increasing earnestness of his manner, that Fannie was not likely to be convinced.

Although the hour was so early, the church was pretty well filled when she entered. There was no seat for her in her accustomed pew, so she found one near the window. It chanced to be the same she had occupied on that never-to-be-forgotten

morning of communion, six months before. Now, ■ then, the table was spread in front of the pulpit; but she looked not on it, as in days gone by, with kindling feelings of thankfulness and love to Him who had left her this memorial of his body pierced for her sins—of his blood poured out for her redemption. She turned sorrowfully from it to look through the window on the scene beyond.

What a current of thought swept through her mind! what a tide of emotion heaved her bosom as her eye rested on the scene. How changed it was! *Then* it was all light and beauty! for the life-giving hand of spring had touched it with glowing charms, and clothed it in robes of gorgeous loveliness. *Now* the autumn winds sighed moanfully over the desolation their chilling breath had wrought; and the seared and yellow grass and leafless boughs of the sugar-trees and elms, spoke to the observing wind of decay and death.

“And I, too, am changed even as that meadow,” said Grace, as she dwelt upon its dreary aspect. “Springing hopes have withered in my bosom, even as the dead verdure which now clothes its lifeless form. Joys have been torn from my heart, and been crushed to the earth like these decaying leaves from their stems. Surely, with the prophet I can say, ‘All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth: the flower fadeth.’”^a

This train of sad reflection was interrupted by the voice of Mr. Robinson as he arose to offer up the morning prayer.

A hymn was sung, and Mr. Green announced his text. “Thus saith the Lord the King of Israel, and his Redeemer the Lord of hosts; I am the first, and I am the last; and besides me there is no God.” Isai. 44 : 6.

The crowded house paid undivided attention to the words of the gospel as they fell from the lips of the faithful deliverer of God’s message of mercy to his fellow-creatures—to fallen man.

Mr. Green was a man of deep piety and fervent zeal, with ■ heart overflowing with love to God and to his fellow-men; and a mind highly cultivated, and well stored with the knowledge of the scriptures. Joined to these, he possessed a fine voice and attractive manner; and his brilliant eye, when lighted up by the fire of

holy zeal, and the earnest expression of the whole face, accompanied in tones of silent beseeching eloquence, the words of truth and righteousness to which his ardent soul gave utterance in language plain, yet powerful. He sought to do his Master's work; to preach the gospel as the scriptures reveal it to us; to comfort the people of God under the afflictions which beset the way of life; to warn sinners of their impending danger—even the curse of the law—unless they become reconciled to God through the death of His Son. He preached “Christ crucified”—not himself—unfolded to the ears of dying man the mysteries of redemption, not the intricacies of philosophy and the discoveries of science; taught them the laws of our spiritual life, not those that govern the physical; led the soul into the green pastures of God's promises, and by the still waters of his never-failing goodness, and not into the flowery meads of science, and by the fountain of classic learning. He felt that he was called to preach *the gospel*! Then, how dare he turn aside to follow the many inventions of man, merely that he might please those that have “itching ears?”

He was regarded as one of the best preachers in that whole section of country, and the people of his charge looked upon him as one pre-eminently qualified to expound to them the law of the Lord perfectly. His fame had gone out through all the surrounding country, and whenever it was known that he was to preach, hundreds came to hear him.

His deep rich tones fell on the ear of Grace, and for a moment fixed her attention. But her heart would not take in the meaning of his burning words—that heart would hold no more—it was now full to overflowing. For a while, she endeavored to follow him as he spoke of the power and majesty of Jehovah, but she found the attempt vain, and she gave up the effort.

All was silent. She looked and the speaker had taken his seat.

Mr. Gordon descended from the pulpit; the other ministers followed. Mr. Robinson, the eldest, remained at the table, while the others took a seat in the front pew. A song was sung, and the invitation given to those who designed to participate in the ordinance to take seats in the middle block.

Grace bowed her head, but remained still. She knew that many anxious eyes were resting upon her, and her agitation in-

creased every moment. She could not see Fannie, who sat a few seats behind her in the body pews, but she felt that she too was looking upon her with earnest eye and throbbing heart. Her husband remained silent by her side; no word, no look, no movement of his gave any intimation of his feelings. Old Mr. Holmes, who sat in the seat with his daughter, fastened such a steady gaze upon Grace as to attract the attention of all around him. Mrs. Holmes bent her head in earnest prayer.

Old Mr. Holmes could stand it no longer, the song was almost sung, and Grace and her husband remained fixed in their seats. Murmuring to himself a few words, he rose to go to them. Fannie observed the movement, and checked it by a gentle pull at his coat skirt. "Don't father," she said eagerly, "let them stay where they are, perhaps ——"

She could say no more, lest she should lead her father to believe what was not so. The old man sat down, still murmuring to himself, while the knit brow gathered darkness.

The ever-changing light and shade of Mr. Gordon's face would have betrayed to any one acquainted with the circumstances, the intensity of the feelings that were tumultuously sweeping through his bosom, but luckily his brother preachers were totally unconscious of any cause of unhappiness to the young pastor. He had seated himself at the end of the pew, and partially turned, so that, without being observed, he might see Fannie. Her eye met his, but she mastered her emotion, and his searching look was returned by one so calm, so free from agitation, that he knew not what to think.

Such was the attitude of the parties when, the song being ended, Mr. Robinson lifted up his voice in prayer. Their minds teemed with distracting doubts and fears, instead of being fixed by faith on Jesus, who was made a propitiation for their sins, having given himself to die, that they through his death—that death which they were now about to commemorate—might open up a way from the grave to the mansions of eternal light and blessedness.

As soon as the amen was pronounced, Mr. Holmes again fixed his eyes on Grace, who remained with her head bowed upon her hand. The Mediator was communing with her from off the mercy-seat. Mr. Gordon looked through his hand at Fannie, who

preserved the same quiet peaceful countenance. She avoided turning in the direction of him; and, with her father, directed her attention to Grace.

Deacon Dodge passed slowly up the aisle. At length he reached Mr. Holme's pew. How violently did the heart of the minister beat as he saw Fannie receive the plate from her father, who handed it without turning his head. He, poor, unsuspecting man, was entirely unconscious of his daughter's determination. He had rested secure in the thought, as he had expressed it to Mr. Gordon, "that a daughter of his would not think of doing such a thing." Fannie passed the plate to her mother; she raised her head and broke a piece from the loaf. "She will partake after her mother!" But the plate reached the Deacon's hand, and she had not partaken!

The minister heaved a deep sigh and his soul sunk within him; he buried his face in his hands while a wild rush of feeling shook his whole frame. "And she will not commune, she will not commune!" he repeated to himself, while in that fearful sentence there seemed to be summed up the unhappiness of all his coming life. He did not raise his head again during the service, except to receive the wine.

As Deacon Dodge returned from the rear of the house, old Mr. Holmes touched his arm, and, whispering a few words in his ear, pointed to where his son sat. The Deacon stepped to the pew. How eagerly did the old man's eyes follow every movement; and Fannie, too, gazed earnestly. Mr. Lewis received the plate from the Deacon and handed it to his cousin. He merely shook his head, preserving his unchanged expression. Mr. Lewis looked at the Deacon, who nodded to him to hand it to Grace. Reaching past her husband, he gently touched her and presented the bread. She looked up and slowly shook her head!

The expression of old Mr. Holmes' face as the Deacon turned away, was truly fearful to behold. Disappointment, anxiety, vexation mingled in the flashing eye, and clouded the knitted brow. "She would not commune, and John was lost." A faint smile, for a moment, lighted Fannie's face as she exclaimed to herself: "She has done right, thank God for it." Mrs. Holmes saw Grace's refusal, and bowed her head in silent grief.

Prayer was again offered. The wine was poured, and the Deacons received the cups from the tremulous hand of the aged minister.

Mr. Holmes took the cup from Deacon Dodge, and having partaken himself, almost unconscious of what he was doing, he passed it across Fannie to his wife. He waited for his daughter to take it, which she did and offered it to him. She trembled in every nerve as she saw her father's eye fastened upon her. "Drink, Fannie," said the old man, in a half audible tone.

"I dare not, father," and she gave the cup into the Deacon's hand, and burying her face in her handkerchief, burst into tears. The current, in its silent, onward course, had every moment gathered strength, and now it burst its bands and rolled on in uncontrollable might.

Fannie's act was the *ultima thule* of her father's surprise and anger. He could scarcely believe the evidence of his own senses. The thoughts and resolutions that filled his mind during the remainder of the services we will not attempt to describe. No language of ours could do them justice.

The cup was handed to Grace. She gently beckoned it away; and as she did so, her over-burdened bosom found relief in a deep drawn sigh.

She had heard the voice of the Exalted One whispering in her ear. "Be of good cheer. Commit thy ways unto me, I will bring light out of this deep darkness. Follow me and I will give peace unto the soul. Fear not, fear not what man can do unto you, for I am with you always, even unto the end." And she obeyed the voice of the divine bidding! grace was given her to triumph over doubt and fear, and she rested secure in the promises of the Faithful One, even the great I AM, whose arm had wrought out her salvation.

Then, with David, she sung:

"I trusted in the Lord! and he hath heard my cry,
I have trusted in thy mercy! my heart shall rejoice in thy salvation.
He hath remembered his mercy and his truth; therefore, shall my soul praise him."

NOTE.—I have endeavored, in the story just published, to show the triumph of true Christian principle over love, even the love a wife bears to her husband;

and to give, though very briefly, a few arguments in favor of *close communion*, and of *baptism*, as Baptists hold it, and contend for.

The destiny of the other parties introduced into the story, will be developed in a book which will be offered to the public in a few weeks, and which will contain an extended argument for baptism by immersion. The title of the story, "Grace Truman, or Love and Principle," will be preserved, and the story, as it has appeared in the Repository, will be introduced, greatly enlarged.

This step has been decided upon at the earnest request of ministers and friends throughout the South and West. Hoping it may be useful in extending and impressing the doctrines and principles it advocates, I shall commit it to the public as the "*mite*" of one who, with her fellow-laborers in the cause of truth, "would speak the word of God faithfully, earnestly, contending for the faith once delivered to the saints."

A TRIBUTE

To the memory of MRS. MILTON HAMILTON, deceased daughter of Mr. Daniel Piatt, of East Bend, Kentucky.

I knew thee in thy happiest days,
When life was *very* bright to thee;
The *gayest* loved to hear thy voice,
And caught with joy thy spirit's glee.

Our world for years was fair to thee,
Thy heart was wedded to its bliss;
Its love, thy purest ecstasy;
Thy spirit's joy, no more than this.

At length ■ darkening shadow fell
Upon thy pathway here below;
Thy suffering, *we* can *never* tell,
Thy torturing pain, can *never* know.

And *then*, the *shadow* reached thy *soul*,
All earthly hope died out in gloom,
And o'er thy spirit sadly stole
A sorrow darker than the tomb.

Repentance for the sins of life,
(Which all earth's erring ones *should* know,)
Came with its strangely fearful strife,
And brought to thee its deepening woe.

But soon thy soul was led to throw
Its grief upon the HOLIEST ONE,
And He, in mercy made thee know
The worth of His Redeeming Son.

Thy earthly father used to weep
 When visions from the upper sphere
 Of angels, and thy sisters home
 Made thy death-scene a *heaven* here.

"I am so happy," were the words
 That oftenest dwelt upon thy tongue;
 "I join the people of my God,
 Their rapturous bliss my soul has won."

Yes, it is thine, now thou hast seen
 Thy mother and thy sister fair,
 The two that left this summer sheen
 How fast the band have gathered there.

O! mayest thou welcome to that band
 Him whom thou here hast left alone,
 And clasp with joy thy children fair,
 Within the vail, all safe at home.

MARY, OF KENTUCKY.

A FRAGMENT.

A woman gazed with intense delight upon a noble steamer as it moved majestically upon the placid bosom of the sea. Like a thing of life unfolding her snowy wings in the morning breeze, she bounded over the glad waters, reflecting the effulgent beams of the god of day.

Anon the scene changes, the sky darkens, and hoarse winds whistle through her canvass, and the shrill blast of the trumpet warns the sailor to prepare for the coming tempest. Her bare poles stand out in bold relief against the darkened sky. Ever and anon she disappears in the deep troughs of the storm-tossed ocean. Above the deafening roar of the furious gale is heard the agonized wail of the doomed crew. Their star of hope is set. The gallant steamer sinks to rise no more. In frenzied clasp a sailor clings to a solitary plank; manfully he buffets the waves which threaten to engulf him. Oh! how fervently in the lonely night-watch, when pacing the steamer's deck, with no company, save the bright stars in the deep blue heavens, he has prayed to see his native shores once more; to clasp the beloved ones at home again. Within sight shall disappointment blight his hopes? Beyond the seething gulph which has entombed the vessel, and in sight of home, must he give up? O, no, brave sailor; with renewed tenacity cling a little longer to that life-sustaining plank! 'Tis but a little board, a small portion of that gallant steamer, yet 'twill bear thee triumphantly to land. A mother's arms, outstretched, await thee. Though thy energies fail and insensibility steep thy

senses, upborne by the surging sea, the waves shall bear thee to a land of safety.

Is it not thus in life? We embark when the sky is cloudless and the waves are calm. But, like the treacherous bosom of the deep, evil lurks around us. Earth has no lasting joy. Our prospects are as the mirage to the wearied traveler. As the beams of morning fall upon the things which have long since been buried in the gulph of oblivion, we see ruin on the most stupendous projects. And man, what is he? More frail than all else. Generations who have lived and struggled for wealth or fame, are now as though they never had been. Here let us pause a little while. Those people, where are they? That for which they struggled was nought. Their earthly hopes, their joys and sorrows, were but for a brief space, and they have passed away, and the places which knew them once shall know them no more. Here and there perchance a mouldy stone, which bears a name, arrests the eye. In words scarce legible we read, this is the end of human greatness. And thus over all the broad face of nature is seared in indelible lines the instability of human life. Though the word of God tells us in unequivocal terms not to lay up treasures in this world, we cling with sinful tenacity to the idols we accumulate, and freight our vessels with perishable treasures, oblivious of the tempest which may engulf us.

But let us remember there is one who can make smooth the undulating wave. Let the tempest roar. Let the winds shatter the frail bark! By faith we can stand where he stood, who made the waves an adamant wall beneath his feet.

O, inconsiderate youth, when you behold the gray haired sire, whose wan smile and querulous tones prove the emptiness of earth's promises, why seek the bubble which bursts ere you grasp it? Religion, the one thing needful, as held forth by our Divine Preceptor, is calculated to fit us for the enjoyment of this life, as well as prepare us for an eternal one. It gives us an adequate perception of the value of this life, and the importance of preparing for another. Religion cannot be augmented or made more manifest by controversy. For it seeks not to set itself up in high places that the adulation of the world may aggrandize it. The falling tear of the humble wayfarer, the upward glance of the pauper's eye to God is just as acceptable as the eloquent prayer floating through the perfumed air of the costliest cathedral. God's holy temple must be erected in the human heart, and the beautiful superstructure will rapidly develop its perfect proportions in our daily intercourse with each other. When the love of Christ abounds in the human heart, it extends itself to its fellow beings. There are no contentions, no bickerings, no wrangling for precedency. It makes perfect equality among us, for we know ourselves to be all alike weak and sinful beings—equally dependent on our heavenly Father. Can the rich man convey with him from this world the appliances of wealth he has exhausted his life in accumulating? Or can the distinctions the world may have heaped upon him lessen one iota the pangs of a guilty

conscience, or postpone one hour the death-throe? Nay, if he has given his soul for these ephemeral pleasures, he has naught wherewith to purchase an inheritance in the world where pleasures are eternal.

MRS. A. O. SMITH.

For the Christian Repository.

THE CHURCH MEMBERS' HAND-BOOK.

THIS little volume of one hundred and forty-four pages has been kindly sent to me by its author, Rev. Wm. Crowell, Editor of the *Western Watchman*, St. Louis, Missouri. Bro. Crowell is a clear-headed and evangelical writer. He is an uncompromising defender of the doctrines of the Baptist Church.

The "Hand-Book" is designed to present a concise view of the constitution, ordinances, doctrines, and discipline of the Church of Christ as exhibited in the word of God, and as believed and practiced by the Baptists.

The book contains seven Chapters. Chapter first, on "The Ground-work of Religion," includes the articles of faith published in the *Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge*, to which are added proof texts. These articles set forth the general belief of our denomination more accurately and forcibly than any that have ever been published.

The second chapter, upon the "Frame-work of Religion," defines what is a Gospel Church, and exhibits who are her proper members, their rights and duties; also what are her offices, and the qualifications and duties of the officers.

The third chapter is upon "Christian Ordinances," the fourth on "Christian Sacraments," and the seventh on "The Life of Religion." I regard the sixth chapter, upon "Church Discipline," as the most thorough, complete, and satisfactory exhibit of that matter I have ever read. It discusses the whole subject in a clear and masterly manner.

Every member of the Church should possess a work of this kind. This little work comes nearer meeting the wants of our denomination than any I know of. I intend to order a few dozen copies for depository of Elkhorn Association, and I hope it will meet with an extensive sale.*

WM. M. PRATT.

LEXINGTON, KY., Jan. 27, 1857.

* We can furnish this work, post-paid, for fifty cents, sent in postage stamps.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

SCINTILLÆ FROM THE MILLENIAL HARBINGER.—“We have heard, with unperturbed composure, the acclamations, the glorifications, of the Rev. Jeremiah B. Jeter, for his triumphant achievements against something called Campbellism. It has been puffed, glorified, commended, from New York to New Orleans, from Boston to the Missouri River. It is, moreover, now being dolled out in small doses by my worthy friend, Rev. S. H. Ford.”

I respectfully suggest to Mr. Campbell the utter unfairness of the above complaint. I have simply given to my readers Mr. Campbell's reviews of Dr. Jeter's work, (in doses no smaller than they appeared in the Harbinger), and followed them with Elder Jeter's replies. Was not this fair—just? Has Mr. C. any right to complain? If Mr. Campbell had published, in the Harbinger, Mr. Jeter's replies, would not a complaint from Mr. Jeter on *this* account, be an evident symptom of feebleness or defeat? Reverse it, and what construction can justice give to Mr. Campbell's complaint? Will Mr. C. explain?

“I feel specially interested in behalf of my warm friend, Elder S. H. Ford, of Louisville, Ky. And will expect from him a review of the Review of Dr. Jeremiah B. Jeter.”

“Elder Ford is an honorable man, and will, no doubt, treat his readers to a few essays from this pungent and perspicuous Review. It will, indeed, be due to those to whom he has commended this work, that he carefully consider this exposition of it; and as he greatly venerates the Golden Rule, he will doubtless let his readers have a fair and full specimen of the other side.”

What course I shall pursue towards the Review, it will be time enough to decide when it shall have seen the light. In the meantime, I propose to review Mr. C.'s articles on “our orthodoxy,” and my esteemed friend, Mr. Campbell, who certainly venerates the Golden Rule, is hereby requested “to let *his* readers have a fair and full specimen of the other side.” Mr. C. will remember that such a proposition has been made by himself—that is page for page in Harbinger and Repository—a number of times. Mr. C. is an honorable man, and will doubtless hesitate not a moment to comply with the terms of his own proposition. He has no idea of “strangling his calumniators with his orthodoxy,” by choking them off.

“Assured, however, we are, that these organs do not represent the whole Baptist denomination, any more than Elder Ford represents the whole Baptist community of Kentucky.”

I profess to represent no man, or set of men. Baptists acknowledge no representatives in any thing like a delegated sense. But if the generous support of a periodical by preachers and people, proves that it embodies, or gives voice to the principles they cherish, and thus represents them, then may I claim a large share in the sympathies of Kentucky Baptists. No religious paper, of any denomination, of any character, has a subscription list or support in Kentucky at all equal to the Repository.

GRACE TRUMAN.—The author of Grace Truman has concluded at the suggestion, and by the request of numerous ministers and brethren, to publish it in book form. About one half of the book has already appeared in the pages of the Repository. The other half will be found to increase in interest to the end of the volume.

From hundreds of letters urging on the author to pursue this course, a few extracts are here given :

From R. B. C. Howell, D. D. "I have read, with the deepest interest, the series of articles headed 'Grace Truman,' by Mrs. Ford. If she will carry it out as she has commenced, and then publish it in a book, it will do great good, and be the most popular work that has seen the Light this many a day."

From Professor Drury, Covington. "Will you not give us Grace Truman in a book. * * * I feel no hesitancy in saying, that, its publication would be productive of *much good*."

From Professor Fornam, Georgetown College. "Grace has been *well said*, and would make a readable, and, in my opinion, *most useful* book."

From Rev. — Farrah, Natchez, Miss. "I do hope Mrs. Ford will give us Grace Truman in book form. It has thus far, to my knowledge, done great good in settling the minds of some, and, if published, would be an effective instrument in advancing the cause of truth."

From D. S. Snodgrass, Pastor, Vicksburg, Miss. "Grace Truman, by Mrs. Ford, is admirable. It deserves a more compact form. Make it a book. It will be very useful."

Similar extracts might be made from a hundred Baptist ministers.

The work will be published by Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., New York. It will have three hundred and fifty pages, with a steel engraving of the author, and will be sold at one dollar. It will contain fully twice as much as appeared in the Repository. It is expected to be ready for delivery by the middle of March. Those who want a copy will send their order at once. It will be mailed to any address for one dollar. Address S. H. FORD.

One thousand copies sold. We have already orders for one thousand copies of Grace Truman; and one ministering brother has ordered five hundred copies.

HISTORY OF SALEM ASSOCIATION will be commenced next number. Samuel Haycraft has furnished a truly interesting sketch of Severn's Valley Church.

CORRESPONDENTS must have patience; they shall be heard in their turn.

MEETING OF THE GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF KENTUCKY.—An evident mistake occurs in the minutes. It meets the Tuesday (the 5th) before the *second* Sunday in May, and not Tuesday before the first, which falls on the 28th of April. The Convention meets on Friday (the 8th) before the second Sunday in May—three days after the General Association. Let there be no mistake about it. The Association meets Tuesday the 5th, and the Southern Convention on Friday the 8th, of next May. Let every minister in Kentucky make an effort to be present at both.

SPURGEON'S LIKENESS.—The portrait of this distinguished young minister is from an ambrotype sent over by himself from London. The sermons, one of which will be found in this number, were furnished for the Repository, as taken down in short hand from the preacher's lips.

OUR SUBSCRIPTION LIST.—We have added about one thousand new subscribers to our list since Christmas, and we are in hopes that some five or six hundred brethren and sisters, who shall read these words, will turn out and send us a few new subscribers each, during March. *Reader, will you?*

SIX THOUSAND.—A few more efforts and we shall have this number. It will prove to the world that, Southern Baptists have the spirit and liberality to sustain in addition to their State weeklies, a first class Monthly. It will be done. And done *by the South*.

THE SISTERS.—One sister has sent us sixteen new cash subscribers, another eight. Quite a number have sent us five each, and scores have sent us single subscribers. The Lord reward them. Sister, how many have you sent? If none, then won't you send one during the coming month?

GRACE TRUMAN.—The author of this story of facts and arguments commits its destiny to the daughters of Kentucky, with whom she is proud to claim a sisterhood. Will the sisterhood of Kentucky see that it finds a place in every Baptist family? Will you act as agent for the work? How many subscribers to the book can you send us? It will be ready for delivery by the middle of March.

THE SUBJECT of a great Theological University for the South will be discussed at large during the meetings in Louisville next May. All the preachers belonging to Nelson Association will have their expenses paid by the Churches to and from Louisville next May. Many other Churches are taking the matter in hand. Shall we publish their action in our next?

WE ARE SORRY to learn that our old and tried friend, Dr. J. M. Peck, is again on a bed of sickness. We have received from him a biography of his departed wife—a beautiful tribute to the memory of one of the most excellent of women—a mother in Israel. We hope to spend a portion of the coming month in the company of the old pioneer.

CLUBS.—We have, in two or three instances, furnished clubs with the Repository at a discount. We find that we cannot afford it. The Repository, at two dollars, with its engravings, superior paper, having no piles of advertisements, etc., etc., is cheaper than any monthly we are acquainted with. We cannot again make any deduction for clubs.

ORIGINAL MATTER.—A prominent minister in Alabama says:

"I like the Repository, because what appears in it can be found *no where else*. It is emphatically an original document, in its conception, its plan, its articles, and its matter. Its ■ thing of life. It talks to myself, my wife, and my children, in a style entirely its own, and entirely captivating."

TESTIMONIAL.—At a meeting of the Baptist Church at Versailles, on Sunday, Nov. 9th, 1856, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted, expressive of the feelings of the Church relative to the death of Bro. Reuben Jesse, one of their deacons :

WHEREAS, God, in an all-wise and inscrutable providence, has, by the hand of death, removed from our midst our dearly beloved Brother Reuben Jesse ; and, whereas, the death of one of our number, at any time, is a solemn event, and we feel our loss keenly on the present occasion, therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Jesse the Church at Versailles has met with a heavy misfortune, and an almost irreparable loss, and that his absence will long be felt in our midst.

Resolved, That as a Christian, neighbor, and friend, Brother Jesse had few equals, and no superior ; and that by his death we have lost a valuable friend and a faithful adviser.

Resolved, That this Church deeply sympathise with his afflicted and distressed family in their bereavement ; and that we hereby offer them our Christian comfort and condolence.

Resolved, That the Editor of the Repository be requested to publish the resolutions in his Periodical.

HENRY MOSS, MODERATOR.

W. E. WALLER, *Clerk*.

DEPARTED this life, on the 6th of October, 1856, at the residence of her husband, Mr. John Mitchell, Green county, Mrs ELIZABETH P. MITCHELL, aged 44 years and 11 months.

Twenty-three years ago, she made a profession of the religion of Christ and identified herself with the people of God. She suffered much and long, before death released her tried spirit "to be with Christ, which is far better." In her sufferings, that blessed hope of the Christian, an eternal weight of glory, afforded much consolation to the stricken sufferer. She left an affectionate husband and several children to bewail her loss. As the tearful but resigned sufferer contemplated her approaching change, all the anxieties of a fond mother's heart were concentrated upon those, that would soon have to encounter life's storm and trials without the gentle and holy guardianship of a mother's love. She availed herself of the last opportunity of impressing upon the minds of her children the importance of becoming reconciled to God, prayerfully entreating them to meet her in heaven. May the expiring accents of a mother not be forgotten. In the waywardness of youth may that last admonition of a mother recall them from their danger, and induce them to seek an interest in the redeeming love of Christ. May the spirit of God lead them to a compliance with the dying request of their mother.

May God sanctify her death to those bereaved mourners. Weep not ■ those that have no hope. Life's sorrows are passed, and peacefully does her spirit repose in the bosom of Jesus.

H. M'D.

GREENSBURG, Nov. 7th, 1856.

WITH sorrow we record the death of Elder J. T. Johnson. He died at Lexington, Mo., the 18th of January. He was a sincere, earnest man. We knew him long, and well ; and though differing from him widely, regarded him as an honest, true man. He made the atonement of Christ his refuge ; on it his faith was fixed, and from it his hopes sprung. And through that atonement we trust he is now giving glory to Him who hath washed him from his sins in his own blood, to whom be glory and dominion.



THE HIGH PRIEST IN HIS ROBES OF OFFICE.

The Christian Repository.

NO. LXIV.—APRIL, 1857.

WHERE DID THE BAPTISTS COME FROM ?

NO. I.

THIS is an age of inquiring and tireless research. To the questionings of an imperative curiosity the very rocks have rendered an account of themselves, and the leaves, that fell before the flood, have been made to tell their story. Not a time-worn mark, or hieroglyphic, but has been cleared from the dust of centuries and deciphered. Not a crumbling monument, or a buried city, or perished people of the dead past, but has been reproduced on the canvass of living history. Nought escapes the sleepless eye, the persevering industry of modern research.

Now, there is a class of people in our midst numbered by hundreds of thousands ; found, indeed, wherever soul-freedom is, and the gospel is ; a people marked and peculiar, whose principles and influence have told, and must still tell on the character and destiny of society. This people are called BAPTISTS. Their distinguishing peculiarities are an uncompromising avowal and advocacy of soul-liberty, enlightened, and guided, and governed only by the Eternal King. That earthly priests, and kings, and governments ; ranged hierarchies, and mitred *fathers*, are but as those “ that peep and that mutter.” “ To the law and to the testimony,” is their watch-word ; “ if any man speak not according to these, it is because there is no light in him ;” freedom of conscience, soul-liberty, which does not be infringed by parent, or guardian, or governor, in childhood or age ; that no mortal has the right to decide the Church relations of any human being. In a word, that Christianity demands *voluntary* obedience ; and to forestall, control, or fetter this, is *anti-Christian*. This is the

VOL. VI.—APRIL—1

prominent peculiarity of the people of whom we speak. And the profession of this *voluntary* surrender to the Lord of life is avowed by a burial by baptism into his sacred name.

Now, this people, so well known and so rapidly increasing among us, as a distinct class originated somewhere. Some spot witnessed their beginning; some period in the march of time noted the birth-day of these Baptists. Can the place of their nativity be found? Can the record of their origin be traced? Is the energy of human research, with all its triumphs, to pause breathless here, and acknowledge itself baffled and defeated? No, *no*. The question can and must be answered, or history is a dead, dumb thing. Let its voice but be heard, as it tones distinctly through the mists of ages, and the question is forever decided—Where did the Baptists come from?

They are here, around us; and here let our search commence up the track of time.

The Baptists, in this great West, where did *they* come from?

In 1776, a year memorable in the history of this glorious land, two Baptist ministers preached the gospel of the grace of God beneath a tree near the town spring, at Harrodsburg, Kentucky. This congregation comprised almost the whole congregation of the now mighty West. These men were David Tinsley and William Hickman, from Virginia. As emigration streamed over the Alleghanies, the Blue Ridge, and the Cumberland Mountains, from the Lakes to Louisiana Baptists and their principles spread. These two ministers, with the Craigs, who soon followed them, had been the victims of legal persecutions. Of these persecutions but little need be said. One scene will be sufficient. It was at the trial of Lewis Craig, Joseph Craig, and Aaron Bledsoe, whose remains now sleep beneath the soil of Kentucky. An indictment had been issued against them for preaching the gospel of the Son of God in the colony of Virginia.*

“The clerk was reading the indictment in a slow and formal manner, when, as he pronounced the crime with emphasis—‘For preaching the gospel of the Son of God,’ a plain dressed man, who had just rode up to the Court-house, entered and took

* J. M. Peck, B. M., 1845, p. 131.

his seat within the bar. He was known to the court and lawyers, but a stranger to the mass of spectators, who had gathered on the occasion. This was PATRICK HENRY, who, on hearing of this prosecution, had rode some fifty or sixty miles from his residence in Hanover county, to volunteer his services in their defence. He listened to the further reading of the indictment with marked attention, the first sentence of which had caught his ear was, 'For preaching the gospel of the Son of God.' When it was finished, and the prosecuting attorney had submitted a few remarks, Henry arose, reached out his hand and received the paper, and addressed the court:

"May it please your Worships: I think I heard read by the prosecutor as I entered this house the paper I now hold in my hand. If I have rightly understood, the king's attorney of this colony has framed an indictment for the purpose of arraigning and punishing by imprisonment, three inoffensive persons before the bar of this court, for a crime of great magnitude—as disturbers of the peace. May it please the court, what did I hear read? Did I hear it distinctly, or was it a mistake of my own? Did I hear an expression, as if a crime, that these men, whom your worships are about to try for a misdemeanor, are charged with, what!"—and continuing in a low, solemn, heavy tone, 'For preaching the gospel of the Son of God!' Pausing, amidst the most profound silence and breathless astonishment, he slowly waved the paper three times around his head, when, lifting his hands and eyes to heaven, with peculiar and impressive energy he exclaimed, 'GREAT GOD!' The exclamation—the action—the burst of feeling from the audience, were all overpowering. Mr. Henry resumed:

"May it please your worships—There are periods in the history of man, when corruption and depravity have so long debased the human character, that man sinks under the weight of the oppressor's hand, and becomes his servile, his abject slave; he licks the hand that smites him; he bows in passive obedience to the mandates of the despot, and in this state of servility he receives his fetters of perpetual bondage. But, may it please your worships, such a day has passed away! From that period, when our fathers left the land of their nativity for settlement in these American wilds—for LIBERTY—for civil and religious liberty—for liberty of conscience—to worship his Creator according to his conceptions of heaven's revealed will; from the moment he placed his foot on the American continent, and in the deeply imbedded forests sought an asylum from persecution and tyranny—from that moment, despotism was crushed; her fetters of darkness were broken, and heaven decreed that man should be free—free to worship God according to the Bible. Were it not for this, in vain have been the efforts and sacrifices of the colonists; in vain were all their

sufferings and bloodshed to subjugate this new world, if we, their offspring, must still be oppressed and persecuted. But may it please your worships, permit me to inquire once more, for what are these men about to be tried? This paper says, For preaching the gospel of the Son of God. Great God! For preaching the gospel of the Saviour to Adam's fallen race.' And in tones of thunder he exclaimed, 'WHAT LAW HAVE THEY VIOLATED?' While the third time, in a slow, dignified manner, he lifted his eyes to heaven, and waved the indictment around his head. The court and audience were now wrought up to the most intense pitch of excitement. The face of the prosecuting attorney was pallid and ghastly, and he appeared unconscious that his whole frame was agitated with alarm; while the Judge, in a tremulous voice, put an end to the scene, now becoming excessively painful, by the authoritative declaration, '*Sheriff, discharge those men.*'"

But though feeble and scattered, persecution did not crush them. Fined, imprisoned, treated with unmitigated insult and scorn, they battled on for truth and soul-freedom; and their fortitude, their courage, and final triumph have been recorded by their foes. They were republicans from principle. Says the Episcopalian, Hawkes:*

"No dissenters in Virginia experienced, for a time, harsher treatment than did the Baptists. They were beaten and imprisoned, and cruelty taxed its ingenuity to devise new modes of punishment and annoyance; but the men, who were not permitted to speak in public, found willing auditors in the sympathizing crowds who gathered around the prisons to hear them preach from the grated windows."

"Persecution had taught the Baptists not to love the establishment, and they now saw before them a reasonable prospect of overturning it altogether. In their Association they had calmly discussed the matter and resolved on their course; in this course they were constant to the end; and the war which they waged against the Church was a war of extermination. They seem to have known no relentings, and their hostility never ceased for seven and twenty years. They revenged themselves for their sufferings by the almost total ruin of the Church; and now commenced the assault, for, inspired by the ardor of patriotism, which accorded with their interests, they addressed the convention, and informed that body that their religious tenets presented no obstacle to their taking up arms and fighting for the country; and they tendered the services of their pastors in promoting the enlistment

* Hawkes' Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia, page 121.

of the youth of their persuasion. A complimentary answer was returned, and the ministers of all denominations, in accordance with the address, placed on an equal footing. This, it is believed, was the first step toward religious liberty in Virginia."

Numerous, aggressive, unbending in their opposition to error and spiritual tyranny, we find these people throughout Virginia at the dawn of the Revolution. *Where did they come from ?*

A century anterior to this, a statute was enacted in the colonial Legislature of Virginia, which runs thus :

"WHEREAS, Sundry and divers persons, out of adverseness to the established orthodox religion, or out of new-fangled conceits of their own heretical inventions, refuse to have their children baptized, be it enacted, that whosoever shall thus refuse when he might carry his child to a lawful minister within the county, shall be fined two hundred pounds of tobacco, half to the informer, and half to the parish."*

The persons, against whom this legislative thunder was hurled in the name of God and King Charles II, were Baptists. Here, then, in the interior of Virginia, with numbers at the time when Rhode Island was organizing, with no intercourse with that distant little colony, we find Christian immersionists—Baptists. *Where did they come from ?*

One year previous, in the colony of Massachusetts, a "poor man, by the name of Painter," as we are informed by Mr. Hubbard, "was suddenly turned Anabaptist; and, having a child born, would not suffer his wife to carry it to be baptized. He was complained of for this to the court, and enjoined by them to suffer his child to be baptized. But poor Painter had the misfortune to dissent, both from the Church and the court. He told them that infant baptism was an anti-Christian ordinance, for which *he was tied up and whipped.*"

Gov. Winthrop tells us that Painter was whipped "for reproaching the Lord's ordinance."†

The persecutions at this time were so numerous in this pious Pedobaptist colony, that a letter was addressed to the "Governor, Assistants, and People of Massachusetts, exhorting them to len-

* Herring's Statutes.

† Backus, Vol. I, page 147.

ient measures towards the dissenting brethren." About this time, we are told by Gov. Winthrop that "the Anabaptists increased and spread in Massachusetts; and this *fearful* increase, which could not be checked by argument or insult, led to the following act for their suppression:"

Forasmuch, As experience hath plentifully and often proved that the Anabaptists have been the infectors of persons in the main matters of religion, and the troublers of Churches in all places where they have been; and that they who have held the baptizing of infants unlawful, have usually held other errors therewith; and whereas, divers of this kind have, *since our coming* into New England, appeared among ourselves, and if they should be connived at by us are likely to be increased among us, it is ordered and agreed, that, if any person or persons, within this jurisdiction, shall either openly condemn or oppose the baptizing of infants, or go about secretly to seduce others from the approbation or use thereof, or purposely depart from the congregation at the ministration of the ordinance—every such person or persons shall be subject to banishment."*

Of the malice of these "tender mercies" of Pedobaptist orthodox Churches, a passing glance is sufficient. The connection of infant baptism and oppression is so intimate, that in no spot on earth has the former prevailed that the latter has not followed. But pursuing our inquiry. The statute shows one fact: that from the first settlement of (or as the act reads) "since our coming into New England have appeared among ourselves divers Anabaptists. Five years anterior to the enactment of the above law, in 1638, Hansand Knollys, a name enshrined in the temple of soul-liberty, gathered together a Baptist Church; and John Smith, John Spur, and four others were arrested in 1739 for attempting to organize a Church at Weymouth, fourteen miles south of Boston. Before Roger Williams was baptized, or his Church organized, there were Baptist Churches and Baptist ministers throughout New England. The principles of this down-trodden people Roger Williams adopted, and in advocating them, defending them, and suffering for them, he has stamped immortal honor on his name. The glory of that name we would not, even could we, tarnish. Not a green leaf would we pluck from the

* Winthrop, page 211.

imperishable laurels that wreath his brow. Every lover of freedom, every one imbued with the spirit of Jesus Christ, as he follows the turbid stream of history and searches for that vital principle which first enlarged the soul of humanity on this continent, will have his footsteps arrested, and will pause with delight as he watches the developments of principle on the colony of Massachusetts in February, 1631.

An humble pilgrim, noble in his appearance yet retiring in his manners, a little more than thirty years of age, a fugitive from English persecution, Roger Williams, like a "light on Eternity's ocean," rose amid the darkness of spiritual despotism, then brooding over Europe and the world. "It became his glory," says Bancroft, "to found a State on the principle of full liberty of conscience, and to stamp himself upon its rising institutions in characters so deep that the impress has remained to the present day, and can never be erased." There he stood, like freedom itself, towering above the storms of persecution and suffering, triumphant, sublime. And Roger Williams was a Baptist.

But in Virginia were Baptists ere Rhode Island had its charter. In Massachusetts were Baptist congregations before Williams was baptized. In the language of the legislative act already cited, "since our coming to New England," *before Roger Williams saw it*, "divers of this kind,"—Baptists, pleading for soul-liberty and Christian immersion, trod these shores of the New World, stained or hallowed by their blood. "SOME OF THE FIRST PLANTERS IN NEW ENGLAND WERE BAPTISTS." This is the language of Dr. Mather, their bitter foe, who lived in that persecuting age. And his language, corroborated as it is by colonial laws and documents still extant, is conclusive.

Here, then, closes our first mile-stone up the blood-stained path which Baptists have been forced to travel. Here we look on the bleak, wild forests of New England and Virginia, as this mighty nation was lifting its mountain summits into the morning mists of historic light. And here, before Williams lived, or Clark or Holmes suffered and bled, we have found these Baptists.

To our inquiry—WHERE DID THE BAPTISTS COME FROM?

S. H. F.

(To be Continued.)

THE TWO EFFECTS OF THE GOSPEL.

A Sermon,

BY REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

"For we are unto God a sweet savor of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish: to the one we are the savor of death unto death; and to the other the savor of life unto life. And who is sufficient for these things?"—2 Corin. 2 : 15, 16.

THESE are the words of Paul, speaking on the behalf of himself and his brethren, the Apostles, and they are true concerning all those, who, by the Spirit, are chosen, qualified, and thrust into the vineyard to preach God's gospel. I have often admired the 14th verse of this chapter, especially when I have remembered from whose lips the words fell, "Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savor of his knowledge by us in every place." Picture Paul, the aged, the man who had been beaten five times with "forty stripes save one;" who had been dragged forth for dead; the man of great sufferings, who had passed through whole seas of persecution—only think of him, saying, at the close of his ministerial career, "Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ!" to triumph when shipwrecked, to triumph when scourged, to triumph in the stocks, to triumph under the stones, to triumph amidst the hiss of the world, to triumph when he was driven from the city and shook off the dust from his feet, to triumph at all times in Christ Jesus! Now, if some ministers of modern times should talk thus, we would think little of it, for they enjoy the world's applause. They can always go to their place in ease and peace; they have an admiring people, and no open foes; against them not a dog doth move his tongue; everything is safe and pleasant. For them to say, "Now, thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph," is a very little thing; but for one like Paul, so trampled on, so tried, so distressed, to say it—then, we say, outspoke a hero; here is a man who had true faith in God, and in the divinity of his mission.

And, my brethren, how sweet is that consolation, which Paul applied to his own heart amid all his troubles. "Notwithstanding all," he says, "God makes known the savor of his knowledge by us in every place." Ah! with this thought a minister may lay his head upon his pillow: "God makes manifest the savor of his knowledge." With this he may shut his eyes when his career is over, and with this he may open them in heaven: "God has made known by me the savor of his knowledge in every place." Then follow the words of my text, of which I shall speak, dividing it into three particulars. Our first remark shall be, that *although the gospel is "a sweet savor" in every place, yet it produces different effects in different persons*; "to the one it is the savor of death unto death; and to the other the savor of life unto life. Our second observation shall be, that *ministers of the gospel are not responsible for*

their success; for it is said, "We are unto God ■ sweet savor of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish." And thirdly, *yet the gospel minister's place is by no means a light one*, his duty is very weighty; for the Apostle himself said, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

I. Our first remark is, that *the gospel produces different effects*. It must seem a strange thing, but it is strangely true, that there is scarcely ever a good thing in the world of which some little evil is not the consequence. Let the sun shine in brilliance,—it shall moisten the wax, it shall harden clay; let it pour down floods of light on the tropics,—it will cause vegetation to be extremely luxuriant, the richest and choicest fruits shall ripen, and the fairest of all flowers shall bloom, but who does not know that there the worst of reptiles and the most venomous snakes are also brought forth? So it is with the gospel. Although it is the very sun of righteousness to the world; although it is God's best gift; although nothing can be in the least comparable to the vast amount of benefit which it bestows upon the human race—yet even of that we must confess, that sometimes it is the "savor of death unto death." But then we are not to blame the gospel for this; it is not the fault of God's truth; it is the fault of those who do not receive it. It is the "savor of life unto life" to every one that listens to its sound with a heart that is open to its reception. It is only "death unto death" to the man who hates the truth, despises it, scoffs at it, and tries to oppose its progress. It is of that character we must speak first.

1. The gospel is to *some men* "a savor of death unto death." Now, this depends very much upon what the gospel is; because there are some things called gospel, that are "a savor of death unto death" to everybody that hears them. John Berridge says, he preached morality till there was not a moral man left in the village; and there is no way of injuring morality like legal preaching. The preaching of good works, and the exhorting men to holiness, as the means of salvation, is very much admired in theory; but when brought into practice, it is found not only ineffectual, but, more than that, it becomes even "a savor of death unto death." So it has been found; and I think even the great Chalmers himself confessed, that for years and years before he knew the Lord, he preached nothing but morality and precepts, but he never found a drunkard reclaimed by showing him merely the evils of drunkenness; nor did he find a swearer stop his swearing because he told him the heinousness of the sin; it was not until he began to preach the love of Jesus, in his great heart of mercy—it was not until he preached the gospel as it was in Christ, in some of its clearness, fullness, and power, and the doctrine, that "by grace ye are saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God," that he ever met with success. But when he did preach salvation by faith, by shoals the drunkards came from their cups, and swearers refrained their lips from evil speaking; thieves became honest men, and unrighteous and ungodly persons bowed to the scepter of Jesus. But ye must confess, as I said before, that though the gospel does in the main

produce the best effect upon almost all who hear it, either by restraining them from sin, or constraining them to Christ ; yet it is a great fact, and a solemn one, upon which I hardly know how to speak this morning, that to some men the preaching of Christ's gospel is "death unto death ;" and produces evil instead of good.

(1.) And the first sense is this. *Many men are hardened in their sins by hearing the gospel.* Oh ! 'tis terribly and solemnly true, that of all sinners some sanctuary sinners are the worst. Those who can dive deepest into sin, and have the most quiet consciences and hardest hearts, are some who are to be found in God's own house. I know that a faithful ministry will often prick them, and the stern denunciations of a Boanerges will frequently make them shake. I am aware that the word of God will sometimes make their blood curdle within them ; but I know (for I have seen the men) that there are many who turn the grace of God into licentiousness, make even God's truth a stalking horse for the devil, and abuse God's grace to palliate their sin. Such men have I found amongst those who hear the doctrines of grace in their fullness ; they will say, "I am elect, therefore I may swear ; I am one of those who were chosen of God before the foundation of the world, and therefore I may live as I list." I have seen the man who stood upon the table of a public house, and, grasping the glass in his hand, said, "Mates, I can say more than any of you ; I am one of those who are redeemed with Jesus' precious blood ;" and then he drank his tumbler of ale, and danced again before them, and sang vile and blasphemous songs. Now, that is a man to whom the gospel is "a savor of death unto death." He hears the truth, but he perverts it ; he takes what is intended by God for his good, and what does he do ?—he commits suicide therewith. That knife, which was given him to open the secrets of the gospel, he drives into his own heart. That which is the purest of all truth and the highest of all morality, he turns into the panderer of his vice, and makes it a scaffold to aid in building up his wickedness and sin. Are there any of you here like that man—who love to hear *the gospel*, as ye call it, and yet live impurely ? who can sit down and say, you are the children of God, and still behave like liege servants of the devil ? Be it known unto you, that ye are liars and hypocrites, for the truth is not in you at all. "If any man is born of God he cannot sin." God's elect will not be suffered to fall into continual sin ; they will never "turn the grace of God into licentiousness ;" but it will be their endeavor, as much as in them lies, to keep near to Jesus. Rest assured of this—"By their fruits ye shall know them." "A good tree cannot bring forth corrupt fruit ; neither can an evil tree bring forth good fruit." Such men, however, are continually turning the gospel into evil. They sin with an high hand, from the very fact that they have heard what they consider excuses their vice. There is nothing under heaven, I conceive, more liable to lead men astray than a perverted gospel. A truth perverted is generally worse than a doctrine which all know to be false. As fire, one of the most useful of the elements, can also cause the fiercest of conflagrations,

so the gospel, the best thing we have, can be turned to the vilest account. This is one sense in which it is "a savor of death unto death."

(2.) But another. It is a fact that *the gospel of Jesus Christ will increase some men's damnation at the last great day*. Again I startle at myself when I have said it; for it seems too horrible a thought for us to venture to utter—that the gospel of Christ will make hell hotter to some men than it otherwise would have been. Men would all have sunk to hell had it not been for the gospel. The grace of God reclaims "a multitude that no man can number; it secures a countless army who shall be "saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation;" but at the same time, it does to those who reject it make their damnation even more dreadful. And let me tell you why.

First, *because men sin against greater light*; and the light we have is an excellent measure of our guilt. What a Hottentot might do without a crime would be the greatest sin to me, because I am taught better; and what some even in London might do with impunity—set down, as it might be, as a sin by God, but not so exceeding sinful—would be to me the very height of transgression, because I have from my youth up been tutored to piety. The gospel comes upon men like the light from heaven. What a wanderer must he be who strays in the light! If he who is blind falls into the ditch we can pity him; but if a man, with the light on his eye-balls, dashes himself from the precipice and loses his own soul, is not pity out of the question?

"How they *deserve* the deepest hell,
That slight the joys above!
What change of vengeance must they feel,
Who laugh at sovereign love!"

It will increase your condemnation, I tell you all, unless you find Jesus Christ to be your Saviour; for to have had the light and not to walk by it shall be *the* condemnation, the very essence of it. This shall be the virus of the guilt—that the "light came into the world, and the darkness comprehended it not;" for "men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil."

Again—It must increase your condemnation if you *oppose the gospel*. If God devises a scheme of mercy and man rises up against it, how great must be his sin! Who shall tell the great guilt incurred by such men as Plato, Herod, and the Jews? Oh! who shall picture out, or even faintly sketch, the doom of those who cried, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" And who shall tell what place in hell shall be hot enough for the man who slanders God's minister, who speaks against his people, who hates the truth, who would, if he could, utterly cut off the godly from the land? Ah, God help the infidel! God help the blasphemer! God save his soul; for of all men least would I choose to be that man. Think you, Sirs, that God will not take account of what men have said? One man has cursed Christ; he has called him a charlatan. Another has declared, knowing that he spoke a lie, that the gospel was false. A third has proclaimed his licentious maxims, and then has

pointed to God's word, and said, "There are worse things there!" A fourth has abused God's ministers and held up their imperfections to ridicule. Think your God shall forget all this at the last day? When his enemies come before him, shall he take them by the hand and say, "The other day thou didst call my servant a dog, and spit on him, and for this I will give thee heaven?" Rather, if the sin has not been cancelled by the blood of Christ, will he not say, "Depart, cursed one, into the hell which thou didst scoff at; leave that heaven which thou didst despise; and learn, that though thou saidst there was no God, this right arm shall teach thee eternally the lesson that there is one; for he who discovers it not by my works of benevolence, shall learn it by my deeds of vengeance; therefore, depart, again I say!" It *shall* increase men's hell that they have opposed God's truth. Now, is not this a very solemn view of the gospel—that it is indeed to many "a savor of death unto death?"

(3.) Yet once more. I believe *the gospel makes some men in this world more miserable than they would be*. The drunkard could drink and could revel in his intoxication with greater joy if he did not hear it said, "All drunkards shall have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone." How jovially the Sabbath-breaker would riot through his Sabbaths if the Bible did not say, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy!" And how happily could the libertine and licentious man drive on his mad career if he were not told, "The wages of sin is death, and after death the judgment!" But the truth puts the bitter in his cup; the warnings of God freeze the current of his soul. The gospel is like the skeleton at the Egyptian feast. Though by day he laughed at it, by night he will quiver as the aspen leaf, and when the shades of evening gather around him he will shake at a whisper. At the thought of a future state his joy is spoiled, and immortality, instead of being a boon to him, is, in its very contemplation, the misery of his existence. The sweet wooings of mercy are to him no more harmonious than peals of thunder, because he knows he despises them. Yea, I have known some who have been in such misery under the gospel, because they would not give up their sins, that they have been ready to take their own lives. O, terrible thought! The gospel is "a savor of death unto death!" Unto how many here is it so? Who are now hearing God's word to be damned by it? Who shall retire hence to be hardened by the sound of the truth? Why, every man who does not believe it; for unto those that receive it, it is "a savor of life unto life;" but to unbelievers it is a curse, and "a savor of death unto death."

2. But, blessed be God, the gospel has a second power. Besides being "death unto death," it is "a savor of life unto life." Ah! my brethren, some of us could speak, if we were allowed, this morning, of the gospel as being "a savor of life" to us. We can look back to that hour when we were "dead in trespasses and sins." In vain Sinai's thunders; in vain the rousing of the watchman; we slept on in the death-sleep of our transgressions; nor could an angel have aroused us. But we look back with joy to that hour

when first we stepped within the walls of a sanctuary, and savingly heard the voice of mercy. With some of you it is but a few weeks ; I know where ye are and who ye are. But a few weeks or months ago, ye, too, were far from God, but now ye are brought to love him. Canst thou look back, my brother Christian, to that very moment when the gospel was "a savor of life" unto thee ; when thou didst cast away thy sins, renounce thy lusts, and turning to God's word, receive it with full purpose of heart ? Ah ! that hour—of all hours the sweetest ! Nothing can be compared therewith. I knew a person, who, for forty or fifty years, had been completely deaf. Sitting one morning at her cottage door, as some vehicle was passing, she thought she heard melodious music. It was not music, it was but the sound of the vehicle. Her ear had suddenly opened, and that rough sound seemed to her like the music of heaven, because it was the first she had heard for so many years. Even so, the first time our ears were opened to hear the words of love—the assurance of our pardon—we never heard the word so well as we did then ; it never seemed so sweet ; and perhaps, even now, we look back and say,

" What peaceful hours I then enjoyed !
How sweet their memory still ! "

When first it was "savor of life" unto our souls.

Then, beloved, if it ever has been "a savor of life," it always will be "a savor of life ;" because it says, it is not a savor of life unto death, but "a savor of life unto life." Now I must aim another blow at my antagonists, the Arminians ; I cannot help it. They will have it, that sometimes the gospel is a savor of life unto death. They tell us that a man may receive spiritual life, and yet may die eternally. That is to say, a man may be forgiven, and yet be punished afterwards ; he may be justified from all sin, and yet, after that, his transgressions can be laid on his shoulders again. A man may be born of God, and yet die ; a man may be loved of God, and yet God may hate him tomorrow. Oh ! I cannot bear to speak of such doctrines of lies ; let those believe them that like. As for me, I so deeply believe in the immutable love of Jesus, that I suppose that if one believer were to be in hell, Christ himself would not long stay in heaven, but would soon cry, "to the rescue ! to the rescue !" Oh ! if Jesus Christ were in glory with one of the gems wanting in his crown, and Satan had that gem in hell, he would say, "Aha, prince of light and glory, I have one of thy jewels !" and he would hold it up, and then he would say, "Aha, thou didst die for this man, but thou hadst not strength enough to save him ; thou didst love him once—where is thy love ? It is not worth having, for thou didst hate him afterwards !" And how would he chuckle over that heir of heaven, and hold him up and say, "This man was redeemed ; Jesus Christ purchased him with his blood ;" and plunging him in the waves of hell, he would say, "There, purchased one ! see how I can rob the Son of God !" And then again he would say, "This man was forgiven ; behold the justice of a God ! He is to be punished after he is for-

given. Christ suffered this man's sins, and yet," says Satan with a malignant joy, "I have him afterwards; for God exacted the punishment twice!" Shall that e'er be said? Ah, no! It is "a savor of life unto life," and not of life unto death. Go, with your vile gospel; preach it where you please; but my Master said, "I give unto my sheep eternal life." You give to your sheep temporary life, and they lose it; but, says Jesus, "I give unto my sheep ETERNAL life, and they shall never perish; neither shall any man pluck them out of my hands." I generally wax warm when I get to this subject, because I think few doctrines more vital than that of the perseverance of the saints; for if ever one child of God did perish, or if I knew it were possible that one could, I should conclude at once that I must, and I suppose each of you would do the same; and then where is the joy and happiness of the gospel? Again I tell you, the Arminian gospel is the shell without the kernel; it is the husk without the fruit; and those who love it may take it to themselves. We will not quarrel with them. Let them go and preach it. Let them go and tell poor sinners, that if they believe in Jesus, they will be damned after all; that Jesus Christ will forgive them, and yet the Father send them to hell. Go and preach your gospel, and who will listen to it? And if they do listen, is it worth their hearing? I say no; for if I am to stand after conversion on the same footing as I did before conversion, then it is of no use for me to have been converted at all. But whom he loves he loves to the end.

"Once in Christ, in Christ forever;
Nothing from his love can sever."

It is "a savor of life unto life." And not only "life unto life" in this world, but "of life unto life" eternal. Every one who has this life shall receive the next life; for "the Lord will give grace and glory, and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."

I am obliged to leave the point; but if my Master will but take it up, and make his word "a savor of life unto life" this morning, I shall rejoice in what I have said.

II. But our second remark was, that *the minister is not responsible for his success*. He *is* responsible for what he preaches; he *is* accountable for his life and actions, but he is not responsible for other people. If I do but preach God's word, if there never were a soul saved, the King would say, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" If I do but tell my message, if none should listen to it, he would say, "Thou hast fought the good fight; receive thy crown." You hear the words of the text—"We are unto God a sweet savor of Christ, as well in them that perish, as in them that are saved." This will appear, if I just tell you what a gospel minister is called in the Bible. Sometimes he is called an *ambassador*. Now, for what is an ambassador responsible? He goes to a country as a plenipotentiary; he carries terms of peace to the conference; he uses all his talents for his master; he tries to show that the war is inimical to the prosperity of the different countries; he endeavors

to bring about peace ; but the other kings haughtily refuse it. When he comes home, does his master say, "Why did not you make peace?" "Why, my Lord," he would say, "I told them the terms ; but they said nothing." "Well, then," he will say, "thou hast done thy duty ; I am not to condemn thee if the war continues." Again—the minister of the gospel is called a *fisherman*. Now a fisherman is not responsible for the quantity of fish he catches, but for the way he fishes. That is a mercy for some ministers, I am sure ; for they have neither caught fish, nor even attracted any round their nets. They have been spending all their life fishing with most elegant silk lines, and gold and silver hooks ; they always use nicely polished phrases ; but the fish will not bite for all that ; whereas, we of a rougher order have put the hook into the jaws of hundreds. However, if we cast the gospel net in the right place, even if we catch none, the Master will find no fault with us. He will say, "Fisherman, didst thou labor ? Didst thou throw the net into the sea in the time of storms ?" "Yes, my Lord, I did." "What hast thou caught ?" "Only one or two." "Well, I could have sent thee a shoal, if so it pleased me ; it is not thy fault ; I give in my sovereignty where I please, or withhold when I choose ; but as for thee, thou hast well labored, therefore there is thy reward." Sometimes the minister is called a *sower*. Now, no farmer expects a sower to be responsible for the harvest ; all he is responsible for is, does he sow the seed ? and does he sow the right seed ? If he scatters it on good soil, then he is happy ; but if it falls by the way-side, and the fowls of the air devour it, who shall blame the sower ? Could he help it ? Nay, he did his duty ; he scattered the seed broad-cast, and there he left it. Who is to blame ? Certainly not the sower. So, beloved, if a minister comes to heaven with but one sheaf on his shoulder, his Master will say, "O reaper ! once a sower ! where didst thou gather thy sheaf ?" "My Lord, I sowed upon the rock, and it would not grow ; only one seed, on a chance Sabbath morning, was blown a little awry by the wind, and it fell on a prepared heart ; and this is my one sheaf." "Hallelujah !" the angelic choirs resound, "one sheaf from a rock is more honor to God than ■ thousand sheaves from ■ good soil ; therefore, let him take his seat as near the throne as yon man, who, stooping beneath his many sheaves, comes from some fertile land, bringing his sheaves with him." I believe that if there are degrees in glory, they will not be in proportion to success, but in proportion to the earnestness of our endeavors. If we mean right, and if with all our heart we strive to do the right thing as ministers, if we never see any effect, still shall we receive the crown. But how much more happy is the man who shall have it in heaven said to him, "He shines forever, because he was wise, and won many souls unto righteousness." It is always my greatest joy to believe, that if I should enter heaven, I shall in future days see heaven's gates open, and in shall fly a cherub, who, looking me in the face, will smilingly pass along to God's throne, and there bow down before him ; and when he has paid his homage and adoration, he may fly to me, and though unknown, shall clasp my hand, and if there were tears in heaven,

surely I should weep, as he would say, "Brother, from thy lips I heard the word; thy voice first admonished me of my sin; here I am, and thou the instrument of my salvation." And as the gates open one after another, still will they come in; souls ransomed, souls ransomed; and for each one of these a star—for each one of these another gem in the diadem of glory—for each one of them another honor, and another note in the song of praise. Blessed be that man that shall die in the Lord, and his works shall follow him; for thus saith the Spirit.

What will become of some good Christians now in Exeter Hall, if crowns in heaven are measured in value by the souls that are saved? Some of you will have a crown in heaven without a single star in it. I read a little while ago a piece upon the starless crown in heaven—a man in heaven with a crown without a star! Not one saved by him! He will sit in heaven as happy as he can be, for sovereign mercy saved him; but oh! to be in heaven without a single star! Mother! what sayest thou to be in heaven without one of thy children to deck thy brow with a star? Minister! what wouldst thou say to be a polished preacher, and yet have no star? Writer! will it well become thee to have written even as gloriously as Milton, if thou shouldst be found in heaven without a star? I am afraid we pay too little regard to this. Men will sit down and write huge folios and tomes, that they may have them put up in libraries forever, and have their names handed down by fame? but how few are looking to win stars forever in heaven! Toil on, child of God, toil on; for if thou wishest to serve God, thy bread cast upon the waters shall be found after many days. If thou sendest in the feet of the ox or the ass, thou shalt reap a glorious harvest in that day when he comes to gather in his elect. The minister is not responsible for his success.

III. But yet, in the last place, *to preach the gospel is high and solemn work.* The ministry has very often degraded into a trade. In these days men are taken and made into ministers who would have made good captains at sea, who could have waited well at the counter, but who were never intended for the pulpit. They are selected by man; they are crammed with literature; they are educated up to a certain point; they are turned out ready dressed; and persons call them ministers. I wish them all God-speed, every one of them; for as good Joseph Irons used to say, "God be with many of them, if it be only to make them hold their tongues." Man-made ministers are of no use in this world, and the sooner we get rid of them the better. Their way is this: they prepare their manuscripts very carefully, then read it on the Sunday most sweetly in *sotto voce*, and so the people go away pleased. But that is not God's way of preaching. If so, I am sufficient to preach forever. I can buy manuscript sermons for a shilling; that is to say, provided they have been preached fifty times before; but if I use them for the first time the price is a guinea or more. But that is not the way. Preaching God's word is not what some seem to think, mere child's play—a mere business or trade to be taken up by any one. A man ought to feel first that he has a solemn call to

it; next, he ought to know that he really possesses the Spirit of God, and that when he speaks there is an influence upon him that enables him to speak as God would have him, otherwise out of the pulpit he should go directly; he has no right to be there, even if the living is his own property. He has not been called to preach God's truth, and unto him God says, "What hast thou to do, to declare my statutes?"

But you say, "What is there difficult about preaching God's gospel?" Well, it must be somewhat hard; for Paul said, "Who is sufficient for these things?" And first, I will tell you, it is difficult because it is so hard not to be warped by your own prejudices in preaching the word. You want to say a stern thing; and your heart says, "Master, in so doing thou wilt condemn thyself;" then the temptation is not to say it. Another trial is, you are afraid of displeasing the rich in your congregations. You think, "If I say such-and-such a thing, so-and-so will be offended; such an one does not approve of that doctrine; I had better leave it out." Or perhaps you will happen to win the applause of the multitude, and you must not say anything that will displease them, for if they cry, "Hosanna" to-day, they will cry "Crucify, crucify," to-morrow. All these things work on a minister's heart. He is a man like yourselves; and he feels it. Then comes again the sharp knife of criticism, and the arrows of those who hate him and hate his Lord; and he cannot help feeling it sometimes. He may put on his armor and cry, "I care not for your malice;" but there were seasons when the archers sorely grieved even Joseph. Then he stands in another danger, lest he should come out and defend himself; for he is a great fool who ever tries to do it. He, who lets his detractors alone, and, like the eagle, cares not for the chattering of the sparrows, or, like the lion, will not turn aside to rend the snarling jackal—he is the man, and he shall be honored. But the danger is, we want to set ourselves right. And oh! who is sufficient to steer clear from these rocks of danger? "Who is sufficient," my brethren, "for these things?" To stand up, and to proclaim, Sabbath after Sabbath, and week-day after week-day, "the unsearchable riches of Christ?"

Having said thus much, I may draw the inference, to close up, which is—if the gospel is "a savor of life unto life," and if the minister's work be solemn work, how well it becomes all lovers of the truth to plead for all those who preach it, that they may be "sufficient for these things?" To lose my prayer-book, as I have often told you, is the worst thing that can happen to me. To have no one to pray for me, would place me in a dreadful condition. Perhaps, says a good poet, the day when the world shall perish will be the day unwhitened by a prayer; and, perhaps, the day when a minister turns aside from truth, is the day when his people left off to pray for him, and when there was not a single voice supplicating grace on his behalf. I am sure it must be so with me. Give me the numerous hosts of men whom it has been my pride and glory to see in my place before I came to this hall; give me those praying people, who, on the Monday evening met in such a multitude

to pray to God for a blessing, and we will overcome hell itself, in spite of all that may oppose us. All our perils are nothing, so long as we have prayer. But increase my congregation ; give me the polite and the noble ; give me influence and understanding, and I should fail to do anything without a praying Church. My people ! shall I ever lose your prayers ? Will ye ever cease your supplications ? Our toils are nearly ended in this great place, and happy shall we be to return to our much-loved sanctuary. Will you then cease to pray ? I fear ye have not uttered so many prayers this morning as ye should have done ; I fear there has not been so much earnest devotion as might have been poured forth. For my own part, I have not felt the wondrous power I sometimes experience ; I will not lay it at your doors ; but never let it be said, " Those people, once so fervent, have become cold ! " Let no Laodiceanism get into Southwark ; let us leave it here in the west-end, if it is to be anywhere ; let us not carry it with us. Let us " strive together for the faith once delivered unto the saints ; " and knowing in what a sad position the standard-bearer stands, I beseech you rally round him ; for it will be ill with the army,

" If the standard-bearer fall, ■ fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet, of such a deadly fray."

Stand up, my friends ; grasp the banner yourselves, and maintain it erect, until the day shall come, when, standing on the last conquered castle of hell's domains, we shall raise the shout, " Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! The Lord God omnipotent reigneth ! " Till that time, fight on.

SO SHALL HE SPRINKLE MANY NATIONS.

" THIS," says the professor of Exegetical Theology to the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, " is one of the most difficult passages in the Old Testament Scriptures. The difficulties lie in the word rendered ' sprinkle. '* This is the plainest case of Baptizo, meaning '*Rantizo*'—immersion meaning sprinkling," says an ignorant Methodist Presiding Elder, in a recent tract.

" I feel constrained," says the learned Presbyterian Professor, " to go along with the more learned modern interpreters," and render the passage, " So shall he make to leap many nations "—*So shall he cause many nations to bound with rapture.* Such is

* Rev. Dr. J. Brown, Edinburg. Sufferings of the Messiah, p. 192.

the version of this passage by one of the most learned men of the age, holding one of the highest positions in the Presbyterian Church.

We purpose not to enter on a critical exposition of the passage, but have collected, in parallel columns, the various renderings of the word which our version translates "Sprinkle."

COMMON VERSION.	COVERDALE.	GESENIUS.
So shall he sprinkle many nations.	Lyke as the multitude shal wondre upon him because his face shal be so deformed, and not as man's face, and his beautie lyke no man—Even so shall the multitude loke unto him.	As how many are astonished before him (so disfigured in his aspect before men, and his figure before the children of men)— so shall many nations exult in him.
ROSENMULLER.	HETZIG.	PYE SMITH.
As many were astonished at thee (so disfigured in his aspect more than that of any one, and his appearance more than any child of man)— so shall he rouse up many nations.	As many were terrified before him (so disfigured, not human was his look, and his form not of mens' children)— so will he make many nations to leap for joy.	Though many were struck with astonishment at thee (his appearance is disfigured more than that of any man, and his form more than any of the children of men)— yet shall he consecrate many nations.

After weighing these authorities (and others might be given), let us look at the sense of the passage.

"As many were astonished at thee (because of his sufferings), so shall he rouse up many nations," when in triumph he shall see the travail of his soul, the reward of his sufferings, the universal spread of his kingdom. But just "as many were astonished at thee (at his marred visage and disfigured form), so, in the same way, shall he sprinkle many nations." How sprinkle them? Why, as many as were astonished at his marred visage. Is there any clearness, any connection in this? But as he produced astonishment in one way, by his meek, dumb, heart-crushing sufferings; as when robed in mock dignity—his face swollen with blows, and pale with soul-anguish, and red with gore—Pilate brought him forth before the gaping multitude, saying, "Behold the man;" and "he was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before his shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth"—as many were astonished at him, so shall he excite an astonishment of another kind. They shall look upon him whom they

have pierced, and mourn. In his career of victory, subduing all things to himself, his triumphs shall brighten in their luster through all the lapse of time; annihilating every system of false religion, and collecting around his Cross the whole family of man, till all the kindreds of the earth, in one melodious song, shall cry, Salvation to our God who sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb, forever and ever. "So shall he make to exult many nations."

S. H. F.

HISTORY OF SALEM ASSOCIATION.

WHEN the whole territory of Kentucky was comprised within three counties, and numerous hostile tribes of Indians were in death-struggles for their hunting-grounds, a gathering of God's servants took place a few miles from where Bardstown now stands, of which here are the simple records:

"On Saturday, the 29th of October, 1785, four Regular Baptist Churches met at Cox's Creek, by their delegates, in order to form an Association; and after a suitable sermon on the occasion, preached by our Brother, Joseph Barnet, from the first chapter of John's gospel, seventeenth verse, proceeded to business. Brother Joseph Barnet was chosen Moderator, and Brother Andrew Paul, Clerk.

Letters from four Churches were read, as follows:

Severn's Valley Church, constituted June 18th, 1781, by Joseph Barnet, John Whitaker, and John Gerrard; no present minister; number of delegates, four; members, thirty-seven.

Cedar Creek Church, constituted July 4th, 1781, by Joseph Barnet, John Whitaker, and John Gerrard; present minister, Joseph Barnet; number of delegates, four; members, forty-seven.

Beargrass Church, constituted January, 1784, by James Smith and John Whitaker; present minister, John Whitaker; number of delegates, five; members, nineteen.

Cox's Creek Church, constituted April, 1785, by Joseph Barnet and William Taylor; present minister, Wm. Taylor; number of delegates, four; members, twenty-six.

SEVERN'S VALLEY CHURCH.

The record of this Church, from its constitution on the 18th day of June, 1781, to the 27th day of January, 1787, is gone, per-

haps destroyed by fire. The proceedings, from 1787 to 1803, are in unbound sheets, much defaced, and in various hand-writings; and is, in fact, but barely preserved from the flames, being partly burned by accident while in the hands of Bro. Samuel Abell, formerly the Clerk, an esteemed and valuable member and deacon, now dead.

In the year 1843, I obtained from the venerable Jacob Vanmeter (since dead, then the only surviving member of the original constitution), a traditionary account of the first six years.

The Church was constituted by Elders William Taylor and Joseph Barnet, on the 18th day of June, 1781, under a green sugar tree, between Hyres' Station and the present site of Elizabethtown, about one-half mile from the present town line. I have mislaid the writing obtained from him, and have to speak from memory.

There were eighteen members in the original constitution, among whom were Jacob Vanmeter, the elder, and Letty Vanmeter, his wife; Jacob Vanmeter, their son, Bennam Shaw, Jacob Dye, and Hannah, his wife; three colored persons, Mark, Bambo, and Dinah, servants of the Elder Jacob Vanmeter; and nine others, whose names are not recorded. Elder John Gerrard was constituted with the Church, and set apart as their pastor, and perhaps made one of the eighteen members.

The Church had numbered seventy-five years in June last, and the oldest record left is in the hand-writing of Samuel Haycraft, senior (my father), dated January 27, 1787, more than sixty-nine years ago. In May, 1782, Elder Gerrard was captured by the Indians, and never heard of again. From that period up to 1787, the Church had occasional preaching by Elders Taylor and Barnet. In February, 1787, Elder Joshua Carmon was called ■■■ supply.

When the Church first represented herself in Salem Association, she had thirty-seven members, and was the oldest in the Association. Cedar Creek Church, in the now county of Nelson, was constituted in the same year. Cedar Creek, Cox's Creek, Severn's Valley, and Beargrass Churches were the four Churches that met and formed the Association. Of the thirty-seven members in the Church at that time, not one remains alive.

In the course of a few years the population extended, and persons residing at distant points connected themselves with the Church ; and the Church-meetings were alternately held at Nolin and Severn's Valley, about ten miles apart.

The Minutes generally show a rigid discipline, and required a punctual attendance of the members, and kept watch over the conduct of each other. A few short extracts from the early Minutes may be admissible to show the order of the Church.

" 1787, February 23d, Brethren Kirkpatrick and John Vertrees appointed to act with a convention at the Forks of Dick's River.

" September 22d, Brethren Carmon and Watkins to write a letter to the Association, and Isaac Dye, Christopher Miller, Jacob Vanmeter, senior, and Joseph Kirkpatrick to carry it to Cedar Creek.

" 1788, September 27, John Vertrees and John Larue appointed messengers to Association.

" December 5th, John Larue appointed Ruling Elder, Robert Hodgen appointed Clerk.

" 1789, February 4th, Philip Philips received on experience ; also his wife.

" February 21, Philip Philips appointed Clerk for the Church."

September 25th, the Church met at Nolin, then consisting of forty-five members. Josiah Dodge, John Larue, and Robert Hodgen were appointed Messengers to the Association at Cox's Creek.

November 20, a resolution was adopted, that it was the duty of all heads of families of the Church to keep that portion of their families under their care under the same order and discipline as they themselves are bound to observe, both in their walk and conversation, as far as their age, capacity, &c., will admit. The resolution went on some farther, but a portion is burnt. It concludes by recommending a catechism, that was at present received by the Church.

" December 26, a resolution passed, that when any member contributed any necessary supply to those who labored in the gospel, that such members should give an account of it to the Deacons, who should put down the name and contribution, so that the Church might, from time to time, have information on the subject.

" 1790, October 23, a motion was made and a decision passed,

that it was the duty of members to contribute to the supply of traveling ministers, and the Deacons to receive all contributions, to dispose of as might be thought necessary, and an account to be kept of what each brother lay in, and to report the same to the Church.

“November, 1790. The Church agreed to take into consideration the propriety of calling Josiah Dodge to ordination; and in October, 1791, he was ordained as a minister, and was called to the care of the Church one-half of his time, at a salary of £30, in convenient trade, to be paid by Brethren John Larue, John Ver-trees, Robert Hodgen, Joseph Kirkpatrick, and Philip Philips. The care was accepted, and in disposing of the services, Elder Dodge was to attend one-third of the time at the Valley, and two-thirds at Nolin.”

In November, 1792, he was again called, and his time divided so as to preach in different parts of the Church boundary in each month. One point was the Nole, a mound, from which the river Nolin takes its name. Up to this time, and after the Church had enacted strict discipline, great attention was paid to reconcile differences in the Church, and to redress grievances; disorderly conduct or dishonesty was closely dealt with, and punctual attendance of the members required; the afflicted visited, desponding members encouraged, and the poor assisted. Soon after, and, indeed, from 1789 to 1794, land speculators had created a great deal of trouble; which resulted at last in the exclusion of the land speculators.

1794, April. A charge was entered against a member of influence, and who had been active in the Church from the year 1789, for allowing what was then called “*frolickings*,” about his house, and suffering his children to go to them; and being repeatedly cited, he attended in June, but *had grown rich*, would not give satisfaction, and was excluded.

“1796, January 23d. A member excluded for intoxication, and the minister, Elder Dodge, to publish it next day.”

In 1802, it was decided by the Church that dealing with members for private offences should be done in private. The list of members in 1807 was forty-seven. The Church had in that year joined the Green River Association. Shortly after, the venerable

Joshua Morris commenced preaching to the Church ; his labors were abundantly blessed ; the record speaks for itself.

“ September, 1801. Prayed at opening, and received seven members by experience. October, met praying ; had no business to do but to praise God and receive twenty members ; in November, eleven more, and in December, nine more added. January, 1802, received twenty-two by experience. At this meeting the state of feeling towards the man of God, who was instrumental in the revival, was manifested by the Clerk, for in recording the names of those received, he wrote the name of ‘ Joshua Morris,’ and then slightly blotted it out. The writer remembers the day, fifty-four years now past. The weather was mild for the season, and the baptismal scene in the Valley Creek was a solemn and pleasant occasion. A vast crowd stood upon its banks, and one after another stepped into the stream and were buried with Christ in baptism ; at slight intervals, hymns of praise and shouts of rejoicing rent the air. I never can forget it ; the venerable Morris was so filled that he seemed as one snatched up into the heavens ; although but a child, I was filled with solemn awe.”

In February, thirteen more members were received. At this point a leaf is lost from the book, and no meeting recorded until July, when ten members were received. Several Minutes are here taken on a page without date, which shows the Church in a living state, and no doubt a prayer meeting was established and kept up, for it was reported that a certain member had utterly refused to attend Church meetings, or *society meetings*. Two members were afterwards appointed to labor with him ; and even in time of revival the members were zealous of order, and wrote a letter to a sister Philips for leaving the bounds of the Church without a letter.

1802, August 28. The member who had refused to attend the meetings returned repenting, and made satisfaction.

This revival came to a close with the addition of one hundred and one members ; among whom were Isaac Hodgen, John Hodgen, James Haycraft, and Josiah Dodge, all of whom became preachers. A sheet of the proceedings during this revival is lost, which, according to a list afterwards made out, lost forty-five names, which shows the real number added to the Church to be one hundred and forty-six.

During the remainder of the year the Church had much distress in consequence of some of the young members falling back to the world. The prevailing vices which infected the Church, or rather that disorderly portion, were drinking, swearing, attending horse-races, fighting, &c. But amidst those discouraging trials, there was a band that stood faithfully to their posts; and up to March, 1803, they were closely attended to; the most refractory were excluded, and the Church of Christ stood firm and unshaken.

On the 12th day of March, 1803, the Church being strong in numbers for that period, it was concluded to form a new Church at Nolin, and all those who chose to join the new constitution were permitted to do so. One hundred and five members left for that purpose, thereby reducing the old Valley Church to forty-seven members.

March 25. In the little band it appeared that a serious difficulty was about to arise between several influential brethren; a special meeting was called, and some old tried brethren were appointed a Committee, who met, called the brethren before them, labored with them, and reported the matter well settled, and all in fellowship again.

In May, 1803, the Church obtained a letter of dismission from the Green River Association, and again joined Salem. At this time the Church called Elder Alexander McDougal to preach to them. He was the grandfather of Elder Alexander W. Larue, now one of our most useful preachers. Brother Larue is also a grandson of the Ruling Elder, John Larue; he is descended from noble ancestors, and is now adding luster to his progenitors' names.

From 1803 to 1812, the Church seemed to move on with but little deviation; some members became refractory and were excluded. Some additions were occasionally made. During this time strict discipline was observed, and some members were excluded and restored more than once. In April, 1812, the record shows the commencement of better times—ten members were received on experience.

July, 1813. Duff Green appointed Clerk. This was the same Gen. Duff Green who afterwards removed to Missouri, then to

Washington City ; was made public printer to one house of Congress, and has since occupied a prominent position as a politician.

June 18th. James Haycraft licensed to preach in the bounds of the Church, and in March, 1815, his liberty extended to sister Churches.

Up to March, 1819, the Church moved on in the usual way, with an occasional addition by baptism or letter, which was about balanced by exclusions and dismissions. At this meeting it was discovered that the Church had lost her constitution, or articles of faith, and brethren Anthony Vernon, William Quinn, Asabel Philips, and Samuel Abell, were appointed to prepare Articles. These were all sound and faithful members, regularly in their seats, and had the confidence of the Church and community ; they were, however, counted by some as rather hard-shelled, but it would be well for us if we had four more like them. They prepared the Articles now in force, and were adopted in June, 1819. They are short and comprehensive, showing the tenets of the United Baptist Church generally. Long since that period the then venerable Jacob Vanmeter (the younger), informed them that the Church was mistaken about losing their Articles, as the Church was constituted upon that veritable old and strong document, called "The Philadelphia Confession of Faith."

1820, November. Elder David Thurman was called as pastor, and accepted the call for the third Sabbath. He is now dead, and has been for many years. He was a man mighty in the gospel ; the best disciplinarian in the Association, of which he was Moderator at his death ; a zealous, faithful, and fervent preacher, and deserves a volume to his memory. It was to him, in the year 1830, I first related my experience, at my own house ; and to him I am indebted for counsel, and encouragement, and ardent friendship. He was the father of Elder Robert L. Thurman, now one of our most useful and persevering servants of God.

1822, April 6th. Brother Colmore Lovelace was licensed to preach in the bounds of the Church ; in July following his liberty extended to sister Churches ; and on the second day of August, 1823, he was ordained by Elders Alexander McDougal, Daniel Walker, and Simeon Buchannon. Elder Lovelace still lives, and has lived and preached to good purpose ; the Lord has abund-

antly owned and blessed his labors. His sermons are conciliatory toward other denominations; yet holding the truths he believes the Bible teaches, and thoroughly sifting his subject, he always seems to preach in the earnestness of his soul and in the fear of God; he never fails to address saint and sinner; and, when dwelling on the case of sinners, he might represent the weeping of Jeremiah; his soul seems, on such occasions, to be drawn out, and a flood of tears bursts from his eyes, and it generally produces a corresponding effect upon his hearers. Among the thousands baptized by him are included more from the Catholic Church than has fallen to the lot of any Baptist minister in my knowledge. The Church, on many occasions, set apart days for humiliation, fasting, and prayer for a general revival of religion. From May, 1825, to December, 1826, there was a gradual increase, and the Church may be said to have enjoyed a gracious season of revival, all the time; for, notwithstanding the reins of discipline were held firmly by the Church, and disorderly conduct promptly corrected, yet there were twenty received by baptism, and fourteen by letter and relation.

In June, 1827, a revival of religion commenced under the preaching of Elder Lovelace, which extended to the head of Younger's Creek, and continued until January, 1829. The total addition by baptism, letter, relation, and restoration, was sixty-six.

1828, November 28. Brother Jacob Rogers was licensed. In 1829 his liberty was extended to the bounds of the Association, and on the 9th day of August, 1831, he was ordained by Elders Warren Cash, Benjamin Keith, and Herbert G. Waggoner. Elder Rogers proved to be a successful minister; was a fine disciplinarian, and was Moderator of the Association at the time of his death. His education was limited, but he studied well his Bible. He had a tremendous voice, and rapid delivery; a Boanerges in the pulpit, and his labors were signally blessed. He was a man of uncommon good natural sense, formed well, and was devoted also to the ministry. At his ordination he preached on "Faith." I was then under conviction, and desirous to know what constituted a saving faith; of course I gave him a close attention.

1829, February 22d. Twenty-two members dismissed to form a new Church on Younger's Creek.

In 1832, a prayer meeting was commenced, east of town, by the brethren. The meetings became interesting, and were continued from Sabbath to Sabbath. Elders Lovelace and Rogers were called in ; a considerable revival commenced, and extended to town, and west of it several miles ; it closed with the addition of seventy-six members. Shortly after, the members of the Church instituted prayer meetings on every Lord's day morning, and on Thursday nights, which have ever since been kept up with but few interruptions.

1833, February. The Church resolved, that members in good standing in the Separate Baptist Church, suing for membership in this Church on the terms of the General Union, might be received. It is within the recollection of the writer that some, and particularly Brother Horace Buckner (who was then, or shortly afterwards, of the Church), was of the opinion that such should be re-baptized. But Elder David Thurman, being with the Church on that day, gave such reasons in favor of the measure as quieted all objections, and a member was on the same day received under the resolution.

1833, June. Some brethren reported that they had raised a subscription for building a new church edifice, and contracted for the building, &c., all of which the Church approved, and the present commodious house was erected and completed near the center of Elizabethtown, on Poplar street.

It may be proper here to remark, that the Church occupied a large open log house, north of town, from 1804 to 1807 ; that house was never finished. Then a frame house was put up south of town, in the present town cemetery ; that was never finished ; but a substantial hewed log house was erected and completed on the same spot, but after the new house was completed the old log was removed, and the site is now filled with graves. For years afterwards some good old brethren would look back upon the days of peace, harmony, and prosperity that they once enjoyed in that venerable house, now gone, and its site marked by the silent mansions of the dead. On that spot sleeps the dust of many brethren and sisters dear to the memory of us all.

1834, September. At this meeting Brother Squire L. Helm was received by experience and baptism. He was grandson of

Thomas Helm, who, I believe, was an original member in 1781 ; was the son of George Helm, Esq., who, at his death, was a member of this Church, and filled many stations in the country and in the legislature. His mother, Sister Rebecca Helm, is yet a living member of this Church. She was the daughter of John Larue, who was once a Ruling Elder ; so that our beloved Helm is a Baptist of Baptists, running back in two lines of the best blood in Kentucky, and of those who bore the burden and heat of the day in perilous times. Brother Helm was licensed to preach in November, 1836, and was afterwards ordained at Brandenburg, Kentucky ; and since that period has occupied so wide a field of usefulness in various parts of the State, having filled the place of pastor of Brandenburg, West Point, Owensboro', Louisville, May's Lick, and Covington, and is so well known as an eloquent and forcible preacher, and such success has attended his ministrations, and he now occupies such a high place in the affections of the denomination, that it is useless to speak further of him.

In July, 1835, a protracted meeting was commenced by that eloquent divine and successful revivalist, Elder Thomas J. Fisher, which resulted in an overwhelming revival. Elder Fisher baptized seventy-one. The whole addition to the Church, as the fruits of that meeting, was ninety-two. The meeting lasted six weeks ; for about ten days of the close he was assisted by the lamented Elder John S. Wilson, who preached his last sermon on earth in our pulpit ; and although by removals, new Churches formed, and other causes, the Church has greatly decreased in numbers, yet some of our most useful and efficient members are the fruits of that revival.

From the close of the revival in 1835, up to August, 1837, the records show a tolerably rigid discipline, and much dealing with members, there being many young persons in the Church.

In 1834 the Church numbered 172 ; in 1835, 248 ; in 1836, 224 ; in 1837, 230.

Without going into further details, the Church has experienced many vicissitudes and changes ; had her declensions and revivals. She has furnished members to aid in forming Nolin, Middle Creek, Ruder Creek, Younger's Creek, Mill Creek, Mount Zion, and other Churches ; the brethren in the country generally pre-

ferring the country Churches. And although the Church has, from first to last, had upwards of twelve hundred in her membership, yet at the present time she is in a feeble condition, consisting of fifteen white male members, forty-five white females, and one hundred and one colored persons; making a total of one hundred and sixty-one members.

The Church has enjoyed the preaching of Elder John Gerrard, Joshua Carmon, Jacob Dodge, Alexander McDougal, David Thurman, Colman Lovelace, Jacob Rogers, Russell Hollman, Robert L. Thurman (six years), George H. Hicks (two years), William Vaughan (seventeen years), Thomas J. Fisher, John H. Yeaman, J. L. Burrows (now of Richmond, Va.), Wm. L. Morris (two years), the most of them as pastors, the remainder as supplies by invitation.

Out of her membership have sprung the following preachers: Joshua Carmon, Josiah Dodge, Jerrel Dodge, James Haycraft, Isaac Hodgen, John Hodgen, Colman Lovelace, Squire L. Helm, Alexander W. Larue, Jno. H. Yeaman, Wm. L. Morris. The four last, with Isaac Hodgen, are descendants of old fathers of the Church. In December last the Church met with a serious loss in the death of Bro. Jonathan Hills, who, for a long time, was a faithful and useful member.

INCIDENTS.

There are facts and circumstances connected with the early history of the Church with which the present generation is little acquainted. When this present wide-spread and favored country was but a wilderness; when not a human habitation was to be found between Louisville (then called the Falls of the Ohio,) and Green River, save a few families, who had ventured to Severn's Valley—a dense forest, and unexplored—and commenced a rude settlement far from the haunts of civilized man;—there the lamented John Gerrard, a minister of God, came like John the Baptist, "*the voice of one crying in the wilderness*," and finding a few of the disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ like sheep without a shepherd, on the 18th day of June, 1781, they were collected together under a green sugar tree; and in the fear of God, in Church covenant gave themselves to the Lord and to one another,

and were constituted a Baptist Church, named after Severn's Valley and the creek which flows through it. It has ever borne the same name, none having dared, and it is hoped never may, to lay impious hands upon it by changing its venerable and venerated name—"Severn's Valley Church."

Then they did not occupy a house of worship, as at present; then there were no waving harvests, or burdened fields of corn; no hospitable mansion to receive shelter and cheer the man of God after delivering his message; but in some humble, round log cabin with earth floor, or rude, half-faced camp, with bark roof; or, perchance, under the shade of some spreading tree, the humble disciples met; they met like brethren, surrounded by dangers, in a forest of unknown boundary, not knowing at what moment the savages would break in upon them; they had fears without and fightings within. Could we of the present generation look upon a group, giving a correct representation of one of those religious assemblies, it might strike us as somewhat grotesque, if not ludicrous. Imagine the male members, partly in Indian costume, leather leggins, breech clouts, and moccasins, with hats made of buffalo wool rolled around white oak splints and sewed together; and the females in the simple attire of bed-gown and petticoats entirely of buffalo wool; under-wear of dressed deer skins, for as yet no flax, cotton, or sheep's wool were to be found in their wilderness home. The brethren sat with rifle in hand and tomahawk at their side, with a sentry at the door. Yet they feared God and considered themselves highly favored, for they had the word of God dispensed, and sanctuary privileges in the great temple of Nature. The reader may smile at the picture, but dare not mock. They were good people; their appearance was not of choice, but from the force of circumstances.

A striking feature was unaffected simplicity of manner. Then no aristocratic curl of lip was seen; they were all true men and chosen, having the native dignity which made men free, which made men equal; the stout arm, the fearless heart, the honest man then outweighed his bulk in gold. The Church thus formed was happy; they met as often as they could, and how sweet and refreshing the solemn words which fell from the lips of the man of God.

But alas ! how inscrutable the ways of Providence. This infant Church was soon called to bear a dreadful blow. In eleven short months the savage tribes, who claimed the *bloody ground*, searched out the abode of civilized man ; and in May, 1782, made an inroad, and the minister, Elder Gerrard, was taken captive, and never was heard of again. Whether he was slain in the retreat, burned at the stake, or lingered in captivity, none now can tell ; and like Moses, the place of his sepulchre no one knows to this day. His ministry on earth was short ; but the memory thereof was embalmed in the hearts of his brethren, and there lived until they died, and now lives with them in heaven, for all the Church of his day have long since past away. His youngest daughter, Mrs. Lettitia Miller, afterwards became a member of the Church, and so remained for about forty-four years, until September last, in the eightieth year of her age, she closed a useful and devoted Christian life ; she came to her death by a fall from her horse in going to her Church.

A few words about two of the members in the original constitution. The eldest Jacob Vanmeter was my grandfather. He died on the 16th day of November, 1798, in his sixty-eighth year, and has left almost a nation behind him ; his descendants at this time, from the best calculation that can be made, number over two thousand five hundred souls, of which it is supposed at least five hundred are Baptists. They were as a fruitful vine that ran over the wall, for they are now scattered over every State and territory west of the Alleghany Mountains. The great majority of them are farmers, fond of flocks and herds, and their pursuits and inclinations lead them westward.

The younger Jacob Vanmeter, the last survivor of the original constitution, was rather an extraordinary man, of truly patriarchal stamp. He joined the Church at eleven years of age, on Muddy Creek, in Pennsylvania. After growing up, he was ever considered a pillar of the Church. He departed this life on the 12th day of October, 1850, in his eighty-ninth year, having been a Baptist seventy-eight years, and never was censured or called to account by the Church. He was forty-five years of his time a Church Deacon. He left thirteen living children, the youngest upwards of forty years of age. Many of them are grandfathers,

and some great grandfathers. Out of his ten sons seven were Deacons in the Church. Three days before his death, he led in prayer at the family altar of his son John, where he resided. His prayer was of great fervency, and protracted beyond his usual length. At the close he had to be assisted from his knees. The family offered to lay him in his bed, but he would not permit it, saying that he wanted to speak of the goodness of God (and, indeed, ever since I knew him, it was his favorite theme); and as he sat in his chair, he repeated hymn after hymn from Watts. The family remarked to him that they had never heard him repeat them before. He replied that the Lord had strengthened his memory, and brought to his mind hymns that he had learned more than sixty years before; like Moses, on Mount Pisgah, whose sight was strengthened to view the Promised Land. He had often prayed to be released from the pangs of death, and it is thought he was literally answered. A short time before his death he was in conversation with his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Susan Vanmeter, who was devoted to him, and sat at his bed-side as a ministering angel. He spoke of his gratitude for her friendship; but she told him that the Lord had been his best friend. "Yes," he replied with emphasis, "he has kept me under the hollow of his hand from a child"—and suddenly exclaimed—"the light! the light! the light!" She supposing that the light of the window disturbed him, was about to close it. "O, no," said he, waving his hand, "the glory of God fills the house." Then adjusting himself, as if for burial, closed his own mouth and eyes, crossing his arms, with his right hand upon his heart, without a struggle or groan, and evidently without a pang, like a shock fully ripe, was gathered to his fathers, having an answer to the prayer as expressed by Watts—

"Cast me not off, when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies."

Thus lived, and thus died, the last survivor of the old pioneers of Severn's Valley Church, being a good man and a shining light.

SAMUEL HAYCRAFT.

RISE OF THE CURRENT REFORMATION.*

THE second act in the great drama opened with heroic characters, striking stage effect, and quick-shifting scenery. No sooner did the Reforming protestants withdraw from the jurisdiction and defy the thunder of the Presbyterian Synod, than a new Presbytery, called "Springfield," was organized. It was fashioned according to the true Zion, and its songs celebrated a glorious deliverance from the darkness and bondage of Babylon. A pamphlet was issued at once in the name of this new Presbytery, entitled the "Apology," which boldly condemned "creeds in general, and the Westminster Confession in particular," and obviously foreshadowed the after developments of a New Lightism.

In this "Apology," in the letter to the Synod, written by Stone, and in his "Observations on the Church Government," signed by the five Reformers, the wild error, which underlies all fanaticism and false religions, appears as evidently the main-spring of the movement. It is a final appeal to human experience. That the inner voice in the soul is the voice of God, with which his voice without must correspond. Hardly a single errorist, but has an experience, or rather struggle, to free himself from the powerful hold which truth has on every mind; and hardly an attempt is made to propound his theory, or gather a party, but is prefaced with these experiences. Respecting the atonement of Christ, faith as the gift of God, and other truths, concerning which God's word can *alone* be heard, and is the supreme, the only, and the decisive authority, Mr. Stone was full of doubt, uncertainty, misgivings; and tells us, "My mind was now in an awful state of confusion. If these doctrines be true, then the religion I had was not; for it could not witness the truth of one of them, but contradicted them all. When I examined the *spirit in me* by the word of truth, I could not doubt that it was the spirit of truth. In this state I remained till I went to see the work of God in the lower parts of the State. Then my mind was filled with admiration at the work of God. Many, old and young, even little chil-

* Continued from March number.

dren, professed religion, and all declared the same simple gospel of Jesus. *I knew the voice, and felt the power ; all my difficulties were removed.*”* Stone was wrapped in doubt. Principles he had hitherto held as God’s revealed truths, could not be witnessed by the religion he had. His inner experience was the test to which these principles were brought. The only remaining question was, whether the spirit within him was the spirit of God ! If so, its dictates were unauthoritative.

At the revival, in Logan county, where hundreds fell, physically and mentally overwhelmed by the almighty power of God, Stone was fully convinced that the religion he had was true. But “ if these doctrines (atonement and imparted faith) were true, the religion I had was not.” He concluded, therefore, that the doctrines were false.

In the Address to the Synod, on withdrawing from its authority, and written by Stone, is the sentence : “ Let us labor after this spirit ; and when we obtain it, we shall all be united in one body.” Notwithstanding they had adopted the scriptures under the notion of a confession of faith, yet it was not immediately to the scriptures they applied for light ; but to “ that transporting spirit, which opened clearly to the mind those mysterious things recorded in the scripture ; which the wisest men on earth, without this spirit, could not understand.”

These words are the comment on this address by one of the ministers that signed it. And farther, the kind of confession of faith drawn up by the Springfield Presbytery, carefully worded and supported by passages of scripture, lays it down as a foundation principle, that “ *It appears that the Christian’s law is in heart, a copy of which is drawn out in the New Testament.*” Of the law in the heart’s experience the New Testament is but a copy, and of the oracles, oft uncertain or objectionable, rendering must be corrected by the original in the Christian’s heart.

Here, then, amid the agonizing perplexities of Barton W. Stone, and the throes of the Great Revival, was the birth of a Reform principle, which shivered and burst the brazen gates of Babylon, swept *sects* and *confessions* from the earth, and united God’s peo-

* Reply to Dr. Campbell, page 6.

ple into one harmonious brotherhood. It was experience as the best guide-stone—the inner law—of which the New Testament was the drawn out copy; New Lightism, rising like the fabled goddess from the foam of the storm-tossed ocean.

The five excluded ministers were bold, earnest, active; and were men of stainless reputation. They published several tracts and pamphlets, breathing a spirit of anticipated triumph. Such progress was made, that before the end of the year (1804) there were regular societies at Turtle Creek, Eagle Creek, Springfield, Orangedale, Salem, Beaver Creek, in Ohio, and at some ten points in Kentucky. These meetings are discredited by McNemar, as employed in “praying and shouting, jerking, barking, or rolling, dreaming, prophesying, and looking, as through a glass, at the infinite glories of Mount Zion just about to break open on the world.”

The charges against McNemar, in fact, set forth the doctrines of these Reformers. Soon after the Springfield Presbytery was formed, they published an “Apology,” embodying the teachings of the Reformation.

“It was,” says his friend and eulogist,* “the first public declaration of religious freedom in the Western Hemisphere; the first in the world since that of the intrepid Luther was nullified by the yoke of bondage formed at Augsburg. This was the beginning of that vast and mighty moral revolution, which has since been turning and overturning in its onward progress.”

This first public declaration of religious freedom we will here record, that it may not be lost to the world and posterity.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF SPRINGFIELD PRESBYTERY.

[For where a testament is, there must of necessity be the death of the testator; for a testament is of force after men are dead, otherwise it is of no strength at all, while the testator liveth. Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die. Verily, verily I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground, and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. Whose voice then shook the earth; but now he hath promised, saying, yet once more I shake not the earth only, but also heaven. And this word, yet once more, signifies the

* Elder Jno. Gano's Address, 1845.

removing of those things that are shaken as of things that are made, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain.]—*Scripture.*

Last Will and Testament, &c.

The Presbytery of Springfield, sitting at Caneridge, in the county of Bourbon, being, through a gracious Providence, in more than ordinary bodily health, growing in strength and size daily; and in perfect soundness and composure of mind; but, knowing that it is appointed for all delegated bodies once to die, and considering that the life of every such body is very uncertain, do make, and ordain this our last Will and Testament, in manner and form following, viz:

Imprimis. We *will*, that this body die, be dissolved, and sink into union with the Body of Christ at large; for there is but one body, and one Spirit, even as we are called in one hope of our calling.

Item. We *will*, that our name of distinction, with its *Reverend* title, be forgotten, that there be but one Lord over God's heritage, and his name one.

Item. We *will*, that our power of making laws for the government of the Church, and executing them by delegated authority, forever cease; that the people may have free course to the Bible, and adopt *the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus.*

Item. We *will*, that the candidates for the gospel ministry henceforth study the Holy Scriptures with fervent prayer, and obtain license from God to preach the simple gospel, *with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven*, without any mixture of philosophy, vain deceit, traditions of men, or the rudiments of the world. And let none henceforth take *this honor to himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron.*

Item. We *will*, that the Church of Christ resume her native right of internal government—try her candidates for the ministry, as to their soundness in the faith, acquaintance with experimental religion, gravity, and aptness to teach; and admit no other proof of their authority but Christ speaking in them. We *will*, that the Church of Christ look up to the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into his harvest; and that she resume her primitive right of trying those *who say they are apostles, and are not.*

Item. We *will*, that each particular Church, as a body, actuated by the same spirit, choose her own preacher, and support him by a free-will offering, without a written *call* or *subscription*—admit members—remove offenses; and never henceforth *delegate* her right of government to any man or set of men whatever.

Item. We *will*, that the people henceforth take the Bible as the only sure guide to heaven; and as many are offended with other

books, which stand in competition with it, may cast them into the fire if they choose; for it is better to enter into life having one book, than having many to be cast into hell.

Item. We *will*, that preachers and people cultivate a spirit of mutual forbearance; pray more and dispute less; and while they behold the signs of the times, look up, and confidently expect that redemption draweth nigh.

Item. We *will*, that our weak brethren, who may have been wishing to make the Presbytery of Springfield their king, and wot not what is now become of it, betake themselves to the Rock of Ages, and follow Jesus for the future.

Item. We *will*, that the Synod of Kentucky examine every member, who may be *suspected* of having departed from the Confession of Faith, and suspend every such suspected heretic immediately; in order that the oppressed may go free, and taste the sweets of gospel liberty.

Item. We *will*, that Ja—— —, the author of two letters, lately published in Lexington, be encouraged in his zeal to destroy *partyism*. We *will*, moreover, that our past conduct be examined into by all who may have correct information; but let foreigners beware of speaking evil of things which they know not.

Item. Finally, we *will*, that all our *sister bodies* read their Bibles carefully, that they may see their fate there determined, and prepare for death before it is too late.

ROBERT MARSHALL,	} <i>Witnesses.</i>
JOHN DUNLAVY,	
RICHARD M'NEMAR,	
B. W. STONE,	
JOHN THOMPSON,	
DAVID PURVIANCE.	

Springfield Presbytery, } L. S.
 June 28th, 1804.

THE WITNESSES' ADDRESS.

WE, the above named witnesses of the last Will and Testament of the Springfield Presbytery, knowing that there will be many conjectures respecting the causes which have occasioned the dissolution of that body, think proper to testify, that from its first existence it was knit together in love, lived in peace and concord, and died a voluntary and happy death.

Their reasons for dissolving that body were the following:—With deep concern they viewed the divisions, and party spirit among professing Christians, principally owing to the adoption of human creeds and forms of government. While they were united under the name of a Presbytery, they endeavored to culti-

vate a spirit of love and unity with all Christians ; but found it extremely difficult to suppress the idea that they themselves were a party separate from others. This difficulty increased in proportion to their success in the ministry. Jealousies were excited in the minds of other denominations ; and a temptation was laid before those who were connected with the various parties, to view them in the same light. At their last meeting they undertook to prepare for the press a piece entitled "Observations on Church Government," in which the world will see the beautiful simplicity of Christian Church government, stripped of human inventions and lordly traditions. As they proceeded in the investigation of that subject, they soon found that there was neither precept nor example in the New Testament for such confederacies as modern Church Sessions, Presbyteries, Synods, General Assemblies, &c. Hence they concluded, that while they continued in the connection in which they then stood, they were off the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, of which Christ himself is the chief corner stone. However just, therefore, their views of Church government might have been, they would have gone out under the name and sanction of a self-constituted body. Therefore, from a principle of love to Christians of every name, the precious cause of Jesus, and dying sinners who are kept from the Lord by the existence of sects and parties in the Church, they have cheerfully consented to retire from the din and fury of conflicting parties—sink out of the view of fleshly minds, and die the death. They believe their death will be great gain to the world. But though dead, as above, and stripped of their mortal frame, which only served to keep them too near the confines of Egyptian bondage, they yet live and speak in the land of gospel liberty ; they blow the trumpet of jubilee, and willingly devote themselves to the help of the Lord against the mighty. They will aid the brethren, by their counsel, when required ; assist in ordaining elders, or pastors ; seek the divine blessing ; unite with all Christians ; commune together, and strengthen each others' hands in the work of the Lord.

We design, by the grace of God, to continue in the exercise of those functions, which belong to us as ministers of the gospel, confidently trusting in the Lord, that he will be with us. We candidly acknowledge, that in some things we may err, through human infirmity ; but he will correct our wanderings, and preserve his Church. Let all Christians join with us, in crying to God day and night, to remove the obstacles which stand in the way of his work, and give him no rest till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth.

We heartily unite with our Christian brethren of every name, in thanksgiving to God for the display of his goodness in the glorious work he is carrying on in our western country, which, we

hope, will terminate in the universal spread of the gospel, and the unity of the Church.

Thus far the Witnesses of the last Will and Testament of the Springfield Presbytery. Why the work, alluded to above, on the subject of Church government, never made its appearance, the writer is not advised. Perhaps the Shaker difficulty, which shortly after this time arose, was the cause; as it is known that Dunlavy and M'Nemar, two of the witnesses, were carried away with that miserable delusion; and also, that shortly after their defection from the cause, Marshall and Thompson began to look back, and subsequently joined the Presbyterians again.

Because their Committee failed to reclaim us to the standards and doctrines of the Church, is this crime of such a nature as to warrant suspension? Because we had constituted ourselves into a separate Presbytery, is this crime of such magnitude that scripture authorizes such to be suspended? To suspend us for constituting a separate Presbytery, is not this to cut off at a blow every minister since the Reformation? Luther and his followers constituted a Presbytery separate from the Church of Rome. Calvin separated from Luther, and with his followers constituted a Presbytery; and so have the various sects of Christians ever since. Have these, therefore, no right to preach according to the word of God? Can it be a crime, (they continue) to *withdraw from those with whom we cannot remain in peace?*

The question we have put in italic must be answered by every honest sane man in the negative. It cannot be a *crime*; yea, it is the sacred duty of every true man to withdraw from those with whom he cannot live in peace. So thought B. W. Stone, and his protesting brethren, as they stepped forth from the territories of Presbyterianism, and formed a new colony—A NEW SECT. But they will soon expect a different answer to the interrogatory. They will, in an *ad captandum* plea for Christian union, denounce as a *crime* all divisions, withdrawals, or sects. But the Reformers had not arrived, as yet, within the influence of this and other magnetic mountains. They therefore preached to the world the basis of their "Sectarian Union"—a creed. It consisted of "five points," or articles. They were, 1. Human Depravity. 2. Regeneration. 3. The Gospel. 4. The Gospel the means of Regeneration. 5. Faith. These articles were but a systematic exhibit of the "false doctrines" charged against Mc-Nemar, and had in them the germ of the whole system of the Current Reformation. "Faith," they say, "does not depend on

any disposition, whether holy or unholy ; but on the strength of the testimony. No Christian will deny that there is sufficient evidence in the word to produce faith. This, in the creed of these Reformers, is elaborated. Disposition, heart, holy or unholy affections, according to these doctors, *have nothing to do with faith*. Evidence, testimony, is the thing. But faith, they farther tell us, produces regeneration. "If, therefore, faith in the gospel believed, or faith in the gospel, produces regeneration, it necessarily produces faith." And their conclusion, logically arrived at, is, "Here are the ungodly and the persons who are justified." *As God justifies none but believers, therefore the ungodly believe.* The practical consequences of such a creed are apparent. Faith being a mere act of the mind, having nothing to do with a holy or unholy disposition, but the result of testimony on the intellect of an ungodly man, and this mental assent to testimony producing regeneration, what becomes of prayer for the conversion of sinners ? or for the awakening influence of God's spirit ?—ignored or denied ? Yet such were the dogmas of the Reform creed ; and such have been their practical inferences.

But we will not linger among the birth or growth of this short-lived Presbytery. It was born in mist and storm, and soon perished amid the foam that gave it birth. In June, 1804, its death-knell was rung, and its last Will published.

Here, now, closes act second in the drama. A new era now commences ; and the actors multiply and interest increases.

S. H. F.

TEMPTATIONS, which lead astray the unwise and ungodly, when presented to the Christian, drive him to the bosom of his Father. For how shall he find safety "until these dangers be overpast," unless he seek covert beneath the shadow of God's protecting wing ? He feels his own weakness, his liability to be tempted beyond what he is able to bear ; he sees himself hedged in by the devices of Satan, the lusts of the flesh, the enticements of the world, and from the midst of his distress he cries, "Save, Lord, or I perish ! I sink, I fall, without Thee !" Then the Lord becomes his helper ; and his feet are taken out of the mire, and placed on the Rock of Ages ; and, with David, he exclaims, "I called upon the name of the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling."

Family Visitant.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. S. R. FORD.

WILLIAM WINTERFIELD, THE YOUNG PASTOR.

BY MRS. F. E. GARNETT.

CHAP. II.—A GLANCE AT THE INMATES OF LAUREL COTTAGE.

THE aristocratic village of Luray threw its imposing shadow across the dimpled surface of a dancing stream, that daily murmured its plaintive matins and joyous vespers, regardless of the gay groups of pleasure-seeking beings, who, “at misty morn and dewy eve,” sought the shady retreats crowning its margin.

Luray was contiguous to the city of B——, through whose great heart the pulsations of commercial life were transmitted, bestowing power and vitality, and constituting it a miniature emporium of fashion and etiquette. Thus situated, it concentrated at one point much wealth, intelligence, and religious influence. In the suburbs of the village, as if retreating from its bustle, was Laurel Cottage, its white walls reposing amid the green fields and groves that embraced them, like a beautiful pearl in a setting of emerald. An atmosphere of quiet beauty surrounded it, a soft haze hung over it like a veil of golden tissue, and the sky above was intense in its depth of azure. The interior was no less prepossessing. An air of simple elegance and *cozey* comfort was apparent in the adjustment of each article of furniture, leaving the unmistakeable evidence that the presiding genius of *that* household possessed no ordinary amount of taste and discrimination.

These *little* things, trivial though they appear, often prove ■

correct index, pointing out traits of character, which the experience of subsequent life fully verifies.

We enter the abode where all is neatness, quiet, and regularity of arrangement, and the eye intuitively glances around in quest of *her* who superintends the domestic department; which investigation results in the fixed opinion that she is sensible, judicious, and energetic.

Turn from this bright, cheering picture of domestic comfort, and scrutinize the miserable abode where disorder, confusion, and misrule predominate, and, without seeking the mistress, you are at once prepared to place upon her the label, *slattern*; and decide that she recklessly squanders the hours that should be devoted to domestic duties.

Mrs. Mary Selwyn, the occupant of Laurel Cottage, was a lady, in the full length and breadth of that term. True, she did not inhabit a luxurious "Fifth Avenue Palace," with liveried servants to obey her slightest behest. Nor did she astonish and bewilder the *ton* by the frequency and brilliancy of her *soirees*. She had not become an adept in the *art* of converting light into darkness, by excluding heaven's pure sunlight, and sleeping (after a night of revelry and dissipation) until the day was far advanced; then arising to lounge *en-deshabille*, read the last novel, sip languidly her coffee, until she felt able to endure the almost insufferable *fatigue* of being dressed for a *morning* drive.

She could not boast of a French *fille de-chambre*, who performed daily the *very* important duty of dressing her hair and arraying her person in costly robes; indeed, there were many of the *indispensables* of Uppertendom that had not a "local habitation or a name" in her establishment.

Another remarkable feature in her character: She was one of those *old fashioned* persons, who are so *verdant* as to contend that woman was *not designed*, as the ephemera of an hour, to dance and sparkle amid the bewildering mazes of fashion and folly, then disappear beneath the Lethean wave, without creating a ripple upon the ocean of life, that reflects from its sparkling surface virtues and excellencies *peculiarly* her own.

Nay, she believed that an omniscient God had endowed woman with faculties which should not be thus *perverted*, but cultivated,

expanded, and appropriated to the formation of happiness in others, and to His glory.

Mrs. Selwyn possessed none of the indispensable prerequisites of a *modern* lady, above enumerated ; but, astounding as may be the annunciation to the fastidious ear of fashion's devotee, she was, nevertheless, a *lady*, a high-souled, intellectual woman ; who *dared* to avow correct principles, and exhibit them practically. She was sensible, well educated, and refined in manners ; with that easy dignity, which marks the *real* gentlewoman. There was an entire absence of that assumption, which is the unmistakable characteristic of the *would-be-wise* ; and in its stead, the candor and simplicity inseparably attendant upon the truly good and great.

Her piety was of that type which left its impress upon all who came within the circle of her influence. *Unlike* the noisy Pharisaic *professor*, who is constantly endeavoring to impress you with the idea that he is exceedingly zealous, who may be appropriately compared to the rushing, babbling brook, whose very *shallowness* causes it to whirl and dance, sending forth continuous sounds. Lacking all these noisy ebullitions of fiery zeal, its soothing influence was comparable to the noiseless, gliding stream, whose murmurs are almost imperceptible, yet its gently distilling vapors refresh and invigorate surrounding objects. Hers was the religion of *acts* more than words—an all-controlling *principle* that was ever apparent.

In her twentieth year she was led to the hymenial altar by James Selwyn, a lawyer of some eminence, who, after enjoying with her six years of such happiness as only a pious, discreet, loving wife *can* confer, was called, in the spring-tide of his usefulness, just as hope was extending to him the golden chalice all sparkling with the nectar of future bliss, to receive a glorious reward from the "Master" in whose service he had faithfully labored.

He left Mrs. Selwyn a comfortable competence, upon which she determined to retire from the bustling cares of city life, and devote her time to the training of a niece, whose interests were now the most important earthly consideration that occupied her thoughts. Her sister, Mrs. Summar, died a short time previous

to Mr. Selwyn, committing to her care an only child. With a tearful, but hope-lit countenance, she took the hand of little Julia, and placing it in Mrs. Selwyn's said, " Mary, her father is in the tomb ; earthly relative she has none but you. Poor little darling, she is left pennyless in this cold, hard world ; will you not see her little wants supplied ? "

" I will, my sister ; she shall be my own child, and all that you would have done for her shall be faithfully executed. "

Strictly did Mrs. Selwyn perform her promise, and well did Julia reward her assiduity.

Her education was thorough, and conducted under the immediate supervision of her aunt, whose literary tastes were of a superior order, and highly cultivated. Julia's perceptions were remarkably acute. She mastered, with apparent ease, the more abstruse branches of learning, over which most young ladies merely skim superficially ; and at eighteen exhibited admirable qualities of mind and heart. She was not accomplished in many of the nonsensical *airs* that pert young ladies esteem an essential ingredient of their *ladyhood*, but was modest and unpretending ; evincing in conversation a keen discrimination, and charming *naivete*, truly refreshing in a circle where assumption, affectation, and folly predominated. Kind and affectionate, even to a fault, she was nevertheless firm and unyielding where true principle was involved. She was truly pious withal, and exhibited the humility characteristic of a child of God.

Julia and a few domestics constituted Mrs. Selwyn's family ; and now, since time had healed the wound inflicted by the death of her husband, she moved amid the domestic circle dispensing cheerfulness and activity, devoting her leisure to the cultivation of her literary tastes, visiting the sick, and ministering to the necessities of the poor.

She had devoted her usual hour to reading, and was occupied in reflecting upon the " exceeding great and precious promises " contained in the portion of God's word she had been perusing, when Julia, having enjoyed a morning walk as was her wont, glided into the room, exclaiming, " What a picture of delicious comfort, dear Aunt, does your *sanctum* present this merry June morning ! Here is so much repose and quiet, I feel that I could

nestle down in this still little "*snuggery*" and enjoy sweet peace, though the bustling world rattle on in its endless routine of excitement. How *cosily* the stray bits of sunshine peep through the vine-trellised window, and throw their glad light upon the rich boquets of flowers that blush upon the carpet! We are very happy here, Aunt, are we not?" said the light-hearted young creature, as she playfully patted the cheek of her aunt with almost child-like simplicity.

Mrs. Selwyn smiled kindly upon her through the mist of tears that gathered in spite of an effort to suppress them; and gently encircling her waist, drew her to her bosom, as if to shield her from the storm which she knew must eventually break upon her defenceless head.

"Julia, my dear, life appears all bright and joyous to you *now*, but the dark shadows of sorrow and disappointment must, ere long, obscure its brightness. The fairest Eden has the coiling serpent lurking among its clusters of fragrant flowers. It must be so, my child; trouble and sorrow is part of our sad inheritance. Heaven shield thee from the storm."

A shadow rested for a moment upon the brow of the young girl, but brightening up, she replied:

"I know, dearest Aunt, that man is heir to an inheritance such as you describe, for my Bible tells me so. But will not my Heavenly Father sustain me when the dark billows of sorrow roll over me? He has promised that 'He will not leave or forsake his people.'"

"He will, my dear, if you repose on his promises, and walk humbly before him. He will be to you 'a covert from the storm,' a 'rock of refuge,' and a secure 'hiding place.'"

Julia Summar was a young creature of singularly sweet and interesting appearance, without what a common observer would denominate beauty; and yet with "something than beauty dearer" irradiating her calm, pure face. The soft brown hair fell in wavy curls from her smooth brow, and in her dark hazle eyes, with their long-fringed, drooping lids, there was a depth of unrevealed and gentle sensibilities, and a lurking tenderness around her mouth, which indicated timidity, and some might have thought weakness, had not the slight and graceful curve of

the upper-lip rescued it from that suspicion, denoting a firm, if a gentle soul, a courage strong to dare and endure in the path of woman's duty, thorny and rugged though that path might be.

The bright, playful smile, with which she entered, had departed, and a shade of sadness rested on that fair young brow, as her aunt held up before her vision the dark side of life's picture. Could the curtain of futurity have been withdrawn, and she permitted to scan the unrevealed mysteries beyond, how would she have drawn back, with earnest pleadings, that the "cup might pass."

"Hark! Aunt Mary," exclaimed Julia, starting from her recumbent position, "there's a ring at the hall door."

"Please send Hetty, my dear, to admit the early visitor."

Hetty was dispatched on her mission, and soon returned, informing "missus" that a strange gentleman wished to see her.

"I tell you, Miss Julia," she continued, with a broad grin, "he's a *mighty stylish* looking young man, sure; looks kinder sorry, though, like he's had bad luck, or sumthin' that way."

Mrs. Selwyn immediately obeyed the summons, and repaired to the parlor.

The stranger arose upon her entrance, remarking, "Mrs. Selwyn, I presume?"

"It is, sir."

Bowing politely, he handed her his card, at which she glanced, and eagerly extended to him her hand, saying:

"With much pleasure do I welcome the son of my friend, Catharine Winterfield, to the hospitalities of my house. Your mother, how is she?—tell me of her."

"Well, Madam, perfectly, and beyond the reach of pain and sorrow."

"Dead! do you tell me she is dead?" and a sob escaped the usually calm, collected Mrs. Selwyn. William led her to the sofa, and briefly but touchingly related the particulars of his mother's death. Mrs. Selwyn listened with manifest emotion, and drying her tears remarked:

"Most sincerely do I sympathise with you in your sad bereavement. May the God of love and mercy sustain you, bestowing grace as your 'day demands.' Your mother and myself corres-

ponded regularly. We have not met, however, since the days of our girlhood ; yet how brightly her image flashes upon memory's half-erased tablet. The lovely young creature, with whom I sportively whiled away the hours of innocent mirth, who subsequently united her destiny with one upon whom woman might proudly lavish the pure out-gushings of her heart. Your father was the bright realization of all her *ideal* dreams, and united in himself those qualities of mind, heart, and person, so captivating to a pure-minded woman. They are both now shielded from the rude tempests of life, and you are left to buffet its waves alone.

"Your mother often spoke of you in her letters to me with pride, and much affection, and very manifest anxiety for your success in the ministry. Have you any charge at present?"

"I have not, ma'm, but am governed by the intimations of Providence in my future movements."

"Indeed ; it seems almost providential that you should arrive here just at this time. We have a large, influential Church, and no pastor ; perhaps we could secure your services. Brethren Grey and Freeman, our deacons, have designated my house as a place of meeting, to make some preliminary arrangements in regard to the selection of a preacher, and this evening is the appointed time for their conference ; your arrival is quite opportune."

"Pardon me, madam, but I think you are rather premature in your conclusions. If your's is such a Church as you describe, my qualifications may not be commensurate to its demands."

"But you will preach for us, and we can then decide how you will suit," said Mrs. Selwyn with a pleasant smile.

"I am ever willing, ma'm, to present the claims of the gospel when favored with an opportunity. Who was your pastor, and how were you deprived of his services?"

"Old Brother Heartwell, an excellent man. His influence in the community was very salutary. He was not learned in scholastic lore, but sensible and well informed, especially in biblical knowledge, and truly pious withal. Some of our most *fastidious* members were complaining loudly ; thought the old brother was not sufficiently learned to meet the demands of the Church and community, and were revolving plans by which to release him,

and obtain some one more to their taste, when He, who deviseth all things in wisdom, called the dear old brother to his reward. We may succeed in securing the services of one more learned, but I doubt his being more useful. The truth is, some of our brethren did not appreciate Bro. Heartwell. To me his sermons were replete with instruction, quite impressive, all sparkling with rich gems of scriptural truth. The people, Bro. Winterfield, have "itching ears," and are ever anxious to have "smooth things," and new things, prophesied to them. But I am reminded of other duties; will you please take a seat in the library, and occupy yourself with a book until I rejoin you?"

During this time, Julia, true to her woman's nature (for the best of us have a *little* spice of vanity in our composition), had tripped up to her room to give some necessary finishing touches to her toilette, supposing she might be called into the parlor to entertain the strange guest, as she was frequently required to do, while Aunt Mary superintended the culinary operations of the domestic department.

Hetty's sly insinuation had not lost its effect. Unconsciously she bestowed unusual care upon the adjustment of the glossy curls, as she twined them around her taper fingers. And then a difficulty arose in her mind; she could not, for the life of her, decide which collar she should wear. Don't smile, reader. If you are *not* a young lady, you have no conception of the perplexities occasioned the fair ones in the selection of "*neck-gear* and *head-gear*," as our neighbors over the way would say. But fortunately for Julia, she remembered that Hetty had said to her the previous evening, as she was ironing up her muslins, "Miss Jula, why don't you allers wear this collar with the—what you call it?—the raal Honiton lace on; do set you off so nice, *I* tell you so."

Acting upon Hetty's suggestion, she donned the designated collar, and, glancing at the mirror (which reflected a very sweet face) to satisfy herself that all was right, she descended the stairway just as her aunt came out in quest of her.

"Bro. Winterfield, permit me to introduce to you my niece, Miss Summar," said Mrs. Selwyn, re-entering the library.

William immediately arose, and bowing politely, handed Julia

■ chair. She gracefully acknowledged his courtesy, and, accepting the offered seat, entered at once into a pleasant and animated conversation.

“ You have an extensive collection of books, I perceive, Miss Summar ; you occupy much of your leisure in reading, I presume. I infer, however, from the selection, that your taste does not influence you to peruse the light literature of the day to any extent.”

“ My taste for light reading has been but little cultivated, sir. My aunt, who gave directions to my literary tastes, by selecting works for my perusal, has placed but few novels in my hands. She permitted me, however, to read a few from the most unexceptionable pens ; but I have derived no benefit from the perusal of them, I am confident.”

“ What are her objections ?—may I inquire ? ”

“ Well, she desires very much that I acquire ■ correct taste ; and for such works as will be really beneficial. She fears lest the influence of overwrought works of fiction wither and destroy this taste, and create an appetite which devours voraciously, and without discrimination, every thing of the kind that falls in the way.”

“ She is certainly correct in her conclusions, and you should be most grateful to her for thus guarding you against an evil so prevalent, and so deleterious to the formation of correct literary habits. Many young persons are doubtless injured in this way ; and there are still *other* reasons why the habit is injurious.”

“ O, yes, sir, quite a number might be recounted ; but the servant informs me dinner is waiting—will you please walk into the dining-room ? ”

The afternoon glided rapidly away ; evening approached, and with it came Bro. Gay and Freeman, in pursuance of their previously arranged appointment. Mrs. Selwyn was highly appreciated by the Church, and when matters of importance were to be discussed, her house was generally the rendezvous, that they might have the benefit of her opinion and advice. They were introduced to William, who received them with that graceful affability which so eminently distinguishes the truly refined gentleman (though he be found in the humble walks of life,) from the elaborately dressed, *perfumed fop*, who sports his mustache and

imperial, twirls his rattan, and plays off his numberless *antics*, in the form of bows and scrapes, which *he* dignifies by the euphonious appellatives, *politeness*, *refinement*, etc.

To Bro. Gray might appropriately be applied the proverbial and truly descriptive saying, "grave as a deacon," as his uniform gravity of deportment frequently awed the flippant scoffer, who ceased his profane raillery at the approach of the humble, dignified man of God.

Bro. Freeman was, in *this* particular, his antipode; possessing a fund of quaint humor, which invariably coaxed a smile from even the grave deacon Gray. A vein of real piety was apparent, however, in all his actions, chastening and purifying what otherwise might have degenerated into levity. His naturally vigorous mind had been cultivated more by reading and reflection than regular scholastic training; and although not learned, he was sensible, well informed, and from close observation had acquired an accurate knowledge of human nature. The wags about town would laughingly say, "Uncle Jimmy Freeman could see as far through a mill-stone as the man that pecked it." He had some queer, old-fashioned notions of his own, which he sometimes wished accommodated, but would succumb, if they did not meet general approbation, with a sigh, a shake of the head, and a laughing prediction, that "the world would soon get too large for its dimensions."

The result of this evening's interview was an arrangement that Bro. Winterfield should preach the next evening, preparatory to a consideration of his qualification to supply their demands as pastor.

"Our interview is very pleasant," said Bro. Gray, looking at his watch, "but it has been sufficiently protracted; we will expect you, Bro. Winterfield, to be prompt at six, to-morrow evening."

"Yes, and preach us a tip-top sermon in the bargain," said Bro. Freeman in his usual jocular manner.

"Will you promise to assist me?" said William, in the same playful strain.

"I will, God helping me," returned the kind-hearted old man, the tear of genuine feeling gathering in his eye. "I *think* I feel

the importance of bearing you up on my unworthy petitions ; and you may be sure, while you are preaching, I am trying to pray for the success of your effort."

"This, Bro. Freeman, is the spring, which, when touched, insures the minister's success. I might combine the eloquence, argumentation, power, and glowing zeal of Paul, Appollos, and Cephas ; might exhaust my lungs expostulating with sinners, and unless the Church look earnestly to God for the crowning blessing, my labors will prove ineffectual."

"True enough, Bro. Winterfield, true enough ; but I hope we have, at least, an Aaron and Hur to hold up your hands. We must away ; good night to all. God bless you, Bro. Winterfield."

As they passed down the avenue, Bro. Freeman remarked :

"I like this young man's appearance right well, Bro. Gray ; made a good prayer, didn't he ? If he can preach as well as he prays, he may make a useful man among us here, if he don't get spoilt."

Prophetic language, Deacon, and alas, how fearfully realized ! The succeeding day found the inmates of Laurel Cottage pleasantly seated in the library. Mrs. Selwyn and Julia with their knitting-work (they were sensible enough to be always profitably employed), and the young minister reading to them select portions of "Milton's Paradise Lost," a favorite work of Mrs. Selwyn's, in which she was ever discovering new beauties and excellencies. He would occasionally make a brief but eloquent comment upon some striking passage, evincing a chaste discrimination and love of the beautiful, which at once enlisted Julia's feelings, and caused her to exclaim mentally, "how unlike the brainless coxcombs that often simper around me ; whose thoughts, hopes, and aspirations are never elevated above the trifling nothings of the present hour."

The "rosy hours," freighted with delicious enjoyment, duly appreciated by the trio occupying the library room, sped on. Dinner being dispatched, William retired to his chamber to arrange his thoughts in some form, preparatory to the evening service. He opened his Bible, but the image of Julia Summar seemed smiling on him from every page. Shaking off the impression made by her sweetness of manner and evident superi-

ority to any woman he had ever known, he again betook himself to the study of his subject. But now anticipation was busily at work, endeavoring to thrust aside the drapery of the future, or peer into its impenetrable folds. Glancing adown life's vista, he conjured up scenes of future usefulness; and, despite his efforts, the silvery notes of fame's trumpet sent out ravishing music, cheering him on to action. The perishing condition of sinners, suspended by life's precarious tenure over the fearful abyss of ruin, melted into tenderness the heart whose pulsations were just now excited by ambitious dreams, and arousing from his reverie he pursued his subject with interest.

The house was filled when William, accompanied by Mrs. Selwyn and Julia, arrived. After the usual preliminary services, he read his text and announced his theme: "The love of Christ, as manifested in his humiliation and death."

He, who was the brightness of his Father's glory, the express image of his person, who was "King of Kings and Lord of Lords." Who created the heavens and earth, and sustained them thousands of years. Who peopled earth with myriads of immortal beings, and filled heaven with ranks of glorified angels. Seraphim and cherubim, thrones, dominions, principalities and powers, received from him their being, dignity, and happiness. He kindled the seraph's fire, and arrayed with immortal youth, beauty and glory, every angel's form. In heaven these immortal multitudes enjoyed perfect happiness beneath his smile; in earth, all things were supported by his hand, controlled by his power. All was harmony above; all, except man, order and subjection below. Thus he reigned; heaven his throne, the universe his kingdom. A period of inexpressible wonder arrives. From the pure abode of love and joy, leaving the bosom of his Father and the regions of eternal day, in a manner surpassing all investigation, the divine person unites himself with humanity, becomes literally man; though rich, becomes poor; endures hunger, cold, weariness; is forsaken by his friends, cruelly treated by his enemies. O! love divine, where are thy limits? Beyond the ken of mortals or of angels. The stupendous sun, the brilliant moon, the sparkling stars, "the spacious firmament," all have their bounds; but *that* love is boundless, unfathomable, incomprehensible.

The speaker's eye flashed, as, excited by this love, he portrayed its wondrous exhibitions, and his mellow voice was tremulous with emotion. He now delineated more clearly the agonies of the incarnate God; and, as his vivid imagination pictured him suspended upon the cross, the cruel spear inserted in his side, the crown of thorns encircling his brow, while in agony he exclaimed, "It is finished!" the tear of excited sympathy might be seen trembling in many an eye.

William descended from the pulpit to receive the cordial greetings of numerous brethren and sisters, who came forward eagerly to make his acquaintance. Deacon Freeman introduced them in his usual familiar, unceremonious manner, the smile of hearty good will beaming like sunshine from his benevolent features, and shedding its cheering influence upon all around.

Among a group advancing towards William was the gay, beautiful, sprightly, but heartless Isabel Danvers. During a period of great religious excitement she united with the Church of which her parents were members; yet her soul seemed absorbed in life's vanities, the great object of her life being to excite admiration and lead captive the hearts of those who were so unfortunate as to be drawn within the circle of which she was the brilliant center. Her father was a wealthy aristocrat, and had lavished upon her as much affection as his selfish heart was capable of bestowing upon any object. She was rather brilliant in conversation, possessing a vein of native wit, which occasionally flashed out with startling *piquantness*. She was strikingly beautiful. Tall, symmetrical, her movements were perfect grace; and yet there was an air of dignity about her which at once commanded homage as *right*, which she must necessarily exact as a deserving tribute. When, however, there was a heart to subdue, an admirer to enchain to her vanity-car, she would assume an ingeniousness, a softness, an affectation of feeling, which generally ensured success.

William was bending over, speaking words of consolation to an aged sister, who had warmly clasped his hand, when the young ladies approached, and Bro. Freeman, true to his purpose, determined that all should honor "the new preacher," touched his arm. He turned about, and as his eye rested upon Isabel he

started, and for a moment seemed bewildered at the vision of beauty that burst so unexpectedly upon him. The quick eye of Isabel detected his emotion, and the flush of gratified vanity mounted to her exquisitely rounded cheek, while in her heart sunk deeply the resolve, to entangle within her meshes the young, gifted, intellectual minister, as the most brilliant trophy ever yet won by her. Beware, reckless daughter of vanity, lest thou art caught in thine own snare.

(To be Continued.)

AN EVENING SCENE IN BUNYAN'S PRISON LIFE.

THE following incident in the prison history of the life of Bunyan is touching in the extreme on account of its domestic pathos. He had a blind child, and she was allowed to be his solace-visitor. His greatest pain used to be his parting with this dear little blind pratler evening after evening, when the prison regulations demanded that the pilgrim should be left alone. It was a comfort to him that she could not see his sorrow; but he invariably blessed her, prayed for her, and invoked heaven to bless her too. It is one of these partings that is described in the following touching lines; the child is warned out—the jailor waits for her—the father is pouring forth his blessing and his prayer—and this is the evening scene in the life of John Bunyan. The turnkey is not a hard man—he is greatly touched—he is finding the waters in the well of his heart, and deeply, and sadly, and with a spirit of Christian brotherhood, does he pity both father and child. It is a scene of thrilling interest. Now read the poem which its simple beauty has inspired.

BUNYAN PARTING WITH HIS BLIND CHILD.

The day is waning!—there is one
 Who, in his prison strife,
 Is not yet setting—like the sun—
 Nor waning out of life!
His day has yet more full to glow,
 Truth will enrich its beam,
 And unborn thousands burn to know
 Its glory and its gleam.

But now—*now* is the time of dark
 To all his mortal joy—
 Save that the soul's electric spark
 Keeps *love* without alloy!

Behind his iron prison-bars,
 Within its walls of stone,
 His spirit decks the world with stars
 That shine through love alone !

Poor Bunyan ! he has passed his day
 Within the weary place,
 Still tagging,* like a child at play,
 The money-bringing lace !
 The prattle of a simple child
 Hath blessed his tender mind,
 And all his heart hath been beguiled—
He busy, and *she* blind !

When blind old Milton sat and gave
 His muse the eagle wing,
 His daughters, with a spirit brave,
 Interpreted their king !
 When Bunyan—eyes and brain awake—
 Was chained to his distress,
His blind girl, for affection's sake,
 Still brought him happiness.

Sweet happiness it was to her,
Most that she could not see
 The room, whence he might never stir,
 The dungeon misery !
 She could not see the pallet bed,
 The drear damp walls of stone,
 The bars, the fearful locks, the dread
 Of being left alone.

Poor little girl ! she only knew
 His kindly voice and heart,
 Those tones the morrow will renew,
 Although to-night they part.
 Dear Bunyan ! he hath much to bear,
 To drive man's spirit wild.
 "The day is waning, no despair !
 Part boldly with thy child !"

'Tis a sweet picture—one that tells
 Amid so cold a scene,
 Through iron bars, in prison cells,
 How love creeps in between !

* The process of putting the tin on the laces, at which Bunyan worked to assist his family in relieving their common wants.

Bless the poor martyr's girl, whose love
Is to her father given,
Bless him—whose eyes are turned above,
And praying up to heaven.

There breaks from out the canvass now—
Like sunbeams through a cloud—
Something that shines on heart and brow,
And speaks, though not aloud!—
It is that jailor!—it is rare
To find a jailor mild;
But mark his look of pitying care,
Upon the little child!

The man is touched, the human love
Sits shining in his breast,
And nature's fondest feelings prove
Their strength o'er all the rest!
He might lock hundreds in their cell,
With gyves upon their hands;
But Bunyan's blessing and farewell
Unman him where he stands!

All this is lovely in its rise,
It tells a Christian truth,
It should be set before the eyes
Of gentle, thoughtful youth.
Its aim is at the human heart;
And if it reach its goal,
The painter will have made his dart
An arrow of the soul!

EVENING MEDITATIONS.

THE gorgeous rays of the setting sun lighted up the pinnacles of more than a thousand granite palaces. Silvery streams meandered through the well-kept gardens which surrounded each habitation. I stood alone amid this profusion of classic architecture and floral beauty. No sound was heard, save the twittering of young birds, as they flit from bough to bough of the dark yew-tree, or the sombre branches of the Norwegian pine. In silence the weeping-willow kissed the softly murmuring stream which laved its roots. Buried in profound repose, every inmate, with fingers in rigid clasp over the chest, await the signal (how long—oh, how long!) which shall summon them into the presence of Him, who remembers the past. Here all contentions, all

distinctions, are forgotten. The proud, the humble, quietly lay side by side. The soft winds of heaven, the fierce gale, the gentle shower, the deep mantle of snow, pass over all alike. *Death* is monarch of all he surveys. In grim satisfaction he views the weeping mourner deposit his precious burden and pass out of his dominions, for well he knows that he must inevitably return. Stretching out his icy finger, he embraces the utmost limits of earth, whose foundations are not firmer than his signet. In yon life-stirring city, where disease, thy strongest ally, feeds his rapacious appetite—man, oblivious of thy proximity, meteor-like, shines upon the path of life, then sinks into thy insatiable jaws. Thy youth and strength, grim despot, are undiminished. Governments are constituted and demolished. Kings reign and are deposed; but thy reign, coeval with time, still in its vigor, shall only terminate when time itself shall be no more.

Softly the moonbeams fall upon yon little mound, whose green covering, watered by the tears of maternal affection, waves in the nocturnal breeze. A simple stone tells the oft-repeated tale—"The bud shall blossom in heaven." In this city of everlasting repose the moonlight reveals her streets enameled with earth's most precious gems. The loud wail of the midnight storm passes unheeded. The soft patter of summer shower is unfelt. The boisterous grief, the deep sigh of the broken heart, are alike unnoticed. How impressive the rebuke to vanity and worldly wisdom; and yet the stream of dissipation, disregardful of the solemn admonition, flows on. The young, in the hey-day of life, the blood exhilarating in their veins, forget that age, decrepitude, and the grave are before them. Nor is this all; just beyond the gloomy portals of the grave awaits an eternity of bliss or woe. We polish and re-gild the lamp, forgetting to replenish the oil, which is almost consumed. Turning in and out the intricate labyrinths of life, a sudden gust may extinguish the feeble taper ere our hand may be raised to shield it. O, how horrible to go down in the grave, into the valley and shadow of death, and no ray of light to warn us from taking that path which may lead us into everlasting woe. That vale, where forever hangs the shadow of death. No cheering light is there, save in the hand of the just man, who is going to be made perfect. Though the wail of the damned reverberates through this dismal vault, and hell's lurid fires flash through the murky atmosphere, undaunted he moves onward, never wavering in the faith that his lamp will guide him triumphantly to the land where death has no sting, and the grave no victory.

The young woman, in her pride of youth and beauty, should oft visit this city of the dead. Her symmetrical limbs, her radiant smile, the life-blood mantling in her cheek, the fire of intellect burning in her eye, must at last serve as a banquet for the worm. We go with our beloved ones to the grave; under the cold earth we hide them, that our eyes may not be disgusted with the corruption they must see. Over the green mound we implant the wild rose and ever-beloved forget-me-not. O, no; never from the tablets of our memory can be obliterated their endeared features! How often their sweet

voices come floating past us in the twilight hour, and the tremulous air seems impregnated with their vitativeness. Alas! 'tis all mockery. How bitter the tear, how deep the sigh, as reality tells us the places which knew them once shall know them no more; and yet we turn away forgetful, we, too, must drink the same cup.

The tree, in the wintry blast denuded of its bright foliage, gives no impression of a renewal of life; enshrouded in its mantle of snow like a lifeless thing, inert it stands the rude gale whistling through its leafless branches, oft breaking them asunder. But the genial breath of Spring, with its baptismal showers, regenerates the cold mass, and once again it waves in the breeze a thing of life and loveliness.

Then why is it hard to believe that an Omnipotent Being, by the potent energy of his word, can bring forth from the grave every soul, though they may have slumbered, by his decree, for centuries in the bosom of the earth. Resurrection!—How vast the meaning embodied in this word. How magnificent the spectacle, when death is conquered and the grave gives up its tenants, rising and filling all space with loud hosannas to God on high. The earth, like an atom, with its pomp and its glory, recedes from my thoughts. What are its treasures, its triumphs, when compared to that life where God is the Alpha and Omega? Oft in visions my soul wings its way to that celestial clime, there to bathe her pinions until the dust of earth clings no longer to them. What a ravishing sight when truth, made manifest, shall, with her myriads of followers, stand glowing like a sapphire in the presence of Him who created it.

There is a department in nature over which sinful and God-defying man has no control. He cannot change the seasons, neither can he stay the wind and rains. The lightnings play at will, and the deep thunder shakes the earth below. High in the heavens are placed the sun, moon, and stars;—quiet sentinels, for they are God's ministering angels, and they keep watch over the city of the dead. Softly and lovingly their burning glances shimmer through the evening air. Low sighs murmur through the sombre evergreens which shelter their nesting places. Here let us leave them in their dreamless and unbroken sleep until that chord vibrates which shall quicken the dead and bring them forth from the grave.

MRS. A. O. SMITH.

MARCH, 1857.

LINES

Written on the death of MISS JEMIMA PIATT.

Gentle sister, thou now art gone

From the band that loved thee here;

Gone to thy Eternal Home,

A purer, brighter, holier sphere.

The angels of that upper world
 Had wooed thy loving heart from this ;
 Thou wert too pure for our dark earth,
 Alike for mortal's woe or bliss.

'Twas hard for thy loved ones to part
 With one who was so dear to them ;
 But Christ had looked into thy heart,
 And sealed it for his diadem.

And then the time seemed long to thee,
 With every lingering painful breath
 Thy soul went up in ecstasy,
 The burden of its hope was Death.

At last it came—a welcome guest ;
 Received thy *strange embrace of love* ;
 And bore thee to thy Saviour's breast,
 The home prepared for thee above.

Now thou hast joined that cherished one—
 The first that left your earthly band ;
 Thy ransomed soul with rapture met
 Her welcome to the spirit land.

Ye lived in love together here ;
She went a little while before,
 But *now* ye are together *there*,
 And shall be so *forever more*.

MARY OF KENTUCKY.

ADVICE EXTRAORDINARY TO A YOUNG PREACHER.—Make no apologies. I remember when the apology was a part of the regular exordium. It is not so common now-a-days, but too frequent still. If you have been too lazy to prepare for the pulpit, and self-mortification ensues, why, then mortify, but ask no sympathy of the congregation ; for it is very probable that they will be as much mortified as yourself, with the additional vexation of having to pay for it. You may as well be informed at once, that discerning men regard most apologies as either an excuse for indolence, or a low, transparent trick to heighten the admiration of what is to come. The truth is, that if your sermon is worth hearing, the people will find it out ; and if not, no apology will make them think better of it, or you.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

APRIL 1, 1857.

MR. CAMPBELL'S ORTHODOXY.—We had intended to have given to our readers Mr. Campbell's first article on his "Orthodoxy," accompanied with some remarks. A month's absence on private business has forced a postponement. As a starting-point to the discussion we give Mr. C.'s preliminary paragraph to his Article No. 1. It is worth studying.

"We presume to say that we apprehend, if we do not comprehend, what are the basis and sub-basis of real orthodoxy in the latitudes of London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Amsterdam, Geneva, and in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, as well as Cincinnati and Louisville; and I do know that I have not entertained, nor ever published orally, nor printed one period which, in its proper contextual import or bearing, impinges upon any cardinal point in what is properly called, in any one of these ecclesiastical centers, orthodoxy."

We dare not suspect any double dealing or double meaning in the plain English of the above utterance. Mr. Campbell apprehends "what is properly called" and understood as orthodoxy from London to Louisville; and not one period, by tongue, or type has he published, or even entertained, which "impinges upon," or rung against what is properly called orthodoxy in any of those places. So says Mr. Campbell; and what answer can be made to it? His has been a life of aggressive warfare. The din and dust of the battle have been ever around him. In his long and laborious life-struggle almost every subject embraced in the divine oracles has at one time or other come under his review; and his utterances have ever awakened the most painful suspicions of his skepticism or hostility to what was the basis of real orthodoxy in one and all of those ecclesiastical centers. On this supposition, on this account—to ward off his keen, sarcastic spear-thrusts, or huge, giant blows, directed with consummate skill at the bulwarks of orthodoxy—on this supposition has he been watched, met, and attacked. Continued, earnest, uncompromising, has been the conflict up to this hour. But Mr. Campbell's foes—aye, and his friends too—it appears, have been entirely mistaken. It is all a tragedy of errors—a mere unfortunate misunderstanding of his English. His words, unfortunately, made a wrong, a false, a most mischievous impression. We have all been mistaken then. He has never "impinged upon," struck upon, run against "any cardinal point in what is properly called orthodoxy. Well, then, what *has* Mr. Campbell impinged upon?—What has he leveled his batteries against this quarter of a century past? What was the battle about? What is the victory? Where shall we and posterity place Mr. Campbell? We must leave it here. Surely, it cannot be, that, like the King of France, with twice ten thousand men he marched up the hill and then marched down again. We shall see.

COMPLIMENTARY.—The following extract, from a private letter, can hardly come under the head of complimentary, and yet we have seldom received from ■ correspondent anything which has more affected us.

The first part of the extract was read aloud by one of those of whom it speaks to the other as being something playful; but tears started when the allusion to the family altar was read. Thank God, that, in the battle of life, its struggles, its heartlessness, its envyings and its malice, with so much to sicken the heart, in the world-desert there come from green Eden bowers zephyrs burdened with a cheering fragrance; and souls, whose mortal glance you have never seen, are inviting dewy blessings on you.

"I fancy there is a holy emulation between husband and wife in the way of excelling each other in their respective departments; and this is conducted with such equality as to be a subject of some debate with self and "my better half," which shall have the first reading. I, of the historical portion, by S. H. Ford; she, of the enchanting narrative of S. Rochester.

"Believe me, when I say, the Editors of so charming a work are not forgotten by us when we together bow in mutual prayer around our family altar! 'Tis in the family circle you talk with *us* when the busy cares of the day are laid aside; and where else, but around this same social fire-side, should we crave the blessings of heaven upon our thrice-welcomed guests?

"Affectionately, W. H. BARKSDALE.

"LEIGHTON, Alabama."

We never saw the writer of this, nor her whose heart sighed out the prayer he offered for the far-off stranger. But we know them, and love them; and to-night, will gaze by faith upon the star of Bethlehem, and bow together at our Father's mercy seat. Brother, sister, we shall meet above.

GRACE TRUMAN AND OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—The deep interest taken in the chapters of Grace Truman, as they have appeared in the Repository, has been gratefully appreciated. For its discontinuance in the Repository we wish to offer a word.

PLEASE NOTICE. Grace Truman was *never promised* in the prospectus or advertisement of the Repository. By our promises, as far as in us lies, we will sacredly abide, and redeem them, were it with our last breath. Faithful have we been to every pledge made to our subscribers. To obtain a Church-book or old document, for some solitary fact, I have often traveled a hundred miles in mid winter, so as to continue my historical sketches as promised. Let any one look over our prospectus for last year and this, and they will not find an item that we have not fulfilled, or are trying to fulfill. But Grace Truman was never pledged or promised; never announced in our advertisements or prospectus; never held up as an inducement to subscribers. It was introduced a year ago without a word or a promise. These are the facts.

But the object of Grace was to illustrate the misgivings, struggles, arguments, and triumphs of a Christian female, tempted to depart from gospel order, and commune with the unbaptized. Twelve chapters in twelve months have illustrated all this, and has, in fact, been furnished in the Repository.

Grace has been borne, through all her trials, triumphant; and all that follows is on another subject—Baptism, in which others, and not Mrs. Holmes, are the actors.

Besides all this, when Grace was commenced our issue was only fifteen hundred; three thousand have since been added. All our discontinuances have been from the first fifteen hundred subscribers. About three-fourths of our subscribers commenced in the middle of the story, and feel but little interest in it on this account, and have, therefore, besieged us to stop it and give it in a book. Add to all this, that it would take another year to publish the whole in the Repository, and crowd out a variety of rich and interesting matter from the pen of the author of Grace, and as well as gifted sisters, whose communications are lying in our drawer, and the question is difficult to decide—shall Grace be continued in the Repository? Well, as three good brethren and true, in whose judgment we place great confidence, have intimated some dissatisfaction at the discontinuance of Grace, the author has consented to give three more chapters, which will finish everything about Grace and her husband. The remainder, altogether confined to Mr. Gordon and Fannie, Mr. Lewis and Annie, is a separate affair—almost a different book. *It will not appear in the Repository.*

The brethren have been sending orders for Grace Truman in a way that has surprised us. We expect the book from New York every day.

HISTORY OF SALEM ASSOCIATION.—The history of Severn's Valley Church, furnished by Samuel Haycraft, will repay perusal. When, some months since, we stated, in connection with South Kentucky Association, that John La Rue was a Baptist and a preacher, we received communications from some of his descendants—two of whom are distinguished ministers in this State—doubting the matter. I could but give them my authority. I so found it in Asplund's Register, and in Collin's History of Kentucky, under the head of La Rue County. It will be seen from the history of Severn's Valley Church that the old pioneer was a member of it, and an Elder.

THE HIGH PRIEST.—An article, on the Office and Vestments of the High Priest, as seen in the frontispiece, together with two other beautiful illustrations, has been crowded out of this number. It is laid over for next month. The illustrations and cut, which have already appeared this year in the Repository, cost four hundred dollars. There will be twice as many engravings in each succeeding number this year.

THE GENERAL ASSOCIATION, let it be remembered, meets on Tuesday, the 5th of May; and the Southern Convention the Friday following. It will be the largest Baptist gathering ever witnessed in this State.

Will each brother and sister bring along with them a club of new subscribers to the Repository?

DANVILLE, KY., FEMALE SEMINARY.—Elder A. Pomroy, former Principal of the Female Seminary, Jackson, Miss., has taken charge of the Seminary at Danville, Ky. We have long known Bro. P., and our old subscribers will remember his able contributions to the Repository during its first year. He is a scholar of the first order, and speaks fluently several modern languages. We congratulate the friends at Danville on obtaining his services. Hope he will again contribute to our pages.

THE WESTERN RECORDER is the oldest religious paper in the West, and leads all others of any character or denomination in Kentucky. It deserves a steadfast and generous support.

SIX THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS.—We are rapidly approximating this number. Let us have them, and the Repository shall be made doubly interesting as it now is. Brethren, will you not all help us to accomplish this?

WAYLAND'S NOTES.—This is, undoubtedly, among the best and most useful books of the age. It can be obtained at the Book-store of Kirk & Clark. Price, One Dollar.

STORY OF JOSEPH.—We have a brief, touching history of Joseph, for which we have ordered several beautiful illustrative engravings. As soon as they are ready it will appear.

OBITUARY.—Died, in Prairie Round, Kalamazoo Co., Mich., on Thursday, 22d inst., **MAGGIE APPLGATE**, wife of Samuel Wells, aged 18 years.

Scarcely had the bridal wreath, as it adorned the fair brow of this lovely bride, faded from the memory of her many relatives and friends, ere they were called upon to spread the pall for her funeral. How many and varied are the phases of this life! To-day we are happy, the very center of friendship and love, and around us revolve all their satellites, lending their aid to buoy us up in the bark of hope and brighten our anticipations of the future. On we glide upon this sea, without a wave to ruffle its surface, for a day, a week, a month, perchance a year, and we look out upon the prospect before us, and discover, perhaps, away in the "dim distance" upon our horizon, a small cloud. It rises, it spreads, it unites with other probably lesser ones, until our whole canopy is o'ershadowed with the blackness of adversity, and all these satellites of friendship and love are entirely obscured; but, while their primary, the loved object or companion of the soul, remains, there is light in darkness. But let that be stricken out, as in this instance, and our "house is," indeed, "left unto us desolate." We seek in vain from this world for one to comfort, and exclaim in the anguish of our soul, Shall we not have this light upon our pathway again! Oh, bereaved one, echo answers, shall we not—has it not been transferred to a more glorious sphere, and will continue to send its genial rays as a "lamp unto your feet," and a light unto your darkened pathway? Look up! She cannot come to you, but you can go to her. She is evermore a bright star in the galaxy of heaven, to woo and light you onward. And may this very circumstance yet enable you to say in truth and sincerity, "I would not live always," but welcome the harbinger that shall release you from your tenement of clay, and unite you with the loved ones who have preceded you to the paradise of God. "Whom he loveth, he chasteneth."

TRUTH.

The Christian Repository.

NO. LXV.—MAY, 1857.

WHERE DID THE BAPTISTS COME FROM ?

MILESTONE II.

“WE are cheered by the rays from former generations, and live in the sunny reflection of all their light.”

Monuments rise all along the stream of time, whose summits, like the fabled statue, kindled beneath the light, give out cheering music, and over the deep sorrows of humanity throw a halo of hope and joy. We can thus look up the dark current in its ever onward, desolating sweep, bearing on its flood the wreck of nations and of systems ; can behold the rocky towers where our fathers have stood, and the deep indented foot-prints crimsoned with their blood ; and can hear above the deep silence the sublime echo of their voices. We are their children. They link us to the past. Their histories, like the tombstones of our parents, speak lovingly to us from their graves.

Such a monument—a link in our common brotherhood—was Hanserd Knollys, a Baptist preacher, who was imprisoned in New England by virtue of a warrant from the high Court of Commission—a Protestant inquisition—which followed him with its persecutions till the day of his death. Around him were numerous Baptists. They had fled in search of freedom to this New World, but their tracks were followed, and their first Church-meeting, near Boston, broken up, and they haled to prison by the agents of the law. Eighteen years after the landing of the Mayflower, when every man in the colony was English born, before Roger Williams was baptized, a Church of Baptists was formed in America. *Where did they come from ?*

Let us pass along this connecting link across the Atlantic—from New England to Old England.

Hanserd Knollys was born in Lincoln, England, in 1598. He graduated with honor at Cambridge University. Having joined the Baptists, he became the object of Episcopal hate. He passed over to New England, where persecutions still followed him. When the news reached him of the revolution which brought Charles I. to the block in 1648, he returned to England. "A few years after his return from America (says Crosby), we find Mr. Knollys discharging his public ministry to a congregation of his own gathering, in Great St. Helen's, London, where the people flocked in crowds to hear him, and he had generally a thousand auditors. This roused the jealousy of the Presbyterians, and the landlord was prevailed on to refuse them the use of the place any longer."

"The life of this good man was one continued scene of vexation and trouble. Soon after the Restoration, in 1660, Mr. Knollys, with many other innocent persons, was dragged from his own dwelling-house, and committed to Newgate, where he was kept in close custody for eighteen weeks, until delivered by an Act of Grace upon the King's coronation. At that time, four hundred persons were confined in the same prison for refusing to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy. A royal proclamation, occasioned by the rebellion of a person of the name of Venner, was issued at this time, prohibiting Anabaptists and other sectaries from worshiping God in public, except at their parish church. This cruel edict was the signal for persecution, and the forerunner of those sanguinary laws which disgraced the reigns of the Stuarts; and to these things we must attribute the frequent removals of Mr. Knollys, mentioned in a former part of this memoir. During his absence in Holland and Germany, his property was confiscated to the Crown; and, when the law did not favor the monarch's pretensions, a party of soldiers were despatched to take forcible possession of Mr. Knollys' premises, which had cost him upwards of £700."

The old man died in poverty at the age of ninety-three, after spending at different times nine years imprisonment, besides fines and banishments. In a brief review of his life, as immortality was about to break in upon him, he wrote: "I confess that many of the Lord's ministers have excelled me, with whom he has not

taken so much pains as he hath with me. I am an unprofitable servant ; but, ‘ by the grace of God, I am what I am.’ ”

The brief visit of Hanserd Knollys to America, and his return to England, together with sacrifices and sufferings—amid which he stood like a tower, unawed and unbowed beneath the thunder-storm—give to his character peculiar interest. But, beyond this, the age in which he lived will ever be memorable to Baptists. It was the age of Toombs, of Collier, of Kiffin, and of Bunyan—a day of trial and triumph. Let us listen to the historian, Macaulay, speaking of these men :

“ Bunyan had been bred a tinker, and had served as a private soldier in the parliamentary army. Early in his life he had been fearfully tortured by remorse for his youthful sins, the worst of which seem, however, to have been such as the world thinks venial. From the depths of despair, the penitent passed to a state of serene felicity. An irresistible impulse now urged him to impart to others the blessing of which he was himself possessed. He joined the Baptists, and became a preacher and writer. His education had been that of a mechanic. He knew no language but the English, as it was spoken by the common people. Yet his rude oratory roused and melted hearers who listened without interest to the labored discourses of great logicians and Hebraists. His works were widely circulated among the humbler classes. One of them, the *Pilgrim’s Progress*, in his own lifetime, was translated into several languages. * * *

“ It may be doubted whether any English Dissenter had suffered more severely under the penal laws than John Bunyan. Of the twenty-seven years which had elapsed since the Restoration, he had passed twelve in confinement. He still persisted in preaching ; but, that he might preach, he was under the necessity of disguising himself like a carter. He was often introduced into meetings through back doors, with a smock frock on his back, and a whip in his hand. If he had thought only of his own ease and safety, he would have hailed the Indulgence with delight. He was now, at length, free to pray and exhort in open day. His congregation rapidly increased ; thousands hung upon his words ; and at Bedford, where he ordinarily resided, money was plentifully contributed to build a meeting-house for him. His influence among the common people was such that the government would willingly have bestowed on him some municipal office ; but his vigorous understanding and his stout English heart were proof against all delusion and all temptation. He felt assured that the proffered toleration was merely a bait intended to lure the Puritan party to destruction ; nor would he, by accepting a place for which

he was not legally qualified, recognize the validity of the dispensing power. One of the last acts of his virtuous life was to decline an interview to which he was invited by an agent of the government.”*

“Great as was the authority of Bunyan with the Baptists, that of William Kiffin was still greater. Kiffin was the first man among them in wealth and station. He was in the habit of exercising his spiritual gifts at their meetings; but he did not live by preaching. He traded largely; his credit on the Exchange of London stood high; and he had accumulated an ample fortune. Perhaps no man could, at that juncture, have rendered more valuable services to the Court. But between him and the Court was interposed the remembrance of one terrible event. He was the grandfather of the two Hewlings, those gallant youths who, of all the victims of the Bloody Assizes, had been the most generally lamented. For the sad fate of one of them, James was in a peculiar manner responsible. Jeffreys had respited the younger brother. The poor lad’s sister had been ushered by Churchill into the royal presence, and had begged for mercy; but the King’s heart had been obdurate. The misery of the whole family had been great; but Kiffin was most to be pitied. He was seventy years old when he was left desolate, the survivor of those who should have survived him. The heartless and venal sycophants of Whitehall, judging by themselves, thought that the old man would be easily propitiated by an Alderman’s gown, and by some compensation in money for the property which his grandson had forfeited.”†

Of Thomas Collier, a passing word is all that can be given. He preached at Guernsey, where he had many converts; but his cruel persecutors would not allow him to enjoy peace. They banished him and many of his followers from the place, and cast him into prison at Portsmouth; but how long he remained in confinement we are not informed. On account of his incessant labors and extensive usefulness, he is represented by his adversaries as having done much hurt in Lymington, Hampton, Waltham, and all along the West country. “This Collier,” says Edwards, one of his Pedobaptist cotemporaries, “is a great sectary in the west of England, a mechanical fellow, and a great emissary, and a dipper, who goes about Surrey, Hampshire, and those counties, preaching and dipping.”‡

* The continuation of Bunyan’s Life appended to his *Grace Abounding*.

† Macaulay’s *History*, Vol. II, p. 175.

‡ *Sketches of Early Baptists*.

But time would fail to speak of Bamfield, of Denne, and of Tombs, the antagonist of Baxter, of Jessey also, and of Goswold, whose congregation in London, even at that day, was three thousand, and whose pulpit powers no man in England surpassed.

This was in 1660. There were then, even in the midst of all this persecution, two hundred and seventeen Baptist Churches in England; and a fearless avowal of their convictions, long afterwards known as the *Philadelphia Confession of Faith*, was published and circulated, among whose signers were Kiffin, and Tombs, and Knollys.

It was a dark, and yet a glorious day, for the Baptist denomination; for the blackest clouds send forth the brightest lightnings. Charles I. was dethroned in 1648, and royalty, nobility, Episcopacy, and the whole tribe of dead formalities were swept like rotting leaves from the realm. But the Stuarts had returned, and with sin and treason in their train, marched with garments rolled in blood and crime over the rights of a prostrate people. Episcopacy—ever the deadly foe of Christianity and soul-freedom—was again enthroned and clad in scarlet. It plied at once its engines of oppression and cruelty. But there were those whom the power of the Bishops could neither bend nor crush. Above their thunder rose with fearless front the forms of Bunyan, of Kiffin, of thousands more, whose names are found only in heaven's martyr-roll; Baptists, whose fidelity to their principles was, *like* those principles themselves—DEATHLESS.

From 1649 to 1659 was a kind of twilight hour of hope; and most valiantly did the Baptists press upon the attention of the world their principles of soul-freedom. These principles, previously sheltered in obscurity, became the property of the people. The parliamentary army, whose splendid victories won freedom for England, and struck terror to the tyrants of Europe, was composed, to a great extent, of Baptists. An army, not of hireling fighters, but of true men, battling for freedom. "In dark, inextricable difficulties," says Carlyle, "Cromwell's officers used to assemble and pray alternately for hours, for days, till some definite resolution arose among them. Consider that—in tears, in fervent prayers, and cries to the great God to have pity on them, to make his light shine before them. A little band of Christian

brothers, who had drawn the sword against a black, devouring world, they cried to God in their straights, in their extreme need, not to forsake the cause that was his. The light that now rose upon them, how could a human soul by any means get better light? To them it was as the shining of heaven's own splendor in the vast howling darkness."* Never before had the world seen such an army, whose "officers preached," and whose privates were constantly "busy in searching the scriptures."

Major General Harrison, one of the most distinguished leaders, was a Baptist. To the cause of freedom his life had been given; and his death on the scaffold, on the return of Charles II., was that of a pious Christian hero. Ludlow, Tilburn, and Overton the friend of Milton, and Col. Mason, the governor of the Isle of Jersey, were Baptists. And such was their increase and influence, that Baxter, the Presbyterian, complained that many of the soldiers became Baptists as a means of promotion. He laments, that "those who at first were but a few in the city and army, had, within three years, grown into a multitude." To them he traces the invasion of Scotland, the downfall of monarchy, and the establishment of a Republic.† In Cromwell's own family their influence was felt; and the genius of Milton shunned not to avow these sentiments. No wonder that Bunyan, who once served in the army against the King; no wonder that Baptists, generally, were the victims of hate and of cruelty, from Kings, and Bishops, and Presbyters. They were, as their antagonist, Hawks, has said, "Republicans from principle." In the destruction of the throne of Charles, they were the principal actors. During that brief hour of freedom, they multiplied by thousands. But we must pass a little farther up the stream. To our inquiry—*Where did the Baptists come from?*

The confession or declaration of principles, to which reference has been made, was published during the reign of Charles I., in 1643. Thirty-two years previous, when the burning rage of Episcopal persecution was at its height, a similar avowal of their faith—a bold confession of their immortal principles—was published to

* Hero Worship, page 195.

† Baxter's Works, xx., p. 255.

‡ Rippon's Register, No. 8.

When Busher thus lifted his voice, the ashes of Edward Wight-the world.† A reference to these *Confessions of Faith* often curls the lip of ignorance into a heartless sneer. But let the eye glance a moment on the situation of those who signed and sent forth these confessions; let their sorrows, their foes, the dangers menacing them, be seen,—and the man who does not honor the real heroism displayed in the fearless, outspoken avowal of their principles, is one destitute of the noblest instincts of humanity.

A sublime scene was that, when, in the old Hall in Philadelphia, with the roar of the British lion in their ears, feeble, and unorganized, and an ignominious death the certain consequence of defeat, man after man moved calmly forward and placed his name to that immortal document—the Declaration of Independence. Is there any comparison? Let us see.

THE BAPTISTS OF ENGLAND WERE POOR. Into their situation we can have an insight by an extract from a tract, put forth by one of them in 1613. A tract, on which, if we will reflect a moment, we will acknowledge to be a deep tone of sorrow, wrung from crushed, yet trusting, fearless hearts. It is from a little work published by Leonard Busher, citizen of London, entitled “A Plea for Liberty of Conscience, presented to King James.”

“Another reason,” says Busher, toward the close of his treatise, “why so many good people are now deceived, is, because we that have most truth are persecuted, and therefore most poor; whereby we are unable to write and print, as we would, against the adversaries of truth. It is hard to get our daily bread with our weak bodies and feeble hands. How, then, should we have to defray other charges, and to write and print? I have, through the help of God, out of his word, made a scourge of small cords, whereby anti-Christ and his ministers might be driven out of the temple of God. Also a declaration of certain false translations in the New Testament. But I want wherewith to print and publish them. Therefore must they rest till the Lord seeth good to supply it.”

Ah, *poor* Bushen! And yet dare he and the Baptists of his day—three years after the King James’ version was sent forth—attempt to show up the *false* translations of our present version. Then, alas, they were too poor to print the corrections that truth required. But they did not and do not despair.

man were still being borne about by the winds; for, three years previous, he was burnt at the stake at Lichfield for being a Baptist. He was charged with affirming "that the baptizing of infants is an abominable custom; that the Lords supper and baptism are not to be celebrated as they now are in the Church of England; and that Christianity is not wholly professed and preached in the Church of England, but only in part." For these, Episcopacy doomed him to death. It was the year 1612, April 11, that Wightman was sent to the stake, one year after James' version was given to the world. And that almost canonized head of the Episcopal Church thus, in the name of Christ, authorized poor Wightman's death.

"Whereas, the reverend father in Christ, Richard, by divine providence, of Coventry and Lichfield, bishop, hath signified unto us, that he, judicially proceeding, according to the exigence of the ecclesiastical canons, and of the laws and customs of this our kingdom of England, against one Edward Wightman, of the parish of Burton upon Trent, in the diocese of Coventry and Lichfield, and upon the wicked heresies of Ebion, Cerinthus, Valentinian, Arius, Macedonius, Simon Magus, Manus, Manichees, Photinus, and of the ANABAPTISTS. * * *

"We command thee, that thou cause the said Edward Wightman, being in thy custody, to be committed to the fire in some public and open place, below the city aforesaid, for the cause aforesaid, before the people; and the same Edward Wightman, in the same fire, cause really to be burned, in the detestation of the said crime, and for manifest example of other Christians, that they may not fall into the same crime. And this no ways omit, under the peril that shall follow thereon."

"Witnesses, etc."

And the Episcopal historian, Dr. Fuller, a cotemporary with these events, says: "God may seem well pleased with these seasonable severities."

It was in the midst of such circumstances as these—poor, calumniated, fined, banished, burnt at the stake—that Baptists had the courage to make public confession of the truths they held, and for which they were ready to die. Fearlessly, without equivocation or compromise, in the face of danger and death, they penned, they signed, they published, and circulated what they professed and confessed. Let heartless, faithless scoffers scoff at it and them. Their privilege to scoff was won by the blood of these men.

But we must take a few more hurried steps along the upward pathway. "In 1589," says Dr. Some, an Episcopal writer of that day, "*there were several Anabaptist conventicles in London and other places.*" This was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as the fires of Smithfield which lit up the bloody reign of her sister Mary were dying out; and yet their slumbering flames were fed with the bodies of unoffensive Baptists, whose dooms were sealed by the most Protestant virgin Queen.

A congregation of Baptists was discovered on Easter day without Aldergate, London, in 1570, seven and twenty of whom were taken and imprisoned, where they wasted and died in filthy dungeons. And during the same year John Wielmaker and Henry Torwoort were burnt at Smithfield.*

Passing by the years of Mary's reign, which were marked by the indiscriminate murders of Protestants, we may pause over the illustrious years of the young and pious Edward VI., in which the foundation of Episcopacy was laid; when kingcraft and priestcraft united to force upon Protestants a creed and a ritual still venerated and followed in America by the offshoots of that anti-Christian hierarchy—Protestant Episcopal and Methodist Episcopal.

Cranmer, the father of English Episcopacy, ruled young Edward and England. "There were, at this time," says Fox, in his Book of Martyrs, "numerous Anabaptists in England, who, with other errors, objected to infant baptism and to the manner of it, by sprinkling, instead of dipping. Among them was one George Van Parre. He had led a very exemplary life, and suffered with great composure of mind." He was burnt to death. A Protestant inquisition was established in 1549, with Cranmer at its head, and hundreds of Baptists were the victims of its cruelty. Among these, an illustrious and heroic example will ever awaken the sympathies of mankind.

Joan Boucher, of Kent, was a female of illustrious character and family distinction. Her education was far beyond that of the most eminent of her countrywoman of her age. The commission was granted to the bishops to search out and apprehend the he-

* Hume, Crosby, Cobbett.

retical Baptists. Joan was selected as an illustrious victim. She was tried before these Protestant bishops and condemned. The venerable archbishop who framed many of the prayers still read in the Episcopal and Methodist Churches brought the warrant to the youthful Edward to sign. He doubted, even declined. The bishop plied him with arguments and arts. The king still thought it was an instance of the same spirit of cruelty for which the Reformers condemned the Papists. But Papist and Protestant Episcopacies, through all their ramifications, are one in origin, form, and supremacy. Is it strange that the form should be animated by the same spirit? Edward was silenced, not convinced. With tears in his eyes he signed the death-warrant.

A year, within three days, transpired between her condemnation and death. Every effort was made to pervert her from the truth. At length, on the 2d of May, 1550, she was bound to a stake in Smithfield, and died in fearless triumph. Her persecutors tried to sully her memory by attributing opinions to her which she never held. She was a Baptist; a member of the Baptist Church then existing at Canterbury, and which exists to this hour. Her memory is deathless, and the crime of her murder stains with blackness and stamps FALSEHOOD on the front of Episcopacy.

We here approach that stirring time when society burst forth into new life; when the magic charm which wrapped Europe in the sleep of ages was broken, and the light of truth dawned like a new morning of creation on the world. Amid the struggle and the conflict of heart and mind, of truth with fiction, of the oppressed with tyrants, everywhere mingling in the battle, were Baptists foremost, fearless, numerous—in England, Spain, Germany, France—lifting up their voices, yielding up their lives; pleading for soul-freedom, and embalming it with their blood. The Reformation, a memorable milestone in the path of time, records ten thousand Baptist martyrdoms.

Where did these Baptists come from?

S. H. F.

(To be Continued.)

PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

A Sermon,

BY REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

“ Before destruction the heart of man is haughty, and before honor is humility.”—

Proverbs, 18 : 12.

ALMOST every event has its prophetic prelude. It is an old and common saying, that “ coming events cast their shadows before them ;” the wise man teaches us the same lesson in the verse before us. When destruction walks through the land, it casts its shadow ; it is in the shape of pride. When honor visits a man’s house, it casts its shadow before it ; it is in the fashion of humility. “ Before destruction the heart of man is haughty ;” pride is as surely the sign of destruction as the change of mercury in the weather-glass is the sign of rain ; and far more infallibly so than that. “ Before honor is humility,” even as before the summer, sweet birds return to sing in our land. Everything hath its prelude. The prelude of destruction is pride, and of honor, humility. There is nothing into which the heart of man so easily falls as pride, and yet there is no vice which is more frequently, more emphatically, and more eloquently condemned in scripture. Against pride, prophets have lifted up their voices, evangelists have spoken, and teachers have discoursed. Yea, more ; the everlasting God has mounted to the very heights of eloquence when he would condemn the pride of man ; and the full gushing of the Eternal’s mighty language has been most gloriously displayed in the condemnation of the pride of human nature. Perhaps the most eloquent passage of God’s word is to be found towards the conclusion of the book of Job, where, in most splendid strains of unanswerable eloquence, God hides pride from man by utterly confounding him ; and there is another very eloquent passage in the 14th chapter of Isaiah, where the Lord’s holy choler seems to have risen up, and his anger to have waxed hot against the pride of man, when he would utterly condemn it. He says, concerning the great and mighty king of Babylon,—“ Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming ; it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth ; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak and say unto thee, Art thou also become weak as we ? art thou become like unto us ? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols ; the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee. How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning ! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations ! For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God ; I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north ; I will ascend above the heights of the clouds ; I will be like the most High. Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit. They that see thee

shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms?" Mark how God addresses him, describing hell itself as being astonished at his fall, seeing that he had mounted so high; and yet declaring, assuredly, that his height and greatness were nothing to the Almighty, that he would pull him down, even though, like an eagle, he had built his nest among the stars. I say there is nothing more eloquently condemned in scripture than pride, and yet there is no trap into which we poor silly birds so easily flee, no pitfall into which, like foolish beasts of the earth, we so continually run. On the other hand, humility is a grace that hath many promises given to it in the scripture. Perhaps most promises are given to faith, and love is often considered to be the brightest of the train of virtues; yet humility holds by no means an inferior place in God's word, and there are hundreds of promises linked to it. Every grace seems to be like a nail, on which precious blessings hang, and humility hath many a mercy suspended from it. "He that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted;" "blessed are the poor in spirit;" and in multitudes of other passages, we are reminded that God loveth the humble, but that he "bringeth down the mighty from their seats, and exalteth the humble and meek." Now, this morning, we shall have a word to say concerning *pride* and *humility*. May the Holy Spirit preserve us from the one, and produce in our hearts the other.

I. In the first place, I must try to *describe pride* to you. I might paint it as being the worst malformation of all the monstrous things in creation; it hath nothing lovely in it, nothing in proportion, but everything in disorder. It is altogether the very reverse of the creatures which God hath made, which are pure and holy. Pride, the first-born son of hell, is indeed like its parent, all unclean and vile, and in it there is neither form, fashion, nor comeliness.

Pride is a groundless thing. It standeth on the sands; or worse than that, it puts its foot on the billows which yield beneath its tread; or, worse still, it stands on bubbles, which soon must burst beneath its feet. Of all things pride has the worst foothold; it has no solid rock on earth whereon to place itself. We have reasons for almost everything, but we have no reasons for pride. Pride is a thing which should be unnatural to us, for we have nothing to be proud of. What is there in man of which he should glory? Our very creation is enough to humble us; what are we but creatures of to-day? Our frailty should be sufficient to lay us low, for we shall be gone to-morrow. Our ignorance should tend to keep pride from our lips. What are we, but like the wild asses colt, which knoweth nothing? And our sins ought effectually to stop our mouths, and lay us in the dust. Of all things in the world, pride towards God is that which hath the very least excuse; it hath neither stick nor stone whereon to build. Yet, like the spider, it carrieth its own web in its bowels, and can, of itself, spin that wherewith to catch its prey. It seems to stand upon itself, for it hath nothing beside whereon it can rest. Oh! man, learn to reject pride, seeing that thou hast no reason for it; what-

ever thou art, thou hast nothing to make thee proud. The more thou hast, the more thou art in debt to God ; and thou shouldst not be proud of that which renders thee a debtor. Consider thine origin ; look back to the hole of the pit whence thou wast digged. Consider what thou wouldst have been, even now, if it were not for divine grace. And, consider, that thou wilt yet be lost if grace does not hold thee up. Consider, that amongst the damned there are none that would have been more damned than thyself, if grace had not kept thee from destruction. Let this consideration humble thee, that thou hast nought whereon to ground thy pride.

Again—It is a *brainless thing* as well as a groundless thing ; for it brings no profit with it. There is no wisdom in a self-exaltation. Other vices have some excuse, for men seem to gain by them ; avarice, pleasure, lust, have some plea ; but the man who is proud sells his soul cheaply. He opens wide the flood-gates of his heart, to let men see how deep is the flood within his soul ; then suddenly it floweth out, and all is gone—and all for nothing, for one puff of empty wind, one word of sweet applause—the soul is gone and not a drop is left. In almost every other sin, we gather up the ashes when the fire is gone ; but here, what is left ? The covetous man hath his shining gold, but what hath the proud man ? He has less than he would have had without his pride, and is no gainer whatever. Oh ! man, if thou wert as mighty as Gabriel, and had all his holiness, still thou wouldst be an arrant fool to be proud ; for pride would sink thee from thine angel station to the rank of devils, and bring thee from the place where Lucifer, son of the morning, once dwelt to take up thine abode with hideous fiends in perdition. Pride exalts its head, and seeks to honor itself ; but it is of all things most despised. It sought to plant crowns upon its brow, and so it hath done ; but its head was hot, and it put an ice crown there, and it melted all away. Poor pride has decked itself out finely sometimes ; it hath put on its most gaudy apparel, and said to others, “ how brilliant I appear ! ” But ah ! pride, like a harlequin, dressed in thy gay colors, thou art all the more fool for that ; thou art but a gazing stock for fools less foolish than thyself. Thou hast no crown, as thou thinkest thou hast, nothing solid and real, all is empty and vain. If thou, O man, desirest shame, be proud. A monarch has waded through slaughter to a throne, and shut the gates of mercy on mankind to win a little glory ; but when he has exalted himself, and has been proud, worms have devoured him, like Herod, or have devoured his empire, till it passed away, and with it his pride and glory. Pride wins no crowns ; men never honor it, not even the menial slaves of earth ; for all men look down on the proud man, and think him less than themselves.

Again—Pride is *the maddest thing* that can exist ; it feeds upon its own vitals ; it will take away its own life, that with its blood it may make a purple for its shoulders ; it sappeth and undermineth its own house that it may build its pinnacles a little higher, and then the whole structure tumbleth down. Nothing proves men so mad as pride. For this they have given up rest, and

ease, and repose, to find rank and power among men ; for this they have dared to risk their hope of salvation, to leave the gentle yoke of Jesus, and go toiling wearily along the way of life, seeking to save themselves by their own works, and at last to stagger into the mire of fell despair. Oh ! man, hate pride, flee from it, abhor it, let it not dwell with thee. If thou wantest to have a madman in thy heart, embrace pride, for thou shalt ne'er find one more mad than he.

Then pride is a *protean thing* ; it changes its shape ; it is all forms in the world ; you may find it in any fashion you may choose ; you may see it in the beggar's rags as well as in the rich man's garment. It dwells with the rich, and with the poor. The man without a shoe to his foot may be as proud as if he were riding in a chariot. Pride can be found in every rank of society—among all classes of men. Sometimes it is an Arminian, and talks about the power of the creature ; then it turns Calvinist, and boasts of its fancied security—forgetful of the Maker, who alone can keep our faith alive. Pride can profess any form of religion ; it may be a Quaker, and wear no collar to its coat ; it may be a Churchman, and worship God in splendid cathedrals ; it may be a Dissenter, and go to the common meeting-house ; it is one of the most catholic things in the world, it attends all kinds of chapels and churches ; go where you will, you will see pride. It cometh up with us to the house of God ; it goeth with us to our houses ; it is found on the mart, and the exchange ; in the streets, and everywhere. Let me hint at one or two of the forms which it assumes. Sometimes pride takes the doctrinal shape ; it teaches the doctrine of self-sufficiency ; it tells us what man *can* do, and will not allow that we are lost, fallen, debased, and ruined creatures, as we are. It hates divine sovereignty, and rails at election. Then, if it is driven from that, it takes another form ; it allows that the doctrine of free grace is true, but it does not feel it. It acknowledges that salvation is of the Lord alone, but still it prompts men to seek heaven by their own works, even by the deeds of the law. And when driven from that, it will persuade men to join something with Christ in the matter of salvation ; and when that is all rent up, and the poor rag of our righteousness is all burned, pride will get into the Christian's heart as well as the sinner's—it will flourish under the name of self-sufficiency, teaching the Christian that he is “rich and increased in goods, having need of nothing.” It will tell him that he does not need daily grace, that past experience will do for to-morrow—that he knows enough, toils enough, prays enough. It will make him forget that he has “not yet attained ;” it will not allow him to press forward to the things that are before, forgetting the things that are behind. It enters into his heart, and tempts the believer to set up an independent business for himself, and until the Lord brings about a spiritual bankruptcy, pride will keep him from going to God. Pride has ten thousand shapes ; it is not always that stiff and starched gentleman that you picture it ; it is a vile, creeping, insinuating thing, that will twist itself like a serpent into our hearts. It will talk of humility, and prate

about being dust and ashes. I have known men talk about their corruption most marvellously, pretending to be all humility, while at the same time they were the proudest wretches that could be found this side the gulf of separation. Oh! my friends, ye cannot tell how many shapes pride will assume; look sharp about you, or you will be deceived by it, and when you think you are entertaining angels, you will find you have been receiving devils unawares.

II. Now, I have to speak of *the seat of pride*—the heart. The true throne of pride, everywhere, is the heart of man. If, my dear friends, we desire, by God's grace, to put down pride, the only way is to begin with the heart. Now let me tell you a parable, in the form of an eastern story, which will set this truth in its proper light. A wise man in the East, called a dervish, in his wanderings, came suddenly upon a mountain, and he saw beneath his feet a smiling valley, in the midst of which there flowed a river. The sun was shining on the stream, and the water, as it reflected the sunlight, looked pure and beautiful. When he descended, he found it was muddy, and the water utterly unfit for drinking. Hard by he saw a young man, in the dress of a shepherd, who was with much diligence filtering the water for his flocks. At one moment he placed some of the water in a pitcher, and then allowing it to stand, after it had settled he poured the clean fluid into a cistern. Then, in another place, he would be seen turning aside the current for a little, and letting it ripple over the sand and the stones, that it might be filtered and the impurities removed. The dervish watched the young man endeavoring to fill a large cistern with clear water; and he said to him, "My son, why all this toil? what purpose dost thou answer by it?" The young man replied, "Father, I am a shepherd; this water is so filthy that my flock will not drink of it, and, therefore, I am obliged to purify it, little by little, so I collect enough in this way that they may drink, but it is hard work." So saying, he wiped the sweat from his brow, for he was exhausted with his toil. "Right well hast thou labored," said the wise man, "but dost thou know thy toil is not well applied? With half the labor thou mightest attain a better end. I should conceive that the source of this stream must be impure and polluted; let us take a pilgrimage together and see." They then walked some miles, climbing their way over many a rock, until they came to a spot where the stream took its rise. When they came near to it, they saw flocks of wild fowls flying away, and wild beasts of the earth rushing into the forest; these had come to drink, and had soiled the water with their feet. They found an open well, which kept continually flowing, but by reason of these creatures, which perpetually disturbed it, the stream was always turbid and muddy. "My son," said the wise man, "set to work now to protect the fountain and guard the well, which is the source of this stream; and when thou hast done that, if thou canst keep these wild beasts and fowls away, the stream will flow of itself, all pure and clear, and thou wilt have no longer need for thy toil." The young man did it, and as he labored, the wise man said to him, "My son,

hear the word of wisdom ; if thou art wrong, seek not to correct thine outward life, but seek first to get thy heart correct, for out of it are the issues of life, and thy life shall be pure when once thy heart is so." So, if we would get rid of pride, we should not proceed to arrange our dress by adopting some special costume, or to qualify our language by using an outlandish tongue ; but let us seek of God that he would purify our hearts from pride, and then assuredly if pride is purged from the heart, our life also shall be humble. Make the tree good, and then the fruit shall be good ; make the fountain pure, and the stream shall be sweet. Oh ! that God might grant us all, by his grace, that our hearts may be kept with diligence, so that pride may never enter there lest we be haughty in our hearts, and find that afterwards cometh wrath.

III. This brings me to the other point, which is *the consequence of pride*—destruction, a fact which we can prove by hundreds of instances in scripture. When men have become proud, destruction has come upon them. See you yon bright angel chanting the loud anthem of praise before his Maker's throne ? Can anything tarnish that angel's glory, rob him of his harp, despoil him of his crown ? Yes ; see, there enters a destroyer whose name is pride. He assaults the angel, and his harp-strings are snapped in twain. His crown is taken from his brow, and his glory is departed ; and yon falling spirit descending into hell is he who once was Lucifer, son of the morning. He has now become Father of nights, even the Lord of Darkness, Satan, the fallen one. See you again that happy pair walking in the midst of luscious fruits, and flowery walks, and bowers of Paradise ? Can ought spoil Eden, and ruin those happy beings ? Yes ; pride comes in the shape of a serpent, and asks them to seek to be as gods. They eat of the forbidden fruit, and pride withers their Paradise and blasts their Eden. Out they go to till the ground, whence they were taken, to beget and to bring forth us who are their children—sons of toil and sorrow. Do you see that man after God's own heart, continually singing his Maker's praise ? Can aught make him sad ? Can you suppose that he shall ever be laid prostrate on the earth, groaning, and crying, and asking "that the bones which God hath broken may rejoice ?" Yes, pride can do that. It will put into his heart that he will number his people, that he will count the tribes of Israel, to show how great and mighty is his empire. It is done, and a terrible pestilence sweeps o'er his land on account of his pride. Let David's aching heart show how destruction comes to a man's glory when he once begins to make a God of it. See that other good and holy man who, like David, was much after God's own heart. He is rich and increased in goods. The Babylonian ambassadors are come, and he shows them all he has. Do you not hear that threatening, "Thy treasures shall be carried away, and thy sons and thy daughters shall be servants to the king of Babylon ?" The destruction of Hezekiah's wealth must come, because he is proud thereof. But for the most notable instance of all, let me show you yonder palace, perhaps the most magnificent which has ever yet been

built. In it there walks one who, lifting up his head on high, as if he were more than mortal man, exclaims, "See ye this great Babylon that I have builded?" O, pride, what hast thou done? thou hast more power than a wizard's wand! Mark the mighty builder of Babylon creeping on the earth. Like oxen, he is devouring grass; his nails have grown like bird's claws, his hair like eagles' feathers, and his heart has gone from him. Pride did all that, that it may be fulfilled which God hath written, "Before destruction the heart of man is haughty."

Is thine heart haughty, *sinner*, this morning? dost thou despise God's sovereignty? wilt thou not submit thyself to Christ's yoke? dost thou seek to weave a righteousness of thine own? art thou seeking to be or to do something? art thou desirous of being great and mighty in thine own esteem? Hear me, then, sinner—destruction is coming upon thee. As truly as ever thou exaltest thyself, thou shalt be abased; thy *destruction*, in the fullest and blackest sense of the word, is hurrying on to overwhelm thee. And O, Christian, is thine heart haughty this morning? art thou come here glorying in thy graces? art thou proud of thyself, that thou hast had such high frames and such sweet experiences? Mark thee, brother, there is a destruction coming to thee also. Some of thy proud things will be pulled up by the roots, some of thy graces will be shattered, and thy good works, perhaps, will become loathsome to thee, and thou wilt abhor thyself in dust and ashes. As truly as ever thou exaltest thyself, there will be a destruction come to thee, O, saint—the destruction of thy joys and of thy comforts, though there can be no destruction of thy soul.

Pride, you know, is most likely to meet with destruction because it is too tall to walk upright. It is most likely to tumble down because it is always looking upward in its ambition, and never looks to its feet. There only needs to be a pitfall in the way, or even a stone, and down it goes. It is sure to tumble, because it is never contented with being where it is. It is always seeking to be climbing, and boys that will climb must expect to fall. Pride is foolhardy, and will venture upon scaling any rock. Sometimes it holds on by a brier, and that pricks it; sometimes by a flint, and that cuts it. There it goes, toiling and laboring on, till it gets as high as it can, and then, from its very height, it is likely to fall. Nature itself tells us to avoid high things. Who is he that can stand upon an eminence without a reeling brain, and without a temptation to cast himself down? Pride, when most successful, stands in slippery places. Who would choose to dwell on a pinnacle of the temple? That is where pride has built its house, and verily it seems but natural that pride should down if pride will up. God will carry out this saying, "Before destruction, the heart of man is haughty." Yet, beloved, I am persuaded that all I can say to you, or to myself, can never keep pride from us. The Lord alone can bolt the door of the heart against pride. Pride is like the flies of Egypt—all Pharaoh's soldiers could not keep them out; and I am sure all the strong resolutions and devout aspirations we may have cannot keep pride out

unless the Lord God Almighty sends a strong wind of his Holy Spirit to sweep it away.

II. Now, let us consider briefly the last part of the text, "BEFORE HONOR IS HUMILITY." So, then, you see our heavenly Father does not say that we are not to have honor. He has not forbidden it; he has only forbidden us to be proud of it. A good man may have honor in this life. Daniel had honor before the people; Joseph rode in the second chariot, and the people bowed the knee before him. God often clothes his children with honor in the face of their adversaries, and makes the wicked confess that the Lord is with them in deed and in truth. But God forbids our making that honor a cloak for pride, and bids us seek humility, which always accompanies as well as precedes true honor.

1. Now let us briefly inquire, in the first place, *what is humility?* The best definition I have ever met with is, "to think rightly of ourselves." Humility is to make a right estimate of one's-self. It is no humility for a man to think less of himself than he ought, though it might rather puzzle him to do that. Some persons, when they know they can do a thing, tell you they cannot; but you do not call that humility. A man is asked to take part in some meeting. "No," he says, "I have no ability;" yet, if you were to say so yourself, he would be offended at you. It is not humility for a man to stand up and depreciate himself, and say he cannot do this, that, or the other, when he knows that he is lying. If God gives a man a talent, do you think the man does not know it? If a man has ten talents, he has no right to be dishonest to his Maker, and to say, "Lord, thou hast given me five." It is not humility to underrate yourself. Humility is to think of yourself, if you can, as God thinks of you. It is to feel that if we have talents, God has given them to us, and let it be seen that, like freight in a vessel, they tend to sink us low. The more we have, the lower we ought to lie. Humility is not to say, "I have not this gift," but it is to say, "I have the gift, and I must use it for my Master's glory. I must never seek any honor for myself, for what have I that I have not received?" But, beloved, humility is to feel ourselves lost, ruined, and undone. To be killed by the same hand which, afterwards, makes us alive, to be ground to pieces as to our own doings and willings, to know and trust in none but Jesus, to be brought to feel and sing,—

"Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling."

Humility is to feel that we have no power of ourselves, but that it all cometh from God. Humility is to lean on our beloved, to believe that he has trodden the wine-press alone, to lie on his bosom and slumber sweetly there, to exalt him, and think less than nothing of ourselves. It is, in fact, to annihilate self, and to exalt the Lord Jesus Christ as all in all.

2. Now what is *the seat or throne of humility?* The throne of humility must be the heart. I do hate, of all things, that humility which lives in the

face. There are some persons who always seem to be so very humble when you are with them, but you can discover there is something underneath it all, and when they are in some other society, they will brag and say how you told them your whole heart. Take heed of the men who allow you to lay your head in their lap and betray you into the hands of the Philistines. I have met with such persons. I remember a man who used to pray with great apparent humility, and then would go and abuse the servants, and make a noise with all his farming men. He was the stiffest and proudest man in the church, yet he invariably used to tell the Lord, in prayer, that he was nothing but dust and ashes, that he laid his hand on his lip, and his mouth in the dust, and cried, "Unclean, unclean." Indeed he talked of himself in the most despairing way, but I am sure if God had spoken to him, he must have said, "O, thou that liest before my throne, thou sayest this, but thou doest not feel it; for thou wilt go thy way and take thy brother by the throat, exalt thyself above all thy fellow-creatures, and be a very Diotrophes in the church, and a Herod in the world." I dislike that humility which rests in outward things. There is a kind of oily, sanctimonious, proud humility, which is not the genuine article, though it is sometimes extremely like it. You may be deceived by it once or twice, but by-and-bye you discover that it is a wolf dexterously covered with sheep's clothing. It arrayeth itself in the simplest dress in the world; it talks in the gentlest and humblest style; it says, "We must not intrude our own peculiar sentiments, but must always walk in love and charity." But, after all, what is it? It is charitable to all except those who held God's truth, and it is humble to all when it is forced to be humble. It is like one of whom, I dare say, you have read in your childish books,—

"So, stooping down, as needs he must,
Who cannot stand upright."

True humility does not continually talk about "dust and ashes," and prate about its infirmities, but *it feels* all that which others say, for it possesses an inwrought feeling of its own nothingness.

Very likely the most humble man in the world won't bend to any body. John Knox was a truly humble man, yet if you had seen him march before Queen Mary with the Bible in his hand, to reprove her, you would have rashly said, "What a proud man!"

Cringing men that bow before everybody, are truly proud men; but humble men are those who think themselves so little, they do not think it worth while to stoop to serve themselves. Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego, were humble men, for they did not think their lives were worth enough to save them by a sin. Daniel was an humble man; he did not think his place, his station, his whole self, worth enough to save them by leaving off prayer. Humility is a thing which must be genuine; the imitation of it is the nearest thing in the world to pride. Seek of God, dear friends, the gift of true humility. Seek to have that breaking in pieces by the Holy Spirit, that break-

ing in the mortar with the pestle which God himself gives to his children. Seek that every twig of his rod may drive pride out of you, so that by the blueness of the wound your soul may be made better. Seek of him, if he does not show you the chambers of imagery within your own heart, that he may take you to Calvary, and that he may show you his brightness and his glory, that you may be humble before him. Never ask to be a mean, cringing, fawning thing; ask God to make you a man—those are scarce things now-a-days—a man who only fears God, who knows no fear of any other kind. Do not give yourselves up to any man's power, or guidance, or rule, but ask of God that you may have that humility towards him which gives you the noble bearing of a Christian before others. Some think that ministers are proud when they resent any interference with their ministry. I consider they would be proud if they allowed it for the sake of peace, which is only another word for their own self-seeking. It is a great mercy when God gives a man to be free from everybody, when he can go into his pulpit careless what others may think of him. I conceive that a minister should be like a light-house keeper; he is out at sea, and nobody can suggest to him that he had better light his candles a little later, or any thing of the kind. He knows his duty, and he keeps his lamps burning; if he were to follow the opinions of the people on shore, his light might be extinguished altogether. It is a merciful providence that they cannot get to him, so he goes on easily, obeys his regulations as he reads them, and cares little for other people's interpretation. So a minister should not be a weather-cock, that is turned by the wind, but he should be one who turns the wind; not one who is ruled by others, but one who knows how to stand firm and fast, and keep his light burning, trusting always in God; believing, that if God has raised him up, he will not desert him, but will teach him by his Holy Spirit, without the ever-changing advice of man.

3. Now, in the last place, *what comes of humility?* “Before honor is humility.” Humility is the herald which ushers in the great king; it walks before honor; and he who has humility will have honor afterwards. I will only apply this spiritually. Have you been brought to-day to feel that, in yourself, you are less than nothing, and vanity? Art thou humbled in the sight of God, to know thine own unworthiness, thy fallen estate in Adam, and the ruin thou hast brought upon thyself by thine own sins? Hast thou been brought to feel thyself incapable of working out thy own salvation, unless God shall work in thee to will and do of his own good pleasure? Hast thou been brought to say, “Lord, have mercy upon me, a sinner?” Well, then, as true as the text is in the Bible, thou shalt have honor by-and-bye. “Such honor have all the saints.” Thou shalt have honor soon to be washed from all thy guilt; thou shalt have honor soon to be clothed in the robes of Jesus, in the royal garments of the King; thou shalt have honor soon to be adopted into his family, to be received among the blood-washed ones who have been justified by faith. Thou shalt have honor to be borne, as on eagle's wings, to be carried across the river, and at last to sing his praise, who has been the

"death of deaths, and hell's destruction." Thou shalt have honor to wear the crown, and wave the palm one day, for thou hast now that humility which comes from God. You may fear, that, because you are now humbled by God, you must perish. I beseech you do not think so; as truly as ever the Lord has humbled you, he will exalt you. And the more you are brought low, the less hope you have of mercy; the more you are in the dust, so much the more reason you have to hope. So far from the bottom of the sea being a place over which we cannot be carried to heaven, it is one of the nearest places to heaven's gate. And if thou art brought to the very lowest place to which even Jonah descended, thou art so much the nearer being accepted. The more thou knowest thy vileness, remember the blacker, the more filthy, the more unworthy thou art in thine own esteem, so much the more right hast thou to expect that thou wilt be saved. Verily, honor shall come after humility. Humble souls, rejoice; proud souls, go on in your proud ways, but know that they end in destruction. Climb up the ladder of your pride, you shall fall over on the other side and be dashed to pieces. Ascend the steep hill of your glory; the higher you climb the more terrible will be your fall. For know you this, that against none hath the Lord Almighty bent his bow more often, and against none has he shot his arrows more furiously, than against the proud and mighty man that exalteth himself. Bow down, O man, bow down; "kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him."

THE BOONE'S LICK COUNTRY, MISSOURI, AND EARLY BAPTISTS THERE.

Rev. S. H. Ford, Editor Christian Repository:—

MY DEAR BROTHER—Learning that you are projecting a tour to the central portion of Missouri, and to be present at the General Association of Baptists in that State, I transmit the following sketch of the Boone's Lick country in its early settlement, and of the early Baptist ministers and churches in that field.

I am, fraternally, yours,

J. M. PECK.

THE BOONE'S LICK COUNTRY received its name from one of the many of the salt springs found in that part of Missouri. This spring was called a "*Lick*," as were all saline springs and marshes to which the buffalo, deer, elk, and other ruminating animals resorted to *lick* the salt that saturated the waters of certain springs, or impregnated the soil in their vicinity. Hence, in frontier parlance, "Wet Lick" denoted the springs and rivulets of salt water,

and "Dry Lick" the clayey banks and dry excavations containing salt enough to induce the animals to "lick" the dry earth. I have seen excavations made from one to ten feet deep, and for many yards in diameter, formed by the treading and licking of the animals that made them their resort for this condiment.

The *Boone's Lick* was at the bluff, and about two miles from the left bank of the Missouri, and ten or twelve miles above the site of Old Franklin. Here Nathan Boone, the youngest son of the pioneer of Kentucky, and James Morrison, of St. Charles, manufactured salt in 1806-7. Tradition told the story that the veritable old hunter, DANIEL BOONE, made his hunting-camp at this spring, and left his name in return for the accommodations. But tradition in this, as in many other instances, proves fabulous; for I had the facts and took note thereof from the parties concerned. It is very probable that Mr. Morrison, on his return to St. Charles, affixed the name of his partner to designate their locality in salt-boiling.

The Boone's Lick country included on the north of the Missouri river the country above the Cedar. This is a small stream on the western border of Callaway county, and, for a long period, was the western boundary of the district of St. Charles. On the south side of the Missouri, all the early settlements above the Osage River were in the Boone's Lick country. While in a state of nature, most of the country on the north side, where the immigration went until about 1816, was generally covered with primeval forests. In the present county of Howard there were only four small prairies—Cooper's Prairie, not far from the old Boone's Lick, and Weedy Prairie, both on the bottom lands of Missouri; and Spanish Needle and Foster's prairies, on the uplands.

The first permanent settlement was commenced in the spring of 1810, by a colony from Kentucky, including fifteen or twenty families from Loutre settlement, and from the settlements in Cape Girardeau county. In this colony of that year there were about one hundred and fifty families, which, reckoned by the ratio of population in new countries at five to a family, would make seven hundred and fifty inhabitants. I regret being unable to give the names of the heads of the principal families. Nor can I tell, with certainty, from what counties in Kentucky this first migration

came. Certainly some of the leading families came from Madison, Lincoln, Jessamine, and adjacent counties. Among these were not a few Baptists, and two or three preachers. Of the settlers from Loutre (now in Montgomery county, Mo.) were the Browns, and several other Baptist families. A church on the Loutre had been organized some two or three years previous, and the clerk, with a majority of the members, were of the number, in all probability; for they took their church-records with them, and claimed to be in church relation at their new home in the Boone's Lick country.

Among the Baptist emigrants from Kentucky, in 1810, was *Col. Benjamin Cooper*, one of the early pioneers to that State, and distinguished as a leader in defending the country from Indian assaults, and as a patriot in civil life. He was a member in the Legislature of Kentucky. He had a strong, well-balanced mind, exhibited a sound judgment, and had that degree of influence and confidence among his fellow-citizens as to become a general arbitrator in adjusting difficulties, and a peace-maker in settling unpleasant disputes. He was a Baptist, and did honor to his profession many years before he emigrated to Missouri. Two brothers, Sarshall and Braxton, both several years his junior, came in the same company with the Colonel.

Among the Kentucky emigrants was *Elder David McLain*, of whose desperate fight with a band of Indians, while journeying to Kentucky, I shall furnish the readers of the Repository in its appropriate connection.

I am not certain whether *Elder William Thorp* came among the colonists of 1810, or during the war, or immediately after its close in 1815. Probably he still is living in the Fishing River country, whither he removed and settled about thirty years since. He went with the anti-mission party, on the division, in Upper Missouri. He was a plain preacher, without much chance for the Biblical education every minister needs, with the prejudices common to that class of men. He was doubtless honest and sincere in his views, tenacious of his opinions, and in his character and deportment gave evidence of his personal interest in Christ by faith and love to his cause.

Elder Colden Williams removed from Bethel Church, in Cape Girardeau county, to the Boone's Lick settlement at an early period,—at least before 1816. He gave evidence of a strong mind, considerable knowledge of the Scriptures, and was an instructive preacher.

Elder Edward Turner came from Kentucky to the Boone's Lick country soon after the war. He was a plain man, of moderate abilities, honesty of purpose, and correct deportment as a Christian minister. Elders Turner and Thorp came as missionaries from the Mt. Pleasant to the Bethel Association, then held in the "Barrens" below Ste. Genevieve, in September, 1818, where I first formed their acquaintance. In the Minutes of the Mt. Pleasant Association for 1820—the first copy of the series I have—their names, with that of Luke Williams, are printed in *Italics*, indicating they were only licentiates. Elders Turner and Thorp were ordained ministers before 1818, and I have always understood they were in the regular ministry before they came from Kentucky, but I may mistake in that.

Elder Luke Williams, I think, commenced the ministry in the Boone's Lick country. His residence was on public land, about three miles south of Booneville, and a member of Concord Church. I should not be surprised, on investigation, to learn that he was the first Baptist minister raised up and ordained in the Boone's Lick settlements. He was one of the most self-sacrificing itinerants in those times. His zeal and Christian enterprise prompted him to ride and preach through all the settlements to the extreme western frontiers. No missionary society encouraged him; no church, even those raised up under his ministrations, gave him a dollar. Yet God was with him, and sinners by scores were converted. He died, after a few days' illness, early in September, 1824, greatly beloved and deeply regretted by all who knew him. On the fourth Sabbath in the same month, the writer, in company with the late Elder John B. Longan, was at the Fishing River Association. It was held in the bounds of a church, and near the site of the city of Lexington. The news of the death of LUKE WILLIAMS, brought by Elder Longan, produced a most thrilling effect on the members of the Association, and many other

persons. The arrangement made by the Association for the Sabbath, as was customary then, was for three successive sermons, without intermission. First, was Elder William Thorp, from the Mt. Pleasant Association. He was followed by Elder J. B. Longan, and, for effective preaching on such occasions, his equal had not then appeared in Missouri. The writer, a stranger there, and, withal, engaged in the agency of the American Bible Society, had been chosen to occupy the "stand" (or platform, in modern parlance,) as the third speaker. It had been decided in the Association, and by the tacit consent of everybody, that, at the close of the preaching on the Sabbath, a collection should be made for the distressed and suffering family of the deceased minister. The writer had due notice that he must say something at the close of the sermon on that subject. No arrangements could have suited his views and feelings better. He had no personal acquaintance with the deceased, but he had learned just enough of the spirituality, the self-sacrifice, the unflinching zeal, and the success of the voluntary missionary. While other ministers, for a time, apparently laid aside the great commission to provide their families with the rich lands as they came into market and make large farms, there was the singular example of an active, enterprising, and industrious man, who, had he been as intent after the world as other people—and even some of his brethren in the ministry—might have laid the foundation for a fortune. But he cast aside all prospects of earthly gain, when he became consecrated to Christ, made a cabin to shelter his family, and a "truck-patch" and cornfield to furnish their provisions, and devoted his time and talents as an itinerant preacher. The land he occupied at his decease belonged to the national government, the time of his pre-emption run out, and hordes of speculators were hunting up and entering every vacant improved tract. The project was started at the Fishing River Association to raise funds to enable his widow to enter the quarter section for the benefit of herself and children. The effort was made, and the assurance given that whatever lacked of the two hundred dollars would be made up by the brethren in the Mt. Pleasant and Concord Associations. The writer did the best he could in bringing the case

before the people. Money, at that time, was a very scarce article in the interior of Missouri, but I recollect the amount raised was regarded quite liberal for that region. There is a vague impression resting on my memory, that I learned, on my next visit to the Boone's Lick country, in 1829, there had been a failure in purchasing the tract of land for the family. Probably those who officiated in the business got "pledges" and "promises," instead of money promptly paid. This was the first effort made in the Boone's Lick country to compensate a minister and missionary. But to return to the pioneers in the Baptist ministry.

Elder J. Hubbard, an aged man, was a resident and preacher in Howard county on my first visit in 1818-19. I am under the impression that he came into the country either during or soon after the war. A son of his, with his family, lived in St. Charles in 1819. Elder Hubbard was a strong-minded man, and had received a better education than his compeers in the ministry. He was clear-headed, and Calvinistic in doctrine, and was a studious man and a constant reader. I found no preacher in Missouri—and few anywhere else—who possessed such copious and correct knowledge of the Holy Scriptures as did Elder Hubbard. Yet he was modest and unassuming in giving his views. There was nothing dogmatical and self-opinionative in his conversations; and I made him frequent visits in January, 1819. The general report of his style of preaching was, that he was slow in speech, devoid of much emotional feeling, but very instructive in the Scriptures to all those who did not relish mere excitement.

The last of these Boone's Lick pioneers, though first in the order of time I have reserved for the last in this sketch, is ELDER DAVID McLAIN. He came from the middle section of Kentucky, with a young wife, early in 1810. I think he was the first ordained Baptist minister that settled in the Boone's Lick country. He lived in log cabins, and had made a farm on the bottom-land, between two and three miles from the village of Franklin, where I visited him repeatedly in January, 1819. Elder McLain, like many other preachers of that day, had some very crude and imperfect notions about election, predestination, and some other Bible truths. He saw no way to reconcile the free-agency and

moral accountability of man with the divine sovereignty in the dispensation of grace. He had no just conceptions of instrumentalities and means to be used in the service of Christ, as belonging to and constituting a portion of the purposes of God. He could not perceive that the instrumentalities God had appointed, such as preaching the gospel to sinners for their conversion and salvation, was as much of divine appointment as the official work of Christ in justification, and the mighty work of the Holy Spirit in regeneration.

This class of preachers held and taught the crude notion, that Christ had a people in the world called the elect, that he knew them individually, and, by some revelation or some mysterious power of the Holy Spirit, they would be regenerated or quickened into spiritual life without preaching the gospel or any other instrumentality employed by men. No wonder, with such crude and imperfect views of the gospel of Christ, this class were opposed to all forms of missionary efforts. All human instrumentalities were regarded as unlawful interferences with God's work. They professed to preach the gospel, not as the appointed means of the Lord for the conversion of the ungodly, but for the quickening, encouragement, and consolation of the elect.

Conversing with Elder McLain about sending missionaries to the heathen, I mentioned the efforts then making by the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions to furnish missionaries for the Indian tribes of our country, and the action of our national government, conjointly with missionaries, in establishing schools and preaching the gospel to civilize and Christianize the Indians. He replied, with some indignation, "I will give as much as any man, according to my means, to buy powder and lead to kill them all; but I would not give one dollar for all the attempts to Christianize them, as you call it."

The first impression was the natural and logical result of his crude and imperfect views of the doctrine of grace. But, surprised at this outburst of prejudice, I modestly inquired for his reasons, and received, in reply, a thrilling narrative of his privations and sufferings during the war.

ELDER DAVID McLAIN'S ADVENTURE WITH THE INDIANS.

His cabin, at first, was surrounded with palisades, and the cabins for other families for a stockade fort, where, in times of peril, the neighborhood resorted for protection from maurauding savages that came frequently within the settlements. In the month of April, 1813, Elder McLain, and a man by the name of Young, started on business to Kentucky. They met with no difficulty till they reached Hill's ferry, at the Kaskaskia River, on the old St. Louis and Vincennes trace, where Carlyle, the seat of justice for Clinton county, Ills., now exists. Signs of Indians had driven into the old settlements of St. Clair county the three families that lived at this ferry. Finding the ferryboat tied to the western bank, McLain and his companion ferried over their horses and rode on the trace. They had not proceeded half a mile along the timbered bottom, before they were fired on by Indians that lay in ambuscade. Mr. Young was shot on his horse and fell, and the Indians dispatched him and tore off his scalp. McLain's horse was shot and fell, but he had the presence of mind to throw his saddle-bags into the thick brush. He escaped in the woods, and ran, with great speed, with several Indians in chase. Soon all fell back but one, who was a stout, athletic fellow, and appeared determined not to lose his prey. Eld. McLain was encumbered with a thick overcoat, wrappers on his legs, and boots and spurs on his feet. The Indian fired and missed him, which gave him time to throw off his coat, in hopes the prize would attract the attention of the savage. Finding the other Indians did not pursue him, he suffered the one that attacked him to approach within a few feet, as he made signs of surrendering, and then assume an attitude of defiance; watch the motion of his enemy, and, at the instant he fired, dodge the ball, and then put forth all his energy to escape. The contest continued for more than an hour, during which his foe fired at him seven times. In one instance, as he threw his breast forward to dodge the ball, he unfortunately threw his elbow back and received a severe wound in his arm. During the chase he continued to throw off his boots and spurs.

They had now made considerable distance in the timbered bot-

tom and down the river. Elder McLain, being nearly exhausted, thought the last and only chance of escape was to swim the river. He plunged in, making the utmost effort with his remaining strength, and yet he had to keep an eye constantly fixed on his wily foe, who had loaded his gun the eighth time, and from the bank brought it to a poise, and fired in a second after McLain had dove in deep water. By swimming diagonally down stream he had gained on his pursuer, who, with the peculiar yell on such occasions, gave up the chase. Doubtless his report to the *braves* was, that he had followed a "Great Medicine" who was so charmed that his musket balls could not kill him.

Mr. McLain, by running till a profuse perspiration covered him, and then plunging into cold water, was so chilled and exhausted that it was with the utmost difficulty he could crawl up the bank. He was wet, chilled, badly wounded in his arm, and unable to stand, until, by rolling himself on the ground and rubbing his limbs, his blood began to circulate. It was thirty-five miles westward to the Badgley settlement, where Elder David Badgley and several Baptist families resided, and where Elder McLain and his traveling companion had tarried on their way out. After incredible effort and suffering, he reached this settlement the next morning. Here, with his wounded arm and a severe fever, he lay several weeks, until some of his friends from the Boone's Lick country came and took him to his family. A party of volunteers went over the Kaskaskia, buried Mr. Young, found Elder McLain's saddle-bags, with their contents safe, but saw no Indians.

These incidents were narrated to the writer by the heroic sufferer, but he could not recollect dates and names. These I found, with a full confirmation of the story, in a file of the old *Missouri Gazette*, of March 20, 1813.

Elder McLain expected to engage in preaching the gospel with more zeal and sacrifice, when he got his section of land secured and his improvements more extensive, but I had hardly reached St. Louis from my winter's excursion, when I learned that death had ended all his earthly plans! Both he and his wife died of the winter fever, or, as some called it, pleurisy, in February, 1819, within three weeks after I gave them the parting hand.

During the war the Pottowatomies, Sanks, Foxes, Iowas, and Kickapoos, were the depredators on the Boone's Lick settlements. I suppose the Pottowatomies did about nine-tenths of the mischief. They stole about three hundred horses, and killed all the cattle and hogs they could find running in the woods. From 1810 to 1813 the settlers had to do their own fighting. The plea of Gov. Howard was, that the organized territory extended no further west than Cedar Creek, already mentioned, and that the Boone's Lick settlements were beyond the territorial boundary. Every man and every boy that could load a rifle was a soldier, and enrolled himself in one of the volunteer companies. By general consent and acclamation Col. Benj. Cooper was commander-in-chief. Sarshall Cooper, William Head, and Stephen Cole, were commanders of forts and partisan leaders on scouting parties. Capt. Sarshall Cooper was killed in his cabin, in Cooper's fort, one dark and stormy night. A wily Indian, during the noise of the wind and storm, crept to the wall, made an opening through the clay between the logs, barely sufficient to admit the muzzle of his rifle, which he discharged with fatal accuracy at Capt. Cooper, who sat by the fire with one child in his arms, that escaped unhurt, while the other children were lounging on the cabin floor, and the industrious wife and mother was engaged in domestic duties in the same room.

A single crack of the rifle and Cooper was stretched on the floor! His prowess was well known to the Indians; his skill and bravery had often foiled the subtle and treacherous savages. The assassin made his escape in the darkness and storm.

There were ten persons killed, at different times during the war, in the Boone's Lick settlements, and eight or ten more in the Loutre settlements; the most noted was Capt. James Callaway, whose name has been perpetuated in the county of Callaway.

The sufferings and privations of the people did not end with the war. During 1815 and 1816, emigrants from Kentucky, Tennessee, and other states, poured like a spring flood into the Boone's Lick country, among whom were many Baptists. But provisions were scarce, the old settlers had not time to recruit their stock, nor could they cultivate corn in any degree sufficient for breadstuff. All the corn that could be purchased in the old

settlements in St. Louis and St. Charles counties was bought at a high price, and hauled from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles to feed the starving multitude. And yet many families had not a corn-dodger or a hoecake for many months.

Great excitement prevailed about land-titles. Of course religion made little or no progress. In the commencement of 1818, five small Baptist churches had an existence. The exact periods of their organization are not known. These were Mt. Zion, Concord, Mt. Pleasant, Salem, and Bethel. These churches became united in the Mt. Pleasant Association in 1818, and brethren were received as messengers of correspondence from it in the Bethel, Missouri, and Illinois Associations.

BY AN OLD PIONEER.

Rockspring, O'Fallon Depot P. O., Ills., }
April 8th, 1857. }

P. S.—In the next and following numbers we shall continue our historical and biographical sketches of Missouri Baptists.

O. P.

SPIRITS IN PRISON.

“For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit: by which also he went and preached unto the spirits in prison; which sometime were disobedient, when once the long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing, wherein few, that is, eight souls, were saved by water. The like figure whereunto, even baptism, doth also now save us, (not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God,) by the resurrection of Jesus Christ.”—1 *Peter*, iii., 18, 19, 20, 21.

Peter starts out in this paragraph to show that the persecutions of Christians are no proof of the badness of their cause. For Christ also hath once suffered, THE JUST for the unjust. But, though put to death in the flesh, he was made alive by the Spirit. *By which Spirit* also (speaking in or through Noah) Christ preached to the spirits now in prison, who “some time,” or, at one time, (when the patience of God waited while the ark was preparing,) were disobedient; ■ few, that is, eight persons only,

being saved by the water of the flood which bore up the ark in which these eight were enclosed.

This is the common interpretation of this passage, and, without elaboration, will doubtless appear clear and consistent to the mere English reader. There is, however, another interpretation of the passage—one which is made to favor a variety of dangerous errors. The words of Peter are made to teach that Christ, after the crucifixion, while his body was in the grave, went to the prison-house of lost spirits and preached the gospel.

The principal argument on which such an interpretation is based is, that the phrase "*Zoopoietheis de to pneumati*," which is rendered "Quickened by the Spirit," means *kept alive by the Spirit*; that Christ "being put to death as to the flesh," and maintained alive as to the Spirit, went in this spirit-state of existence and preached to the spirits in prison. But the meaning of the word *Zoopoieo* (quickened), gives no countenance to this interpretation. Twelve times, in various tenses, it is used in the New Testament. Once it refers to God as the *giver of life*. 1 Tim. 6: 13. Three times it refers to the *life-giving* power of the Holy Spirit or of inspired truth. John 6: 63; 2 Cor. 3: 6; Gal. 3: 21. And seven times it is used with direct reference to the raising of the dead. 1 Cor. 15: 22, 36, 45.

The passage we are investigating is the only remaining instance of its usage. Its meaning, in this place, must therefore be unequivocally decided by the undivided testimony of the New Testament writers. It means quickening or giving life. Peter, therefore, does *not* refer to a state of spiritual existence in which Christ was *kept by the Spirit*, but to his glorious resurrection from the dead—"quickened by the Spirit."

But "if Christ preached only through Noah, the words, he 'went and preached,' are redundant."

We may admit the redundancy, and what then? It is a mere matter of taste whether it be a redundancy or not. And yet how often is the Almighty, whose throne is in the heaven of heavens, represented as going forth—"The Lord came down on Mount Sinai;" "He bowed the heavens and came down." And still does every Christian pray that the Spirit "come in our midst;" "descend and bless us."

The lessons taught in the passage are:—

1. God waits patiently for sinners to repent. Thus he waited in the days of Noah.

2. That he warns them of their danger while he waits. Thus he preached, through Noah, to the antediluvians.

3. That there have ever been but few who listened to his words, and fled the wrath to come. Only eight persons were saved in the ark.

4. That the wicked and impenitent, who heed not the gospel warnings and invitations, will be imprisoned in darkness and despair. Thus those who rejected the preaching of Christ by Noah are now in prison.

The next verse, "The like figure whereunto, even baptism, doth also now save us," is reserved for another number.

S. H. F.

SOUTHERN CONVENTION—ORIGIN AND USAGES.

The Southern Convention, whose eleventh session will be held in Louisville on Friday, the 5th inst., is composed of delegates from Churches, Associations, and Missionary bodies south of Mason and Dixon's line.

At the General Convention of Baptists of the United States, held at Philadelphia the 24th of April, 1844, a compromise resolution was passed with considerable unanimity, which declared:

"That, in co-operating together as members of this Convention in the work of Foreign Missions, we disclaim all sanction, either expressed or implied, whether of slavery or anti-slavery; but as individuals we are perfectly free, both to express and promote our own views on these subjects in a Christian manner and spirit."

This olive branch was hailed with joy by the South, and it was fondly hoped that the destroying flood would subside.

But such hopes soon vanished; for the December following the Boston Board decided that, "If any one should offer himself for a Missionary, having slaves, and should insist on retaining them as his property, the Board could not appoint him." Thus, before

the fact of the compromise could have reached the remote mission stations, it was repealed by the arrogant usurpation of an Executive Board.

On Thursday, the 8th May, 1845, at the suggestion of the Virginia Foreign Mission Board, a Convention was held at Augusta, Ga. The object of the meeting—the action contemplated was fearfully important. It was the separation of Southern Baptists from countrymen, brethren, fellow-laborers in the most glorious work of humanity. The first hour of the Convention was spent in devotion. The responsibility of their position was felt, and the Spirit's guidance was sought.

The Convention was organized by the election of W. B. Johnson, of S. C., President, and J. C. Crane, of Va., and Jessee Hartwell, of Ala., Secretaries. South Carolina furnished nearly one hundred delegates, Georgia a still larger number, Virginia and Alabama were largely represented, Kentucky had one delegate, Mississippi, Missouri, and Arkansas none.

An address was adopted and ordered to be published. It is addressed to "the Brethren in the United States, to the Churches, and to all candid men." It is a dignified, able document, and does credit to the writers and the Southern Baptists.

The Convention adjourned to meet the following year at Richmond, Va. This was its first regular meeting, and was called "THE TRIENNIAL CONVENTION OF SOUTHERN BAPTISTS." The prospect for abundant usefulness was cheering, and thirteen thousand dollars remained in the hands of the Treasurers of the two Boards after the year's current expenses had been met. At this meeting, "a Committee of two from each State and the District of Columbia," was appointed to "consider the expediency of organizing a Board of Managers for Bible and publication operations." The Committee reported most wisely:

"1. That this Convention do now constitute its Mission Boards as its agents for the distribution of the Bible. The Foreign Mission Board will, therefore, collect and receive the funds for foreign distribution; and the Domestic Mission Board, the funds for domestic distribution, and make such appropriation of them as shall in their judgment seem expedient, except in cases in which the donors shall make specific designation of their contributions.

"2. That it be recommended to the Boards to cultivate the

most friendly intercourse with the American and Foreign Bible Society, in the great work of the BIBLE TRANSLATED, AND DISTRIBUTED IN ALL LANDS."

A charter had been granted by the Georgia Legislature, which was at this meeting adopted by the Convention. The Convention adjourned to meet at Nashville, Tenn., on the first Wednesday in May, 1849, W. B. Johnson to preach the introductory sermon.

This was the year in which the cholera swept over the country, and a communication appeared in the Tennessee Baptist of April 12th, from Dr. Johnson, announcing that, in consequence of the cholera at Nashville, the Convention would meet at Charleston, S. C. The power of the President to change the place of meeting was denied. A few delegates met at Nashville at the appointed time, and then adjourned to meet at Charleston on the 23d of May. The final meeting was thinly attended, and the onward progress of the interests of the Convention somewhat interrupted. The proceedings of the Nashville meeting were embodied in the minutes, and the Convention adjourned to meet at Nashville in May, 1851.

The Treasurer's report shows that in the three years preceding, fifty thousand dollars had been received by the Foreign Board, and thirty-three thousand by the Domestic Board.

The next meeting of the Convention was at Nashville, when a Southern Bible Board was organized. The next meeting was held at Baltimore, and the last at Montgomery, Ala.

The usages of the Convention appear to be against the inviting of Pedobaptists preachers to seats. The sixth Article of the Triennial Convention read thus: "Any Brother who may be present as a visitor, who is in good standing in the denomination, may be invited to participate in its councils." As this designates who *may* be invited, by a well-known law maxim it makes it unconstitutional to invite any others. At the first meeting to organize a Convention it was resolved, "that ministering brethren present are invited to seats." Nothing more is added; and if minister means, as Baptists hold, an officer of a regular gospel Church, there can be no objection to such an invitation.

At the meeting in 1849 it was,

Resolved, That ministering brethren of our denomination present be invited to participate in the deliberations of the Convention."

The usage of the Convention is settled by these examples, and if followed out, will render unnecessary the *outgush of bottled-up eloquence*, which otherwise will burst forth.

The Convention will soon be together. May the blessing of the Lord be upon it. As in all such bodies, there will be many talkers and some thinkers—light troops and heavy artillery. The talker, who can get eloquent on ■ sraw, who can be as earnest on one subject ■ another, is usually a weak man; he will attract the crowd, he will influence few. Let no one be ambitious to distinguish himself as ■ fine off-hand speaker. It will but proclaim his want of judgment.

S. H. F.

[For the Christian Repository.]

LECTURE ON HEBREWS.*

BY S. BAKER, D. D., WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.

Christ, the brightness of God's glory, and the exact impression of His substance.

Heb. 1 : 5—"Who being the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person, and upholding all things by the word of His power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high."

IN this verse the apostle proceeds in the description of the person by whom God spake in the gospel revelation, and he shows still father his *exalted pre-eminence* above all those formerly employed in similar ministration. Of this description in our text, there are three parts: the first declaring what he is—"the brightest of God's glory, and the express image of His person;" the second declaring what he did, and is now doing—"He upholdeth all things by the word of his power, and by himself he purged our sins;" the third what He is now enjoying as a reward for His obedience unto death, by which he made purgation of our sins—"He sits enthroned at the right hand of the Divine Majesty in high places, viz: *in the highest heavens*."

1. We have ■ description of Christ as to what He is in himself. He is *the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His person*. Two questions present themselves at once in reference to this description. 1. To what of Christ this description

belongs? or, in what manner does it refer to the Redeemer? 2. What is the *particular meaning* of the expressions employed by Paul in this description? Some suppose that this description refers to Christ as divine. Others suppose that it refers to the mode of his existence before he was incarnate. Others again suppose that the description refers to him as incarnate, but still has reference to him *as the incarnate Son of God*.

It is to be borne in mind, that it is not the direct and immediate design of the apostle to treat absolutely of either *nature* of Christ, his divine or human; but only of his *person*. Hence, though some of the things mentioned may belong to or be the properties of his divine nature and some of his human, yet neither of them is spoken of *as such*, but are all considered as belonging to his *person*, of which he professedly treats. The Mediator is the "God manifested in the flesh," and it is of this complex person that Paul is discoursing; and his great design evidently is to show the *exalted* pre-eminence of Christ above all others by whom God has spoken to men. Paul describes Christ *as he actually is*, the incarnate Son of God; the equal of the Father in human flesh; but the expressions employed denote excellencies too sublime and glorious to be ascribed to any mere creature however exalted. He who is "the brightness of God's glory, and the express image of his person," must have *a nature truly divine*. When God asks, "Whom will ye compare to me, and whom will you liken unto me?" it would be impious to present in comparison with him any one who is not God by *nature*. The last and greatest of the messengers which God has sent to man, then, has *a nature truly divine*, and upon this ground Paul bases his claims to our highest reverence as sent from God.

Let us now inquire into the *particular meaning* of the expressions employed by Paul in this description. The word "*apaugasma*," translated "*brightness*" in our text, signifies *radiance, light flowing from a human body, reflected splendor or brightness*. The original phrase (*apaugasma tes doxes autou*), rendered "*the brightness of his glory*," denotes an effulgence bursting from a brilliant light; and Paul, by employing this phrase, represents Christ as the splendor or brightest manifestation of the glory of the invisible God. It is supposed by some that Paul, in the ex-

pression here employed, refers to the sun, and the irradiation by which it is made manifest; and it is supposed that from this description the custom arose, so frequent in the early Church, of comparing the relation between the first and second persons of the Trinity to that between the sun and the light which it emits. One example of that mode of illustration occurs in the Nicene creed: "*Light of Light*, very God of very God." The rays or beams of the sun are its "brightness," or that by which the sun is seen and known. The sun itself we do not see; the beams which flow from it we do see. If God, then, be represented under the image of a luminous body, as he is in the scriptures, (Psalm 84 : 11; Mal. 4 : 2), then Christ is the radiance of that light, the brightness of that luminary. He is that by which we perceive God, or by which God is made known to us in his real perfections.

Other interpreters suppose that the expression, "*the brightness of his glory*," alludes to the visible emblem of the divine presence of old, which was a bright shining light or flame of fire, and was called *the glory of Jehovah*. This visible glory of the divine majesty appeared to Moses in the bush, (Ex. 3 : 2-4); resided in the cloud, and conducted Israel out of Egypt, (Ex. 13 : 21); appeared on Mount Sinai at the giving of the law, (Ex. 19 : 18, and 24 : 16); took possession of the tabernacle, (Ex. 40 : 34-35), where it sometimes appeared to all the people, (Lev. 9 : 23, Num. 14 : 10); but more ordinarily within the vail, enthroned upon the mercy seat, between the cherubim, (Lev. 16 : 2). From thence the Lord spake to Moses, (Ex. 26 : 21-22, Num. 7 : 89); and to him, as dwelling there, all religious worship was directed, (Psalm, 80 : 1). This glory of the Lord also resided in the first temple, (2 Chron. 7 : 1-4); and the apostle enumerates it among the peculiar privileges of old Israel, that to them belonged the glory, (Rom. 9 : 4). The Jewish writers termed this visible glory *Shechina Ikra*, or *Chabod*, which imports the majestic splendor of the divine glory, and is much the same with the apostle's expression in this place. The Hebrews, therefore, might naturally understand him as alluding to that visible glory of Jehovah which appeared unto their fathers of old, and to be affirming that Jesus Christ is the truth, spirit, or substance of it.

The glory of God is his character or divine perfections, as dis-

played or shining forth. In this sense, Christ is the splendor of the Father's glory, for God gives the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. It is in him that all his glorious attributes are displayed to the highest advantage. But this is not perceived merely by the bodily eye, as was the Shechina, but by his shining into the heart, (2 Cor. 4 : 6). It is by Christ only that the true character and glory of God is known to men, (Comp. John, 1 : 18, and 14 : 9). This is true in regard to the great system of revelation ; but is especially true in regard to the views which men have of God, (Mat. 11 : 27). "No man knoweth the Son but the Father ; neither knoweth any man the Father save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him." "The human soul is dark, respecting the divine character, until it is enlightened by Christ. It sees no beauty, no glory in his nature—nothing that excites wonder, or that wins the affections, until it is disclosed by the Redeemer. *Somehow* it happens, account for it as men may, that there are no elevating, practical views of God in the world ; no views that engage and hold the affections of the soul ; no views that are transforming and purifying, but those which are derived from the Lord Jesus. A man becomes a Christian, and at once he has elevated, practical views of God. He is to him the most glorious of all beings. He finds supreme delight in contemplating his perfections. But he may be a philosopher or an infidel, and though he may profess to believe in the existence of God, yet the belief exerts no practical influence on him ; he sees nothing to admire ; nothing which leads him to worship him." (Comp. Rom. 1 : 21.)—*Barnes*.

The apostle adds farther in his description in our text—"And the express image of his person." The Greek word "*charakter*," rendered "*express image*," imports such a complete and exact likeness as is betwixt a die and its coin, or betwixt a seal and its impression, in which nothing of the original is lost or diminished in the representation. The word "*uposasis*," translated "*person*," occurs five times in the New Testament ; thrice it is translated confidence, as in 2 Cor. 9 : 4, 11 : 17, Heb. 3 : 4 ; once *substance*, Heb. 11 : 1 ; and here *person*. *Confidence* would make no tolerable sense in this place. *Substance* comes nearer the etymology ;

but this, it is thought, does not well admit of an express image; and we are told that *uposasis* was not used to signify *person* till after the Council of Nice, about the year 325. But whatever critics may make of this word, the apostle evidently means to express by it the Father *himself*, as personally distinguished from the Son; and the sense is, that the Son is the exact image or likeness of the Father. The word *uposasis* means here *substance, reality, essential nature*, and Paul teaches us that the Son is the express image or counterpart of God's essence or being, *i. g.*, of God himself. This sense is clearly expressed in 2 Cor. 4 : 4, Col. 1 : 15, where he is termed the "*eikon*," *image of God, the image of the invisible God*; from which it is plain, that the invisible God is the *hypostasis, substance, or essence*, of which the Son is the express image; and so perfectly is the Father represented in him, that he says himself, "*he that hath seen me, hath seen the Father*." (John, 14 : 9). And as Christ is the image or counterpart of the Father, so the Father is the counterpart of the Son. We have only believed *one-half* of what God has revealed concerning the divinity of Christ, when we believe the equality of the Son with the Father. That equality is *moral*, as well as natural. They are one in character, one in will, one in disposition and design, as well as one in essence. It is just as true that all the warm sympathies of the Saviour glow in the heart of God, as that all the perfections of God meet and shine in the person of the Saviour. He is all that God is, naturally; and God is all that Christ is, morally. It is just as much our duty to look for the lovely and gentle spirit of the Saviour in God, as to look for the perfections of God in the Saviour; for the Son came into the world to "declare the Father," to "show the Father," to "reveal the Father" unto us; and that, *as a Father*, as well as a God. Hence, the express assurance, "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." The *character* of the Saviour, as displayed in his gracious words, works, spirit, and deportment towards sinners, is, therefore, the visible illustration of the real character of the invisible God; and thus the grand *mirror* which fully and clearly reveals it. On earth, Christ was the brightness of the divine glory, and the express image of his person. He bore an exact

resemblance to God. He was just such a being as we should suppose the Father to be were he to become incarnate. He was the embodied representation of the Deity.

Having attended to Paul's description of Christ as to what he is in himself, we shall now proceed :

2. To show what he is doing and hath done. 1. What does Paul say he is doing? "*Upholding all things by the word of his power.*" The apostle had said, verse 2, that God made the worlds by his Son, and here he represents the Son as sustaining or upholding the whole creation in its existence and order. Both these divine works he also ascribes to the Son in Col. 1 : 16-17, "All things were created by him, and by him all things consist." He not only made all things at first, but continues to uphold and preserve them from dissolution and disorder. He sustains every thing severally in its particular being, nature, and operations, and all things collectively in their order, connection, and consistency with relation to the universal system; and he also governs and directs the whole in a subserviency to his own great designs. All this he effects "*by the word of his power.*" The phrase is expressive of divine power—that almighty power by which the Divine Being created all things, and which is frequently represented as exerted by a work spoken, a word of command, saying, *Let it be*, and it was. (Gen. 1, Psalm, 33 : 6-9). So that the same divine power which at first spoke all things into existence, is exercised by the Son in upholding and preserving them in their present state during the time appointed. To Him pertains alike the sustentation and the government of all. The earth and its inhabitants—"the stars in their courses"—all the objects, and all the affairs of all the worlds, are under his direction and control. Without Him, universal nature would rush into our ruins, or cease to be. Nor is it with toil and strenuous effort that this mighty work is wrought. "The word of his power" secures the end. As God "spake and it was done," as "He commanded and it stood fast," in the old world; so now, and ever, the breath of Christ's mouth, the touch of his finger, preserves and maintains the universe. What Divine simplicity and ease! Omnipotence alone is equal to such a work, and He who can perform it must be, indeed, "*the Mighty God.*"

The sacred writer, having thus sublimely represented the essential glory of the Son of God, immediately goes on to say, "He by himself purged our sins." The purification here specified is not the sanctification of the sinner's soul; for the work is said to have been realized before Christ ascended into heaven. Atonement or propitiation, an end attributed in so many other texts to the death of Christ, (Isa. 53 : 5, 6, 10, 11; Mat. 20 : 23; Rom. 3 : 24-26; 1 Cor. 15 : 3; 1 Tim. 2 : 6; 1 Pet. 2 : 24; Rev. 1 : 5, &c.,) is certainly what is meant. The apostle throughout this epistle, when treating of Christ's sacrifice and its effects, uses the phraseology of the Greek translation of the Old Testament respecting the legal sacrifices. In this version the Hebrew "*copher*," which signifies *atonement*, is sometimes translated "*katharismos*," i. e., *purification* or *cleansing*, as in Ex. 29 : 36, 30 : 10. The verb "*katharizo*," to *purify* or *cleanse*, is also frequently used to express the *act* of making atonement by offering a sacrifice for sin, as in Ex. 29 : 37, 30 : 10; Lev. 9 : 15; and it is also used to express the *effect* of this action in cleansing the people from the guilt of sin. (See Lev. 16 : 30). The apostle observes in general, that "almost all things are by the law (*katharizetai*) purified with blood, and without shedding of blood is no remission." (Heb. 9 : 22). Now, as the Hebrews were well acquainted with the sacrificial terms of their law, they must have understood the apostle to mean that Christ expiated our sins, or made an atonement for them by the blood of his sacrifice.

This sense is farther evident from the *means* by which he accomplished this purification. It was "*by himself*," which is afterwards explained by a variety of the clearest expressions, such as "by his own blood," (Chap. 9 : 12); "*by means of death*," (verse 15); "by offering himself unto God," (verse 14); "by the sacrifice of himself," (verse 26); "by the offering of his body once," (Chap. 10 : 10). The work of expiation in our text is associated with human "*sins*," atonement having an essential reference to sin as what requires expiation to be made in order to reconciliation between God and man. Christ is represented as having made the expiation "*by himself*"—a view which both indicates the greatness of his condescending love in the matter, and accounts for the fact that, by his one sacrifice, such a mighty

multitude of sins are pardoned, and such a mighty multitude of sinners are saved. It is strange, indeed, that "the brightness of God's glory, the express image of God's person;" that One who is himself so glorious and so pure, and against whom the sins of men are acts of foul rebellion, should have stooped so low, and suffered so much, and that for the very purpose of securing pardon and salvation for his foes. But the fact that he actually did so—here, and in so many other passages declared—evolves and exhibits magnificent and animating views, alike of the transcendent mercy of his heart, and of the transcendent virtue of his work.

Having shown what Christ is in himself, and what he does and hath done, the apostle proceeds to show :

3. What He enjoys as the consequence of both. Christ, having made expiation for men's sins, "sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high." As, at the beginning of the sentence, the sacred writer describes the essential glory which Christ possessed from all eternity, so here, He sets forth the glory on which He entered as Mediator, when, after His atoning sacrifice, He ascended to the Father.

"The Majesty on high," is of course God himself; and He receives the title from the transcendent glory of his nature, his character, and his administration. He is here represented as seated on the throne, and "*the right hand*" of that throne denotes a place of surpassing dignity and blessedness. When Solomon would pay marked honor to his mother, he places her beside him on the right. (1 Kings, 2 : 19). It is said that, at the judgment, "the King will set the sheep on the right hand, and the goats on the left." (Mat. 25 : 33). Even so, the ascending Son of God is here, and in many a text beside, represented as sitting down on the right hand of his Father's throne. He entered on a state of surpassing honor, and happiness, and power. He is even "set down with his Father on his throne." (Rev. 3 : 21). To Christ, in their highest signification, the Psalmist's words may be applied: "The king shall joy in thy strength, O Lord; and in thy salvation how greatly shall he rejoice! Thou hast given him his heart's desire, and hast not withholden the request of his lips. For thou preventest him with the blessings of goodness; thou settest a crown of pure gold on his head. He asked life of thee,

and thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever. His glory is great in thy salvation ; honor and majesty hast thou laid upon him. For thou hast made him most blessed for ever ; thou hast made him exceeding glad with thy countenance." (Ps. 21 : 1-6). To be placed in state at the right hand of sovereigns has always been considered as the highest mark of esteem, and the greatest honor that kings can confer upon any without renouncing the crown itself. With regard to Christ, it imports that he is exalted as Mediator to the highest, the most glorious and honorable station and place in heaven, next to his Father, and far above every, the highest created being in dignity, power, and glory. This is what had long before been promised him. (Ps 110 : 1).

IMPROVEMENT.

Such is the threefold division, and such the doctrinal import of our text. How rich is our subject in practical suggestions ! Is Christ possessed of that essential, immutable, and eternal majesty there described ? With what interest should we contemplate, with what reverence should we adore him ? Does he sustain the weight and carry on the government of all things ? With what earnestness should the sinner seek his favor ! With what confidence should the believer depend upon his arm ! Did he make expiation for human sin ? How meet to celebrate his condescending mercy, to fly for safety to his cross, and then to triumph in his *divine* sufficiency to save ! Has he gone to surpassing glory in the heavens ? Shall we not rejoice in the blessedness and dignity of one so generous and so good ? Shall we not seek to have our future home assigned to us in his glorious presence ? Shall we not "set our affections on things above, where He sitteth on the right hand of God ?" How desirable to be with Christ where He is, there to behold his glory, and see him as He is ? Will this honor, dignity, and happiness ever be ours ?

Family Visitant.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. S. R. FORD.

WILLIAM WINTERFIELD, THE YOUNG PASTOR.

BY MRS. F. E. GARNETT.

CHAP. III.—THE SEWING CIRCLE.

"Well, ladies, here we are, all at our posts," exclaimed the busy, bustling Mrs. Freeman, (wife of the deacon introduced in the last chapter,) as she hurriedly assumed her position as directress of the "sewing circle." "We have quite an amount of work on hand, and 'tis badly needed, I can tell you; so hurry up, girls, and set your fingers flying, (here, wind this thread, Sallie,) for I shall keep a sharp look-out, and the girl that does the most work, in the best manner and quickest time, I shall recommend to our young pastor, Bro. Winterfield."

"O, my!" exclaimed the merry little Nellie Lee, "what an inducement! Here, toss me the needles quick, I must anchor down right here by Mrs. Grey, and do my prettiest to win the parson."

"Do not forget, Nellie, dear," said Mrs. Grey, pressing her hand gently over the glossy ringlets that danced around the blushing brow and polished neck of the gay young creature, "that there are more *important* characteristics necessary in the wife of a minister than 'merely to sew well.'"

"O yes! I know, Mrs. Grey, a preacher's wife must be a very *firm, precise, particular, prosy* kind of a body, and Nell will be compelled to undergo a complete metamorphose to come up to the standard; but I will not despair, Mr. Wintersmith is worth an effort, at least. And now, young ladies, cease that tittering, will you?" said Nellie, with a demure look and an air of dignity that caused a smile to cross the features of the usually grave Mrs. Grey; "see how earnestly Sallie Smith is plying her needle," continued Nellie. "She is very quiet; says not a word; but, I tell you, she's making the stitches *count* for the parson."

"Well, young ladies," said Lucy Banks, a tall, discontented looking spinster of thirty-five, "I think *all* your efforts will prove abortive, as Mr. Win-

terfield is evidently very much enamored with Isabel Danvers. 'Tis a wonder she is not here to-day. She is very devotional of late ; has become remarkably punctual in her attendance at church, prayer-meeting, Sabbath-school, and so on, and would have been here, no doubt, if there was any probability of meeting him."

[The reader is aware that there is, in almost every village and community, a very *knowing*, important personage, known by the unenviable cognomen, *gossip* tattler, news-monger, etc. Miss Banks occupied this relation to the village of Luray. She got all the news "fresh from the mint," and was so accommodating as to circulate it for the *edification* of her friends in *particular*, and the public in *general*. She had one characteristic, however, that is not *peculiar* to her class—her information was generally reliable. She combined much natural shrewdness and acute observation, with a well-cultivated mind, which fact she was not careful to conceal, as she generally spiced her conversation with elegant sentences, showing off her *larnin'*. We quote our neighbor again ; hope she won't be offended. The reader is now fairly introduced to Miss Banks. We hope he will appreciate her as she *deserves*.]

"You do not suppose he is really attached to Isabel?" said Mrs. Grey, addressing Miss Banks, with a look of anxious inquiry. "She is a gay, thoughtless, worldly-minded girl, who, I fear, merely carries the lamp of profession, without the oil of divine grace. He is not, surely, so forgetful of his true interests as to make such a selection."

"O, well!" exclaimed Miss Banks, with a malicious toss of the head, "Mr. Winterfield computes *interest* in a business-like manner, multiplies the thousands by ten, and the answer shows a fortune of some thirty or forty thousand in Isabel's favor, to which he is by no means insensible, if he is a *preacher*. I tell you, there's a *luster* about gold that far *outshines* the perfections you imagine a minister's wife should possess, Mrs. Grey ; at least, in the estimation of *some* persons. Let me tell you another thing (*don't mention it, though* ; I don't want it to get out from *me*). I stepped in at Mrs. Nowlan's, as I came along this morning, and *she* says every body's talking about Mr. Winterfield being so changed. When he first took charge of the church here, (just six months ago,) he was so humble, plain in his dress, familiar in his deportment, preached such stirring sermons, it seemed as if he was commissioned anew for the work. But *now*, such airs as he gives himself ; he sports his broadcloth, which rivals, in fineness of luster and superiority of finish, the most fastidious dandy's of the village. Then there's his admirably-fitting pants and boots, hat *a la mode*, and every thing done up according to the latest style. And then his sermons are so evidently *fixed up* ; so much effort at display ; such gracefully-turned periods, studied gestures ; in a word, such admirable *declamation*. You all can judge how much gospel is in those sermons. Mrs. Nowlan says (and this is my opinion, too ; entirely confidential though), that all this transformation is attributable to the influence of the Danvers. Mr. Winterfield is a constant *hanger-on* there. They evidently regard him

with particular favor, and you know their great love of display. And then his attentions to Isabel are peculiarly marked, consequently it will never do for him to appear in his *shabby genteels* at the *mansion* with a brown stone front."

"O fie, fie! Lucy Banks," exclaimed Mrs. Freeman, as she hurried around, giving instructions to this one and that, "you are too suspicious. The world, in your opinion, has been capsized and the wrong side turned up. I don't believe a word of all this ado about Bro. Winterfield being in love with Isabel, (stop there, Nellie, let me baste your work, child.) True, he notices the girl, but then she throws herself in his way, and he can't well avoid it. She's a 'belle,' you know, and feels that she's entitled to the attentions of all the gentlemen."

"Nonsense, Mrs. Freeman! if I am suspicious, I know something of human nature; but it does not take a Solomon to decide this matter. Mr. Winterfield is ridiculous in his attentions to Miss Danvers. The whole community is aroused at the nonsensical developments of his passion. To prove to you that I am not guessing at it, I will just relate a circumstance that occurred in my presence yesterday. I called at Mr. Danvers' in the morning, and, knowing it was Isabel's hour to practice, I proceeded without ceremony to the parlor, and, opening the door softly, beheld a scene at once interesting and surprising. Isabel was seated at the piano, and never did I see her look half so lovely. Her dress was of white muslin, falling in snowy folds around her queen-like figure; her dark hair, smoothed back in shining braids over her pale brow, fell in rich, heavy masses behind, lending to the graceful contour of her head and neck a madona-like simplicity, more becoming, by far, than the gorgeous display of jewels with which she usually decorates herself; then there was that soft, languid, yet most bewitching expression which she *sometimes* assumes when she wishes to appear unusually fascinating; but withal was an air of *real* interest and feeling, that I had never before observed about her; and I mentally exclaimed, surely Isabel's heart *is* engaged at *last*. Beside her sat the Rev. Mr. Winterfield, (your *beau-ideal* of perfection, ladies,) clasping her jeweled hand, while from his fine eyes beamed an expression of affection or admiration, I could scarcely decide which. I was preparing to retire, when Isabel's quick eye caught a view of my retiring figure, and, running her fingers over the keys of the piano, called out to me, 'Come in, Lucy, and let's play Mr. Winterfield a duet.' I complied rather awkwardly, for I was much embarrassed, as was Mr. Winterfield. He pretty soon remarked, that he 'was on a round of *pastoral* visits, and must hasten on.' The thought occurred to me that his 'flock' would be indebted to me somewhat for his prompt calls that day at least. I can't help thinking he was on the point of making an avowal of his love as I entered."

"Methinks, Lucy, he would have been rather premature, to say the least of it," quietly remarked Sallie Smith, (who had been sewing busily, apparently an uninterested auditor,) "as his acquaintance with Isabel is of recent date."

"True enough, Sallie; but he is so infatuated, if I may so express it, that he does not pause to consider proprieties or improprieties, but, urged on by his maddening passion, perpetrates all manner of nonsense. He is almost constantly at her side. On the public promenade, in the private sitting-room, in the crowded saloon, amid scenes of conviviality and mirth, (by-the-bye, not a very suitable place for a minister either, in my opinion,) and, in fact, everywhere he pursues her, lavishing upon her marked attention. She is evidently weaving around him a subtle web, and, ere he is aware of it, he will be hopelessly entangled in its deceptive meshes. I know you all regard this as the prediction of a suspicious old maid, but just note it down, and mark the sequel."

"O my, Miss Lucy!" exclaimed Nellie, "so vividly and pathetically have you described this love-scene that I am completely discouraged. My fingers are actually paralyzed and refuse to do their office. I see, plainly, there is no chance for the parson, so what's the use trying?"

"Well, ladies," remarked a stately, dignified-looking girl, in measured tone, who had been a silent but attentive listener during Lucy's description of the love-scene, "I differ from Miss Banks in her predictions concerning Rev. Mr. Winterfield."

"Hark!" interrupted Nellie, raising her finger in mock solemnity, "the mantle of Miss Banks has been transferred to the shoulders of Miss Nichols. Now we will have an *unerring* prediction."

"As Miss Lee attributes to me prophetic attributes," continued Miss Nichols, "I will utter this prophecy, that Mr. Winterfield becomes attached to Julie Summar, instead of Isabel Danvers."

"And she will make a much more suitable wife for a minister," gravely remarked Mrs. Grey. "She is an humble, pious, active Christian, and would be truly an help-meet. I don't know when I was more pleased and surprised than yesterday. I called in the evening to see old Mrs. Fant, who has been ill so long; and, when I entered her humble home, I found Julia Summar, who had brought her some comforts, which the poor old creature badly needed. After cleaning up the room nicely, arranging her bed comfortably, and getting things quiet, she drew from her basket a neat Bible, and, selecting an appropriate chapter, read it in her own sweet, quiet way, and then, kneeling beside the bed of the suffering woman, offered such a prayer. O! it did my soul good to hear the dear young creature, so meek, humble, childish, and yet so full of holy fervor. And what a lesson it taught me! I, who have been a professor for thirty years, and never once have raised my voice in vocal prayer in the presence of any one. I went home feeling reprov'd, feeling that I had received a useful lesson from a babe in 'Israel.' That is the woman a minister should have, if he wants a *wife indeed*. I tell you her value is far above rubies."

"Mr. Winterfield is often lingering by Isabel's side," continued Miss Nichols, "and appears to feel no ordinary interest in her society, and I do not

suppose a gentleman of *his* dignity and conscientiousness would *condescend* to trifle with the affections of the young, confiding creature."

"Heigh-ho!" exclaimed Nellie, "it seems that the parson has *two* strings to his bow! Mrs. Freeman, you can't comply with your promise. So I shall take my time with this sewing."

"Sew on, Nellie dear, sew on, take short stitches; Lucy Banks and Mollie Nichols may both prove *false* prophets," said Mrs. Freeman, as she wiped her spectacles, and replaced them over her keen, grey eyes, that twinkled with activity and good humor.

"Well, well, Miss Nichols," replied Lucy, "you have made an 'unerring' prediction, truly, after all your far-seeing capacity. Now just think of it,—Julia Summar, with no wealth, no position in society more than that of a good, sensible, pious girl; and Isabel Danvers, with almost transcendant beauty, wealth, and elevated position, and Mr. Winterfield prefer Julia,—pooh, pooh! nonsense. I have seen too much of the world to arrive at *that* conclusion."

"But your premises are not correct, Miss Banks, and, of course, your conclusions cannot be. You represent Julia as having no *position* in society. True, she has not the position that wealth secures its possessors, but a *more* enviable position, by far, than Isabel, with all her *boasted* advantages. She is a pure-minded, high-principled woman, possessing moral courage enough to do right despite the taunts and sneers of the scoffing multitude. She is a gifted girl, as you *all* know; and from her pen, through the monthly periodical, flow sentiments that exert a mighty influence in moulding the morals of this community. Being modest and unpretending in her deportment, she does not impress you with correct ideas of her powers of mind. Which, *now*, do you think, occupies the most *useful*, most *available* position?"

"Julia, of course, in the estimation of all sensible persons; but I think Mr. Winterfield is so dazzled by Isabel's beauty, that he cannot fathom the under-current of her character and discover its imperfections."

"Would to heavens!" said Nellie, (with more earnestness than usual for *her*,) "that some faithful friend would warn him of the sad consequences of persisting in his attentions to that heartless girl!"

"Ladies," said Mrs. Wise, who had hitherto remained silent, "I think I know more about this matter than either of you."

"We'll have it all explained *now*," said Nellie, aside to Mrs. Grey, "chapter and verse, day and date, and no mistake."

"You remember, Mrs. Freeman," continued Mrs. Wise, "that I told you of this when Bro. Winterfield first came here among us. You all made too great an ado over him. There was nobody like Bro. Winterfield. When he wanted to make *pastoral* visits, they were converted into *social* visits, and a rich dinner or supper must be prepared, of which he, through politeness, was compelled to partake. Really I became uneasy, lest he should be thrown into dyspepsia by this continual feasting. And the *young* sisters must not be *want-*

ing in attentions to the *new* minister; so you see the richest bouquets blushing upon his table, and the neatest perfumed notes peeping from his card-rack. The most graceful courtesy and the sweetest smile are preserved for *him*; the most delightful rides and walks are arranged, in which *he* must be associated. I have named but a few of the numberless attentions that were constantly lavished upon him. 'To err is human,' and but few young men, just started out in the world, with an imperfect knowledge of human nature, could withstand the influence of such caresses. This brother or that sister, very injudiciously, tells him, 'What a sweet sermon he preached last Sunday;' 'how popular he is with the community;' what 'Doctor Physic' and 'Lawyer Skinner' said about his 'elegant address and lofty flights;' that Judge Noble, who seldom went to hear old Ben. Heartwell, "was *always* out to hear *him*;" and that Miss La-Mode, (who is a leader of the *ton*,) says, 'his sermons are *the very thing—done up* according to the *latest style*;' and so the artillery of flattery is leveled at his most vulnerable points! It is no wonder he's '*spile't*,' as Bro. Freeman says. But it's a great pity, Mrs. Freeman; he would make a useful man, and is capable of doing such an amount of good *here*. I differ with Lucy in one point. She seems inclined to make the Danvers family a 'scape-goat' to place the sins of others upon. But the truth is, we're *all* to blame. Each was striving to excel the other in attentions to our minister, and we have well-nigh *killed him with kindness*. It is but natural that we appreciate one of Bro. Winterfield's acquirements very highly, and our attentions to him will, of course, correspond with the estimate we place upon him; but we must be more judicious, *must* remember that he is but dust, and subject to the infirmities of the flesh. If he had but a *moderate* share of vanity, we have said and done enough, by way of exciting it, to almost ruin him spiritually. As to Isabel, it's a plain case that he is over head and ears in love with her; but *I* think *she's* playing a *double* game. Mark Thornsby, who belongs to one of the 'first families,' (which means in common parlance the most wealthy,) is very devoted to her, and you may be very sure Mr. Danvers is too good a judge of a *match*, to let her take Bro. Winterfield with *his* slender expectations, in preference to the 'nabob's' son. Not a bit of it. If she marries the minister, she will have to make a 'Gretna-Green' scrape of it, mark that. Yet Isabel seems to feel more than ordinary interest in him. She may baffle her father at last; there's no accounting for a woman's notions in a matter of this kind. Just think what sermons Bro. Winterfield preached when he first came—so stirring and spiritual; so much gospel in them. *Now* they are handsomely fixed up, as Lucy says, every period rounded off perfectly, every stand-point made clearly distinct, every gesture in the right time and most graceful manner; but the *soul* has departed from them, and every member of the congregation remains as cold and moveless under them as pieces of sculpture. There's something *out of joint*, ladies, as sure as you live."

"Ladies, are you through with your conjectures, guesses, and predictions, concerning Bro. Winterfield?" seriously inquired Mrs. Grey. "If so, suffer

me, in the spirit of Christian kindness, to give you an admonition. We assembled here to-day for the purpose of devoting our leisure to the benefit of others. *Charity* being the avowed impulse that prompted to action, yet how little of that heavenly principle has been exhibited in our conversation.—‘Charity thinketh no evil, suffereth long, and is kind.’ Have we exemplified it to-day? Let each one answer to her own conscience in the fear of God. These hours should have been appropriated to religious conversation, ‘as becometh women professing godliness,’ or, at *least*, to the result of our weekly inquiry into the wants of those whose necessities we propose to supply. Our time is not only thus foolishly, yea culpably, squandered *to-day*, but each meeting of our sewing society is attended with similar results. ‘Tis truly afflicting to me, my sisters, and particularly so since you have undertaken to *dissect* the *character* of our minister, which you should preserve as inviolate ■ your own. The character of a female has been fitly compared to a sheet of white paper—‘Get a blot upon it and it cannot be removed.’ The standing of ministerial purity is equally elevated. The reputation of a minister is as easily tarnished as that of a female, and the tarnish as difficult to remove. How careful, then, ought you to be in speaking of him, and circulating reports prejudicial to him and calculated to impair his usefulness! Now I want you to think seriously upon what I say to you, and be more guarded in future. How unfortunate that young ladies conclude, as soon as ■ young minister settles in a community, that they must ‘set their caps for him,’ and forthwith bring all their artillery of charms in full array against the citadel of his heart to take it captive. Bro. Winterfield’s usefulness is, to some extent, crippled, from the fact that he is an unmarried man. His civilities are construed into love-making; he is the prominent mark of marriageable young ladies and their match-making mothers; and I fear his mind is too much occupied with the image of some fair one, to do his Master’s work faithfully. Let us pray for him more earnestly, warn him more faithfully, be more careful of his reputation; and, finally, when we meet in the sewing society, let us employ our time more profitably, and cease this endless tittle-tattle, so much beneath the dignity of *ladies* and Christians.”

Julia was a regular attendant at the “sewing society,” until some three or four weeks previous to this conversation, and made an excellent member, with one exception,—she was not gifted with an amount of loquacity sufficient to contribute her proportion to the usual *quantum* of gossip—*this* being an almost indispensable ingredient in making a member of importance to the “circle” of Luray. She was aware of this discrepancy, not *painfully*, however; and, what was most astonishing to Miss Banks and others, made no effort to remedy it, but pursued “the even tenor of her way,” regardless of the inuendoes of the more *knowing*, who were so sympathetic as to pity her dullness and evident want of interest in the affairs of her neighbors.

Upon her return from the society the evening she last met with them, she deposited her bonnet on the rack in the hall, and, throwing back the curls

from her heated brow, sought, as usual, her aunt's room for an hour of peaceful repose after the fatigue and perplexity of the day.

"Did the sisters accomplish much to-day at the sewing society, Julia?" said her aunt, with one of those quizzical smiles peculiar to her when amused.

"O yes, aunt! quite an amount, I assure you. In the first place, there were six garments made for that poor family in 'poverty village,' the Scotts; and it was ascertained, beyond the possibility of doubt—thanks to the investigating mind of Lucy Banks—that Mr. Parker and his wife, at the upper end, live a 'real cat and dog life,' and, in all probability, will finally separate.—They also finished Mr. Winterfield's study-gown, and decided that he ought, by all means, to have a wife right away, and described precisely the kind of woman she must be—each one evidently satisfied that *she* answers the description exactly. Seven yards of hemming done,—and Miss Banks brings the society under lasting obligations by informing them, in a 'confidential' manner, that Mrs. Nowlan told her, that old Mrs. Perkins told her, that Mr. Powel's servant girl told her, that Mrs. Powel did not treat Mr. P.'s first children kindly."

"But," said the old lady, "I told Jimmy Powel it would be so. I never did believe in these second marriages, no how."

"But this," said Julia, "is not half of the 'valuable' and 'interesting' information communicated to-day. It's a fair specimen, though. With your permission, aunt, I will dissolve my connection with the society. What say you?"

"I heartily approve your decision, my dear, as you can accomplish quite as much by doing the sewing at home, and will not be cultivating a disposition to investigate the private affairs of your neighbors."

"But do you suppose *all* sewing societies are conducted in this manner, aunt?"

"I presume not; but this is a prominent objection to most of them."

"Would it not be a good work accomplished, if we could effect a reform?"

"It would be a fruitless attempt, I fear, Julia. As well might the Ethiopian attempt to change the hue of his skin, as to undertake a reform with those habitual news-mongers, members of the circle."

The evening succeeding the interesting discussion of Mr. Winterfield's affairs of the heart, found Julia bending listlessly over her embroidery-frame, evidently occupied with other thoughts than the brilliant bouquets that were rapidly blushing into view under her fingers. Nay, she was wreathing, in imagination, a beauteous garland of life. Flowers, of rarest beauty and fragrance, were being added each moment to the cluster. The tiny buds of embryo affection first peeped out, which gradually assumed the appearance of the half-blown, showing its increased development; and, finally, the full-blown, speaking of the maturity of passion, and —, but she is startled into consciousness as imagination pictures a pair of dark, eloquent eyes, associated with these thoughts, flashing their glad light upon her ideal picture—"What

am I thinking of, silly girl that I am, building air-castles, that one sober thought must demolish? And yet the lingering hope arises that they may not prove merely the vain abortions of a dreamy brain, but a sweet, sweet reality. Who knows?"

"Aunt," she exclaimed, "I am perfectly weary of selecting colors, counting stitches, and-so-forth; feel remarkably dull, and somewhat melancholy. I know of no better way to get rid of such feelings than to set about doing somebody a kindness. I believe I will walk over and see old Mrs. Fant, perhaps I can be of service to her in some way."

"Yes—go, Julia. But, first, get that nice, white loaf, and some tea, with a glass of jelly, and put them on the tea-tray. Hetty can take them over for you."

Julia prepared the refreshments, and set out on her errand of kindness. A walk of a few minutes brought her to the humble tenement of the poor but pious woman, and, taking the tea-tray from Hetty, she entered, her face beaming with kindness and cheerfulness. Already did she realize the reward of her effort to communicate comfort, as the countenance of the poor woman looked the gratitude she would fain have spoken, but her voice, tremulous with emotion, refused utterance to the words of thanks that died upon her lips.

Having prepared tea, of which the sufferer partook eagerly, Julia arranged the scanty furniture of the humble chamber, disposing each article with taste and regularity, giving it an air of neatness and comfort. She was selecting a chapter to read, as she usually did, when a rap at the door announced a visitor. To Julia's "come in," Mr. Winterfield made his appearance. She did not blush to be found in the abode of poverty, as many young ladies do, but welcomed William with a pleasant smile, free from the awkward embarrassment which characterizes those *little* minds that estimate each member of society by the weight of his purse. His eye beamed with evident pleasure, as he returned her graceful salutation, and the sentence, "I'm pleased to see you here, Miss Julia," was uttered in a tone of interest that left no question of its sincerity.

"How are you getting along, to-day, Sister Fant? You are, seemingly, more comfortable than when I last saw you."

"I am still *here*, as you see, Bro. Winterfield, not much worse I believe, and a good deal comforted by my kind young friend here, (pointing to Julia), who never forgets me. The Lord reward her for all her kindness."

"It is indeed pleasant to be blest with earthly friends who will minister to our necessities in times of need; but there is a 'Friend that sticketh closer than a brother,' whose presence cheers us in an hour when the assistance of earthly friends can be of no benefit. I hope, my sister, you realize His presence."

"O! yes, sir, the Lord has been good to me; is still so good. I have much to thank Him for. I feel that I must soon 'depart and be with Christ,' and I am waiting patiently, I hope, for His coming. He has taken my husband and children, sir, cut loose all the ties that bound me to this earth. I am *now* so

weak and trifling I can do no more in His service, and why He still lets me stay here, I can't tell. But—He knows all things, and what is right and best, and I am just waiting *His* time, sir. I can't do any thing *now* but love Him, which I know I *do*, but not as much as I wish to, Bro. Winterfield."

"You no doubt feel that you are weak, and incapable of doing any amount of good in your present condition, but let me assure you, Sister Fant, that you are still instrumental in accomplishing *something* for the benefit of others. You have, by your patient endurance of suffering, in many of its varied forms, reproved *me*, and taught me lessons of humility and dependence upon God, which, I sincerely hope, will result in much good to me. I came in here this evening depressed in spirits, bowed under a weight of responsibility and care, with the hope that I might receive a ray of comfort from *you*, whose prospects are constantly brightening in view of a happier home. It seems that *I* should be the comforter instead of the comforted, does it not?"

"O yes, sir, it does indeed, and I don't see how such a 'poor worm of the dust' as I could comfort a gentleman like you; but the Bible tells us that God often takes the weak things of this world to confound the mighty. Does it not read somehow that way? And may be He chooses *them* to *comfort* them too. But what troubles you, sir, if I may make free enough to ask?"

"The Church, Sister Fant, is in such a luke-warm condition I don't see any fruit of my labor. Don't feel that I am doing *any* good. I fear that I don't realize the importance of the work as I should. My heart is not burdened for the salvation of sinners as I desire it to be. I often tremble in view of the possibility that I am not *truly* a minister of Christ, not a shepherd *indeed*, but merely a hireling. To speak plainly, I begin to suspect that I am not the man for *this* community."

"May be you're getting carried off by some of these *new* notions that's afloat these days, Bro. Winterfield. May be you aint humble enough. Don't pray enough. Don't preach *Christ* enough. Preach *Him* all the time, sir. On the street, on the road, in the parlor, every where. Preach by action, as well as words. *That's* the way to make people believe you're in good earnest. And don't think too much about your sermons being fixed up nice, sir! that's all well enough in its place, but aim to reach the sinner's heart and make him feel he's lost, and you will soon see a waking up among the people."

"Your advice is very good, and no doubt correct, and I thank you for it. I sincerely wish that *I could* enter heart and soul into the work, throw off the fetters that bind me down to earth, and determine to know nothing among this people, 'save Jesus and Him crucified.'"

"Yes, yes, Bro. Winterfield, 'tis the *fetters* that *must* be thrown off," and she looked scrutinizingly into his face, while a faint smile, full of meaning, flitted across her emaciated features.

He arose hastily, and extending his hand said rather confusedly: "I must bid you good evening, Sister Fant. I will call again, before long, and hope I shall not be forgotten in your petitions."

"I won't forget you, my Brother, but don't *you* forget what I told you. Throw off the *fetters*."

"Do you return this evening, Miss Julia? If so, I will escort you with pleasure; your aunt commissioned me to do so, as I came along."

Julia re-adjusted the pillows, gave the invalid a refreshing drink, and, bidding her an affectionate "good evening," set out for home, accompanied by William. They walked on a few paces in silence, which was interrupted by William, who, in a tone of a touching softness, said to her:

"Julia, I have a communication of importance to make to you, and have selected this evening as a propitious time for the disclosure."

She started,—a crimson hue suffused her brow and cheek. He had never before addressed her so familiarly, and the tenderness of his manner so confused her that she could not respond. Raising her eyes timidly to his face, they met his earnest gaze full of interest. Her heart throbbed violently, her limbs trembled, and she felt as if she must sink under the excited state of her feelings, when the sound of merry laughter, and the rapid approach of a vehicle, relieved her embarrassment. In a few moments Mark Hornsby and Isabel Danvers dashed by in a splendid buggy, drawn by his "brag greys," richly caparisoned. Isabel drew off her glove, and kissed her hand to William as they passed, exclaiming, in her most bewitching manner, "Ah, you truant!" His dark eye sparkled with pleasure as he gracefully returned her salutation; and, turning to Julia, who had regained her composure, and marked the look of intense admiration bestowed upon Isabel, remarked rather hurriedly:

"The approach of yon gay couple interrupted my intended disclosure. Since my first acquaintance, I have regarded you as a *real* friend, in whom I could confide, and to whom I could communicate unreservedly the secret thoughts of my heart. I desired to converse with you this evening in regard to a matter that involves *much* of deep, thrilling interest to *me*, but I presume it will be proper to defer it until a more favorable time."

"As you please, Mr. Winterfield," said Julia, now entirely restored to her wonted ease and self-possession, "and although I usually shrink from becoming the recipient of intelligence fraught with such importance, yet I am your willing auditor, if, by assuming that position, I can be serviceable to you."

"Thank you, thank you. Believe me, you can at least help me to *bear* the burden, if you cannot remove it. But we are at your sweet, quiet cottage, and I just now remember an engagement for to-night, which I must meet promptly. I will see you again ere long. So make up your mind to hear something interesting." And assuming an air of cheerfulness, he touched his hat and bade her good evening.

There are periods in the history of each human being, when he earnestly desires to seclude himself from the gaze of every eye, and in some deep, unbroken solitude, where impertinence cannot obtrude to lift the Mokanna veil which excludes from mortal vision the inner heart, lay bare to his own inspection each thought, scan carefully every emotion, analyze every aspiration.

It was with a design to undergo a minute self-examination that Julia retired at an early hour this evening. She evidently drew back from the duty, but the necessity seemed so imperious she was impelled to begin the work. The current of her life, hitherto so calm and passionless, was at length ruffled. The waters were *troubled*, whose smooth surface had only been rippled hitherto as by the passing zephyr. The clouds that presaged an approaching tempest were dimly visible upon the horizon, and she calmly awaited the outburst of their fury upon her defenseless head. She felt the premonitions of approaching sorrow, and fled to her "Book," her "strong tower," in which she hoped to find safety. But deliverance was not *yet*. The crucible of affliction was first to receive her. She *must* pass through the purifying process. The alloy *must* be removed from the pure gold. And should she not patiently submit, though the ordeal be a fiery one? Our Father deals with us as children. "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."

(To be Continued.)

GRACE TRUMAN, OR LOVE AND PRINCIPLE.

BY MRS. S. R. FORD.

CHAP. XIII.—A CHAPTER OF EVENTS.

There was a great stir at the "Retreat." Active preparations were going on from the up stairs to the cellar, throughout the length and breadth of the little cottage home. Grace and Fannie, old Aunt Peggy and Jane, were all as busy as busy could be in forwarding the work. Sweeping, dusting, scouring, polishing, and arranging, each, received its meed of attention. No nook or corner, from the most hidden recess of the cosiest of all little bed-chambers at the head of the passage stairway, to the darkest nich of the milk-cellar, but what was visited by the insatiable shaker broom as it cried "*give, give;*" and no shred nor mite of dust dared resist its rapacious demand. No hiding place was found for them 'mid this besom of the destruction of their right of possession; and forth they came to mingle in the general tide which was fast flowing on to be swallowed up in the flames of the kitchen fire-place.

Newly washed curtains were hung to shade bed-room windows, where shining panes showed no trace of speck nor stain. Snowy huckaback counterpanes enveloped the forms of the smoothest, most squarely made beds, which supported bolsters and pillows reared in slips of virgin purity, and ornamented with nicely fluted jaconet ruffles. The cherry washstands and tables, and the windsor chairs, received from the ever-busy duster the highest luster it was possible for them to wear.

The two bed-chambers above, and "Father Miller's room," (as the cosy little room at the head of the stairway was designated), having been duly set in order, they descended to the parlor, which, in its turn, underwent a thorough sweeping and dusting, and rubbing. And the knobs of the shovel and tongs, having passed through Aunt Peggy's careful hands, rested on either side of the fire-place, grinning on each other with the very intensity of rubbed-up brassiness; which, however, was entirely eclipsed by the superabundant impudence of the andirons at their feet.

"Well, this is ra'al sweet, Miss Fannie, I declar'," exclaimed old Aunt Peggy, as, with the most smiling of faces, she peered into the parlor just as her young mistress was giving the last touches to the books on the shining cherry center-table. "It does seem most a pity, I declar', to have dem bright han'irons blackened up agin; dey looks so shiny now, don't dey, Fannie dear? Our Jane is a purty good han' at sich work; dey ra'ally does her credit. I will jis put dat wood a leetle funder back, so dey won't git burnt; I wants ebery thing kep mity nice while Miss Gracey's fren's is here. I wants dem to see she is as good a housekeeper as any body, if she is so young."

"I will have an eye to the andirons, Aunt Peggy, and see that they are not unnecessarily burned. But you know they cannot escape altogether."

"Yes, yes, chile, I know dat; and when dey begins to look black I will make Jane take 'em down at night, arter you has all out of this room, an' one of de boys will rub 'em up; an' she can bring 'em back afore anybody's up."

"A very good arrangement, Aunt Peggy."

"How purty dem white muslin curtins looks tied back to dem behogany knobs, with dere red tassels; nobody could tell 'em from new ones. Jane is gettin' to be a good han', do up muslins too; don't you think so, Miss Fannie?"

"She is, indeed, Aunt Peggy; she has improved very fast under your instructions. When she left us last spring, she could scarcely do up a pocket handkerchief fit for use."

"Well, I mus' leave you, chile; whar's Miss Gracey? I want to get some sugar for de pies. I thinks we's a goin' to have cap'tal pies. Jane is a doin' her best, I tell you."

"I can't tell you, Aunt Peggy, where sister is. Perhaps she is up stairs, in Father Miller's room. She told me a few minutes before you came in, that she was going to take her easy chair up for the old gentleman to sit in."

"Did you wish to see me about any thing, Aunt Peggy?" said Grace, appearing at the foot of the stairway as the old servant emerged from the parlor.

"Yes, Miss Gracey, I wants to git some sugar for de pies, in dis bockey," and she exhibited the little wooden bowl, as white as pine could be, which she had been holding in her hand during her conversation with Fannie. "How nice you an' Miss Fannie is a makin' every thing look, Miss Gracey; I declar' it's a'most sweet enuf to eat! It does my ole eyes good to see how clean an' tasty dat little parlor is. I wants things to be in first-rate order, I tells you, while your people is here, for I wants dem to see you kin keep house as

well as anybody, if you hasn't been 'bout it long." And she followed her young mistress with cautious step over the nicely swept carpet, as if fearful her clean shoes might deposit a particle of dust.

Her want attended to, she moved with the same careful tread through the dining-room to the kitchen, and not until she had passed its threshold did she feel at liberty to resume her natural gait. There she felt free to do just as she pleased; and as she gave Jane the most minute directions, and went about assisting in making the pies and light-bread, with her clean check apron, and little black shawl pinned snugly over the bosom of her plaid linsey dress, with her sleeves rolled up to her elbows, and her cap-ruffle thrown back from her face, revealing her gray hair, and all the while humming in a low, gentle tone, some favorite hymn, she looked the embodiment of contentedness and hope.

While these busy scenes were transpiring at the "Retreat," another, quite different in character, though not less interesting, was taking place at another point:

Mr. Lewis was sitting in his office, his feet resting on the Franklin stove, in which the remains of two good dried beech sticks were rapidly passing to smoke and ashes, reading, with intense interest, "Buchanan on the Holy Spirit," when he heard a gentle knock at his door. He did not rise from his chair, supposing it was some friend, and turning down the leaf to designate his place, he answered, "Come in!" The door opened, and his cousin, young Mr. Holmes, made his appearance. Handing him a chair, and putting his book aside, he commenced a familiar conversation. He observed that his cousin looked unusually sober, and seemed but little inclined to converse on the ordinary topics of the day.

It was the first time they had been together alone since the meeting, and presuming that the occurrences of the previous Sabbath might have left an unpleasant impression on his mind, Mr. Lewis, who always spoke freely and openly to his cousin, said:

"What is the matter, John? you look very sober this morning. What are you thinking about, the occurrence of last Sabbath? or has something transpired in your business to ruffle your usually placid mind?"

He did not answer, but continued to look steadfastly into the fire, while the expression of his face remained unchanged.

"I hope it is nothing serious, John," Mr. Lewis continued, in a more earnest tone, as he saw that Mr. Holmes hesitated; "nothing but what you can tell me, and if in any way I can assist you, I will most cheerfully do it."

Still no answer, but the same fixed gaze upon the burning embers, and the same thoughtful expression.

Assuming a tone of pleasantry, hoping thereby to arouse him, and tapping him on the shoulder, Mr. Lewis continued:

"Has your father been scolding you and Grace, and Fannie, John, for not communing last Sunday? Say, has he brought you before his tribunal to answer for your misdemeanor, or has Hastings been playing the agreeable gen-

tleman again at your expense? Come, tell me what it is ; for I am not going to sit here asking you questions, as though I were officially pumping some poor criminal who dreads to make the inevitable disclosure of self-condemnation. Do tell me what it is, if you dare reveal it to a bosom friend?"

"Well, Ed," he at length replied, taking his eyes from the fire, and fixing them upon the young lawyer with a depth of earnestness in their expression which did not often characterize his face. "I have called in to talk to you seriously on a subject that you will least expect, I suppose. It is unnecessary for me to waste your time with preliminaries, so I will come to the point at once. You remember what you said to me the night we were going home from father's after the discussion?"

"I remember that conversation well," replied Mr. Lewis, his whole manner changing in a moment. His light, playful air of a few minutes before was followed by one of attentive interest. "But what of that, John?"

"Well, Ed, I have been thinking seriously of what you and old Aunt Peggy then said to me, and the more I look the more important does it appear to me. I do not know whether you call yourself a Christian or not; and it does not matter, so that you are able to answer me a few questions. I will state my case as far as I understand it, and then you can answer me more fully and more to the point. As I said, these remarks of yours and Aunt Peggy's seemed to fasten themselves in upon my mind. It is true I did not think much about them that night, for I was worn out with the business of the day, but as soon as I awoke next morning they presented themselves to me, and the sentiment they contain has never left me since. You remember saying 'that the strictest morality would never insure happiness; the soul needs a higher refuge, and that its aspirations ever ascend after something entirely beyond the power of this world to bestow.' I had before determined, I then told you, to give up all association with Hastings, and to conform to the strictest rules of the strictest morality. I felt this was necessary for my own honor and to support my position in society, and I also believed it was all that ought to be required of me; all that the world would ask. But your words, 'the strictest morality,' the very thing upon which I had determined to rely, 'cannot insure happiness even for this life,' are constantly ringing in my ears and through my soul, and I have come to the conclusion they are true; that we must have something more than the outward semblance in order to enjoy inward peace; that we must have within ourselves the source of happiness, and not rely upon the world to bestow it upon us."

"I am glad to hear you express yourself thus interested in a matter that involves so much to you; not only your well-being here, but also your eternal interest. And as you have set out in the right way, beware of turning back. Let nothing tempt you from your course until you have secured the jewel of great price; an interest in the atonement for sin which was made by the Son of God on Calvary. It would be useless for me to tell you where to go for aid and direction. You know there is but the 'one name' given,

whereby you can be saved. He alone can impart guidance to you, alone can bring you from this state of anxiety and dread into the enjoyment of peace and comfort. And you also know that he must be 'inquired of,' and you know the means. Look to them. It is what all must do who hope for an interest in this great redemption.

"But have you said nothing to cousin Grace on the subject? She could give counsel. And it would rejoice her heart to know that you are earnestly seeking for the right way."

"No, Ed, I have not intimated it to Grace, and I don't feel that I can; and I hope you will not. Wait awhile until we see what the end will be. You must promise me that you will say nothing about it to any body. It would only cause a great deal of wonder and talk through Weston, and would be productive of no good. I have spoken to you thus freely, because I feel that you are a true friend, and not only willing but able to advise."

"Rest assured, John, that I shall make no mention of it, if you so desire. And I do sincerely hope, now that you have put your hand to the plow, you will not turn back until the work be accomplished. I have just been reading this book," he added, taking up from the table the book he had laid by on his cousin's entrance, "'Buchanan on the Holy Spirit,' and find it interesting and instructive; and, as I am about through it, you can have it this evening, if you like."

"No, I don't care to read it now; I may do so hereafter. I have but little time for reading."

The true cause of his refusal, though unwilling to admit it to himself, was this: he had no time for reading but at night, being usually engaged during the day, attending to his father's farm and his own family business; and he did not wish to read a religious work in the presence of his wife, for fear she might discover that he was interested on the subject of his soul's salvation.

How strange, how wayward is human nature! thus desire to hide from those dearest to us the anxiety of our minds concerning that which is, of all things else, the most important! But it is so in almost every instance. The preacher, the friend, the neighbor,—any one but the wife, the husband, the parent.

It is not because we fear that sympathy will be denied us! No, no; we feel those loving hearts would overflow with deep solicitude! 'Tis not because we doubt their sincerity and ability to give counsel; for we have been led, though we may not know it, by their godly walk and holy conversation, first to respect, and then to seek, that religion which their every act commends. It may be, that, as the light from above shines in upon our minds, revealing the exceeding sinfulness and corruption of our own hearts, we are made to fear lest those who know us best will have but little confidence in our sincerity.

"Come up to-night, Ed," said Mr. Holmes, as he rose to leave, "Mr. Miller, you know, will be with us. And I suppose Annie Grey will come with him. Grace will be glad to see you."

Mr. Lewis very well knew that Annie was to accompany Father Miller, for he had, the day before, received a letter giving him this information.

"Thank you, John, I will accept your invitation; for now, that the fall courts are over, and I have so little to do, I feel the need of society."

"Come soon, Ed; I heard Grace remark to Fannie this morning, at the breakfast-table, that she would have an early supper, that the old gentleman might retire to rest early, after the fatigues of the day."

"I will be up before dark. You know they have to pass by here, and I will be on the *qui vive* for them, and will soon follow in their footsteps."

There was another circumstance which Mr. Holmes did not mention, which had served more to awaken him to a consideration of his duty, than any thing that his cousin had said to him. It was a prayer,—earnest, pleading, and for him,—uttered by his wife, 'mid sobs and tears, when she believed no ear caught her tones, save that of the All-Hearing.

After Fannie had left, the evening previous to the communion, with bewildered and almost bursting heart, Grace had gone to the parlor, there in secret to lay her distress before him "whose ear is ever open to our cry," and who "pitieth us, even as a father pitieth his children."

Mr. Holmes returned from the village, and, not finding Grace or Fannie in the family-room, concluded that, perhaps, they had gone to the parlor to have a quiet conversation. Intending to give them a little surprise, he passed with cautious step through the dining-room, and, carefully opening the door which stood ajar, on tip-toe gained the parlor. He paused to listen, and the earnest tones of his wife's voice met his ear. He bent his head that he might the more distinctly catch the words. They were these:

"And, O my Father, I beseech thee to bring back my dear husbaad from his wanderings, and lead him back to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. Let him no longer grieve thy Holy Spirit, but may he be brought to see his danger, and be made to flee to Christ for refuge. O, wash him from his sins in his blood—that blood that was shed that sinners might be saved!"

He stood, almost transfixed. These words of fervent supplication, accompanied by the Spirit's power, reached his heart, and found sure lodgment there. And, as the deep distress of his wife's heart gushed forth 'mid sobs and tears, he felt his own melt beneath their influence. He listened till the voice was hushed to silence; and then, pierced to the very soul by an arrow from God's own quiver of truth, he retraced his steps, and, seizing his hat, left the house in a state of mind akin to frenzy. The Past arrayed its page of neglect before him; the Future its page of dread,—and he knew not whither to turn.

Grace knew nothing of this. But He who answers prayer in his own good time, had overlooked it all. His eye neither slumbers nor sleeps, but ever watches tenderly over those who put their trust in him.

She arose, wiped her streaming eyes, and passed into her own room. She was surprised to see the packages her husband had brought lying on the table,

for she had not expected him back so soon; it was not his custom to return so early from the village on Saturday evenings. And, although he had promised Fannie to hasten back, she had regarded his words more as jest than earnestness. She wondered that he had left the house without seeking her; but then she supposed he had been called away suddenly to attend to some business on the farm.

Could she have known the true cause of his hasty departure—could she but have seen the secret workings of his mind, as he passed toward the field—how would her heart have been filled with thanksgiving to Him who was thus heeding her many prayers.

After the conversation with Mr. Lewis at his office, which we have given, Mr. Holmes returned home. He did not linger in the village as was his custom. There was nothing in his manner or words that bespoke any thing unusual. He might have been more silent than was his wont, but there was none of that severity and restlessness that had characterized him for the past few weeks. Grace was happy to see that the approaching meeting did not add to his moroseness.

After dinner he rode out on the farm, promising to return in time to welcome Father Miller.

"I forgot to tell you, Grace," said he, as he was leaving, "that Lydia Clarke will be here this evening to meet Mr. Miller and cousin Annie. I seen her father in town this morning who told me that she and James would be here to tea."

"And did you ask him to bring Mrs. Clarke to spend to-morrow with us?"

"I did, and he promised to do so."

"Shan't we have a nice time, sister?" said Fannie, springing from the table and throwing her arms round Grace's neck and kissing her,—“won't it be delightful?"

The preparation was ended, and Grace and Fannie sat by the front window, chatting away gaily, and finishing a new cap for Aunt Peggy to wear to the meeting, and, at the same time, keeping an anxious look-out for any vehicle that might turn from the main road through the lower gate. It was about time for the arrival of the travelers, and they were every moment eagerly expected.

"I hope Mr. Holmes will be back in time to welcome them," said Grace to Fannie, stitching away most earnestly on one string of the cap, while Fannie plied her needle on the other.

"O yes, I am sure he will, sister. I am expecting him every minute. He would regard it a breach of courtesy to be absent, when he knows they are coming. I do believe he is at the front gate now; look and see if it is'nt he—and see, he seems to be holding the gate open."

As Grace obeyed Fannie's summons, a rockaway made its appearance which she immediately recognized to be Father Miller's. She waited a moment to see if it would not be followed by another, but the gate closed, and her husband rode up by the side of the carriage.

"And mother did not come," said Grace, a look of disappointment supplanting the one of joyous expectation that had so brilliantly lighted up her face.

"She will be here next week, so don't feel badly, sister," said Fannie, in a consolatory tone.

The cap was instantly rolled up and consigned to the work-basket, and the stand was placed in its accustomed corner; and the two hastened to the front door.

"Father Miller, and Annie, and Tom!" exclaimed Fannie, as the carriage neared the stile.

"We are most happy to welcome you to our home, Father Miller," said Grace, as she shook the old man's hand, and aided her husband to assist him from the carriage.

"And I am most happy to see you, Grace, I assure you, and to be welcomed by you to your pleasant home," replied the old gentleman, as he returned her cordial greeting, while his whole face beamed with delight.

Annie came out as fresh and pleasing as ever, and, seizing Grace round the neck, she gave her a most telling kiss; then, turning to Fannie, who stood waiting to receive her, she did likewise. She shook hands with her cousin John most warmly, but turned aside from his proffered kiss, saying, "O, I won't kiss gentlemen, cousin, Father Miller here thinks it is very wrong;" and so, laughing and chatting, they passed in.

"What a charming little home you have here, Grace,—such a beautiful view in front!" exclaimed Annie, as they passed into the front hall,—"a perfect Eden spot, without the serpent! What do you call it, Grace?"

"We have dubbed it 'Retreat.'"

"And pray, why the name? I am sure you hav'nt retreated very far from the busy world. There is Weston in full view, and the public road at your front gate, and you are but a step or two from Mt. Airy, I observed as we rode along."

"But it is a quiet little place, I assure you, Annie, for all that, though it may not seem so to you in your exuberance."

In a very few minutes after our travelers arrived, Lydia Clarke and her brother James came in, who were very soon followed by Mr. Lewis.

Grace learned from Annie that her father and mother would be with them on Monday of the next week, Mr. Truman having been unexpectedly detained by business that required immediate attention.

It was a happy company—that around the fire-side that evening in the little parlor of the "Retreat." Father Miller, seated in the cushioned rocking-chair, presided, as a father, loved and loving. There was no restraint, no fear,—but heart answered to heart in words of confidence and trust; and eye beamed on eye, bright with the expression of love and sympathy.

Father Miller made inquiry of Mr. Lewis regarding the prospect of the meeting. He was assured that every thing was arranged,—the Methodist church having been secured for as long a time as they might wish, and a sexton employed, who, Mr. Lewis guaranteed, would perform his duties faithfully.

The hours sped by on rapid feet—they knew no stay nor tarry; and all were surprised when Father Miller, taking his watch from his pocket, and, looking at it, announced the hour of nine.

“You know, my child,” said he, addressing Grace, “that this is Father Miller’s bed-time. I have to be very regular in my habits now, Mr. Holmes. It requires strict care for me, at my age, to manage so as to keep about. I have already numbered my three-score and ten, and the grass-hopper is beginning to be a burden.”

The Bible was placed on the stand, and the old man read the 27th Psalm. Closing the book, he folded his hands and lined out that beautiful hymn, and then, followed by the whole family group, he sang with a clear voice,—

“Thus far the Lord hath led me on,”

which all present united in singing.

“Let us pray,” fell from the lips of the old man, and, with bowed head, each one knelt to supplicate the throne of grace. It was a short, simple, earnest prayer, that went up from the trusting heart of the man of God!—the confession of the creature to the Creator; the returning of thanks to His holy name for blessings past and present,—and the beseeching of future good through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The prayer was ended; the “good night” given; and each retired to a pleasant repose.

(*To be Continued.*)

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

MAY 1, 1857.

SEVERAL articles have been crowded out, although we have tried to make room by introducing small type. A beautiful *illustrated* story of Joseph is among the number. They are laid over for next month. *Portrait* of John Harding, with his life, may be expected for June No., or July at farthest.

Spurgeon’s Sermons, which appear in our pages, can be found no where else in America. They are not taken from either of the valuable volumes of his sermons, but are taken down in short hand as he preaches them, and *furnished* for the Repository. One of his very best, on “The Enchanted Ground,” will appear in the next number, together with a note from Bro. Spurgeon.

Re-Baptism—We shall comply with a request and furnish our readers with our convictions on the subject of Re-Immersing, we hope, in June number.

Miss Sallie M. Bryan.—This daughter of song, whose genius has evoked the highest praise, will be a regular contributor to our pages. A beautiful gem from her pen was unavoidably crowded out of this number.

Money—Ah, money! money! Dear friends, what a pity it is that we have to ask you for money. But such is our hap, and such is your hap—you who have not paid up—that “’tis true ’tis pity, and pity ’tis ’tis true,” that we have to ask for money. Will you help us out of a predicament too painful to our feelings and yours—or, in short, *please remit*.

The Christian Repository.

NO. LXVI.—JUNE, 1857.

WHERE DID THE BAPTISTS COME FROM?

MILESTONE III.

A PURE Christianity is the glorious embodiment of soul-freedom.

Adapted to the spiritual wants and immortal aspirations of the individual man; meeting him in his darkness with the clearness of its discoveries; meeting him in weakness with its transforming power; meeting him in wretchedness with consolation and refuge; coming in direct contact with the heart, and flashing in upon it a full sense of its sinfulness and responsibility, and breathing into the deep recesses of his being the breath of life and hope—it raises him to communion with the Eternal, as responsible and as free to worship God, so far as human agencies or interferences are concerned, as though no other being but himself dwelt upon the earth. Christianity, uncorrupted, presses upon man his personal, his individual relations to eternity, telling him to “work out his own salvation,” and thus makes it a matter entirely between himself and his God.

Hence its announcement was not to kings or magistrates; to a convocation of rulers or a hierarchy of priests. It chose no organized power as its oracle. It sanctioned no assumptions of human authority in spiritual concerns. Replete with blessings boundless and eternal—with all that could elevate and adorn ■ fallen humanity; shedding the light of truth on man’s ruin and redemption; unfolding the future and perfection of his being, and flinging an ever-brightening radiance over the grandeur of

his destiny—Christianity was and is her *own* revealer; her *own* oracle; attending herself the heaven-lit fires that burn upon her altar.

Passing by, without a word or a look of recognition, the exalted ranks of principalities and powers, thrones and dominions, she unveiled her beauty and whispered her message of mercy to the obscure, the despised, the pious poor. She visited the haunts of the people, and not the conclaves of priests or the palaces of kings. From the hill-tops by the shepherds her songs were first heard. Amid poverty in the manger she took up her abode. She uttered her voice in the streets, and in the fields, in the fisherman's hut on the sea-shore, and in the chief places of concourse in the city. Leveling or ignoring all artificial distinctions, Christianity places each man on an equal platform before his Maker—*equally* dependent, *equally* responsible, and therefore *equally* free. This is the great conservative principle of human society—the freedom of the soul—a principle whose elements Christianity concentrates and proclaims.

Where, then, shall we expect to behold Christianity, robed in her own pure forms, lifting her laureled brow and gathering up her trophies?

“Go walk where she hath been and see
The shining foot-prints of her deity,
And feel those God-like breathings in the air
Which mutely tell HER SPIRIT hath been there.”

Truth flourishes where freedom is. On a fair field, single-handed against the serried hosts of error, her victory is sure.

Well, where did the truth flourish most? Let a foe to Baptists answer:

“IN THE TIMES OF GENERAL LIBERTY this opinion [of Baptists] GREW MIGHTILY.” (Wall, ii., p. 317.)

Yes, in the *times of general liberty it grew mightily*; and even beneath the withering blast and fiery thunderbolts of despotism, though often riven, it could never be uprooted.

Such a time of general liberty was that glorious epoch known as the Protestant Reformation. Night had long wrapped in darkness and tyranny a sleeping world. Suddenly, as at the trump of God, men everywhere awoke and struggled to roll off the

weight that was crushing them. Simultaneously in Germany, France, Switzerland, England, Spain—throughout Europe, mighty men rose up pleading for truth and freedom. But the history of the Reformation is known. Its results are all around us. Protestant Episcopacy and that branch of it called Methodism, Presbyterianism through all its sub-divisions, and Lutherism—all Reformed or Protestant Churches, are the results of that mighty awakening and revolution. The Church of Rome they *re*-formed. In it these Reformers were baptized, and *its* materials were used in the new formation. And truly great men were these Reformers—these founders of the present Protestant Churches. From the monk of Wittenberg, from the valleys of the Alps, from the plains of France, the notes of soul-freedom rung forth. These notes were heard amid the mountain glens, in the forest depths, by thousands sheltered in remote obscurity, who came forth at the cheering call and owned themselves—BAPTISTS. Is this so? Let their opponents decide. It is Mosheim says this:

“The true origin of that sect which acquired the denomination of Anabaptists, by their administering anew the rite of baptism to those who came over to their communion, and derived that of Mennonites, from that famous man to whom they owe much of their present felicity, is hidden in the depths of antiquity, and is of consequence difficult to be ascertained. This uncertainty will not appear surprising when it is considered that this sect started up suddenly in several countries at the same point of time, under leaders of different talents and different intentions, and at the very period when the first contests of the Reformers with the Roman Pontiffs drew the attention of the world, and employed all the pens of the learned in such a manner as to render all other objects and incidents almost matters of indifference.”

The Anabaptists “not only considered themselves descendants of the Waldenses, who were so grievously oppressed and persecuted by the despotic heads of the Romish Church, but pretend, moreover, to be the purest offspring of these respectable sufferers, being equally opposed to all principles of rebellion on the one hand, and all suggestions of fanaticism on the other.”

“It may be observed,” continues Mosheim, “that they are not entirely in an error when they boast of their descent from the Waldenses, Petrobrusians, and other ancient sects, who are usually considered as witnesses of the truth in times of general darkness

and superstition. BEFORE THE RISE OF LUTHER and CALVIN, there lay concealed in almost all the countries of Europe, particularly in Bohemia, Moravia, Switzerland, and Germany, many persons who adhered tenaciously to the doctrine, etc.,—which is the true source of all the peculiarities that are to be found in the religious doctrine and discipline of the Anabaptists.” *

These words of the learned Pedobaptist historian we have given in full, for all ought to know them.

The Baptists “started up suddenly in several countries at the same point of time—at the very period the Reformers drew the attention of the world.” They came not from these Reformers, for they started up at the same point of time, and, according to Mosheim, “they were not satisfied with the reformation proposed by Luther. They looked upon it as much beneath the sublimity of their views, and, consequently, undertook a more perfect reformation—or, to express more properly their visionary enterprise, THEY PROPOSED TO FOUND A TRUE CHURCH, ENTIRELY SPIRITUAL, AND TRULY DIVINE.” †

They did not commence with Menno Simon, for when first he attended the Anabaptist assemblies, says Mosheim, he was a popish priest, “and not till 1436 did he throw off the mask and publicly embrace their communion.”

They came not from Rome. They had not received baptism from her priests, and attempted no reformation of her dead, corrupting form.

Where did the Baptists come from? The unchallenged words of Mosheim, already quoted, answer the question—“concealed in almost all the countries of Europe before the rise of Luther and Calvin.” Let us illustrate his statement by a rapid glance at the places of their concealment.

ENGLAND.

In the year 1539, the thirteenth of the reign of Henry VIII., the following enactment was promulgated :

“That those who are in any error, as Sacramentarians, Anabaptists, or any others that sell books having such opinions in them once known, both the books and such persons shall be detected

* Mosheim’s History of the Anabaptists, p. 490–1.

† Ibid., p. 492.

and disclosed immediately to the king's majesty, or one of his privy-council, to the intent to have it punished without favor, even with the *extremity of the law*." *

This was soon after the bands which attached Henry to Rome were severed. It was the first dawn of the Protestant Reformation in England. Henry had divorced Catharine, and married Anne Boleyn. The effects of his quarrel with Rome emboldened the Baptists to leave their hiding-places, "and," says Fox, speaking of the influence of Anne Boleyn over Henry, "we read of no persecution nor any abjuration to have been in the Church of England, save only that the Registers of London make mention of certain Anabaptists, of whom ten were put to death in sundry places of the realm, A. D. 1535; other ten repented and were saved." †

Here, then, were Baptists coming out from their concealment at the very first dim dawn of the Reformation, when Henry first broke with the Pope, because he would not grant him a divorce from Queen Catharine. The following year a convocation sat, and, after some matters relating to the king's divorce had been debated, the lower house presented to the upper house a list of the religious heresies which prevailed in the realm, specifying those of the Anabaptists. Among its items are—

"1. Infants must needs be Christened, because they are born in original sin, which sin must needs be remitted, and which only can be done in the sacrament of baptism.

"2. That children or men once baptized, can or ought never to be baptized again.

"3. That they ought to repute and take all the Anabaptist's and every other man's opinion agreeing with said Anabaptists, for detestable heresies and utterly to be condemned." ‡

The truth, like an ever-burning altar fire, thus lived unquenchable in concealment, "or," as says the persecuting Dr. Featly, who wrote against the Baptists in 1645, "if it broke out at any time by the care of the ecclesiastical and civil magistrates, it was soon put out. But of late this sect has re-baptized hundreds of men and women together, in the twilight, in rivulets and some arms of the river Thames." § They were found, says Bishop Burnett,

* Fox's Martyrs, vol. ii., p. 440.

† Martyrology, p. 956—Ed. 2.

‡ Dr. Wall, vol. ii., p. 309.

§ Ibid., Infant Bap., vol. ii., p. 316.

in almost every town and village in England. "They were emboldened," says Durham, as quoted by Dr. Wall, "and their great increase is accounted for by the partial toleration in religion."

The fact stated by Mosheim is thus verified—Baptists lay concealed in almost all the countries of Europe before the rise of Luther and Calvin. They lay concealed in thousands in England, and came forth at the first note of partial freedom.

Where, then, did the Baptists come from?

BOHEMIA.

A deep forest, extending three hundred miles in length and two hundred in breadth, was, in the days of Roman triumph, settled by a tribe of Celts called Boii, who fled to its shelter to avoid the Roman yoke. Hence the word "Bohemia," under which are now included the countries of Silesia and Moravia. A short time before the birth of Christ, Cæsar described this Hercynian Forest thus: "It is nine days' journey over. It begins on the confines of the Helvetii, Nemetes, and Rauraci, (that is, Switzerland, Basil, and Spire,) and extends along the Danube to the borders of the Daci and Anartes, (that is, Transylvania,); there turning from the river to the left, it runs through an infinite number of countries. No one could ever yet come to the end of it or know its utmost extent, though some have gone sixty days' journey into it."

This was the Hercynian Forest, of which the Black Forest was then a part. Amid its depths, Paul tells us he preached the gospel of Christ, and its tribes were visited by Titus.* In this wilderness before the rise of Luther, Mosheim tells us, were Baptists. Thousands of them claimed to have been sheltered there in the wilderness from the wrath of the dragon. Is it true? In 1519, six years before Luther appeared before the Diet of Worms, a letter was addressed to Erasmus from Bohemia, thus describing this people:

"These men have no other opinion of the Pope, Cardinals, Bishops, and other Clergy, than of manifest anti-Christ. They call the Pope sometimes the beast, and sometimes the whore, mentioned in the Revelations. Their own Bishops and Priests, they themselves do choose for themselves, ignorant and unlearned laymen, that have wife and children. They mutually salute one

* Rom. xv., 19, 28; 2 Tim. iv., 16.

another by the name of brother and sister. They own no other authority than the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament. They slight all the doctors, both ancient and modern, and give no regard to their doctrine. Their Priests, when they celebrate the offices of mass (or communion), do it without any priestly garments; nor do they use any prayer, or collects on this occasion, but only the Lord's prayer, by which they consecrate bread that has been leavened. They believe or own little or nothing of the sacraments of the Church. Such as come over to their sect, must every one be *baptized anew in mere water*. They make no blessing of salt, nor of water; nor make any use of consecrated oil. They believe nothing of divinity in the sacrament of the eucharist, only that the consecrated bread and wine do, by some occult signs, represent the death of Christ; and, accordingly, that all that do kneel down to it, or worship it, are guilty of idolatry; that that sacrament was instituted by Christ to no other purpose but to renew the memory of his passion, and not to be carried about or held up by the Priests to be gazed on. For Christ himself, who is to be adored and worshiped with the honor of Latreia, sits at the right of God, as the Christian Church confesses in the creed. Prayers to saints, and for the dead, they count a vain and ridiculous thing; as likewise auricular confession and penance enjoined by the Priest for sins. Eves and fast-days are, they say, a mockery and the disguise of hypocrites."

Every word in this description points out Baptists. Two of these brethren waited on Erasmus at Antwerp to congratulate him on his bold statements of truth. He declined their congratulations, and reproached them as Anabaptists.* Luther and the German Reformers, whom they joyfully welcomed into the light, turned from them with antipathy, and cheerlessly they returned to their concealment in the depths of their native forests to tell their brethren. "They are adverse to us because of our name,—*i. e.*, Anabaptists."† They acknowledged the charge; they owned themselves Baptists. But their concealment, their principles, and their numbers were known. Entreaty, sophistry, and threats were used in vain to influence, pervert, or intimidate them. They appealed to God's word, and were unwavering.

Their destruction was planned and brutally executed. An edict for their banishment was obtained from the Emperor, and

* *Adversarii nobis hunc titulum.—i. e.*, Anabaptistarum. Apud Lydium. Robinson's Researches, p. 506.

† Erasmus' Answer is in Camerarius de Eccl. Fratrum, p. 125.

Protestants and Catholics rejoiced in its enforcement. About forty thousand Baptists were proscribed. His majesty, in the edict, expresses his astonishment at the number of Anabaptists, and his horror at their principal error, which was that they would submit to no human authority on matters of religion. The edict was published just three weeks before the harvest and vintage came on, that these poor people might not be able to carry away the produce of their toil. Their lands were to be forfeited to the emperor, and they banished to beggary. And three weeks after the proclamation of the edict, death would be inflicted on any of them found even on the borders of the country.* And thus is the scene described :

“It was autumn, the prospect and the pride of husbandmen. Heaven had smiled on their honest labors, their fields stood thick with corn, and the sun and the dew were improving every movement to give them their last polish. The yellow ears waved an homage to their owners, and the wind, whistling through the stems and the russet herbage, softly said, *put in the sickle, the harvest is come*. Their luxuriant vine leaves, too, hung aloft by the tendrils mantling over the clustering grapes, like watchful parents over their tender offspring; but all were fenced by an imperial edict, and it was instant death to approach. Without leaving one murmur upon record, in solemn, silent submission to the power that governs the universe and causes *all things to work together for good* to his creatures, they packed up and departed. In several hundred carriages they conveyed their sick, the innocent infants sucking at the breasts of their mothers who had newly lain in, and their decrepit parents whose work was done, and whose silvery locks told every beholder that they wanted only the favor of a grave. At the borders they filed off, some to Hungary, others to Transylvania, some to Wallachia, others to Poland and Sach-hel; greater, far greater for their virtue, than Ferdinand for all his titles and for all his glory.”

Ah, me! what a sad pilgrimage was that! Sad? No; it was sublime. And when the triumphal march of bannered legions, flushed with victory and crowned with glory, shall have been forgotten, the memory of these men, their pilgrimage, their tears, their sublime, trusting silence shall be held in everlasting remembrance. Bohemian Baptists, forty thousand of them, who sent messengers to cheer the German Reformers at the first dawn of

* Carafa, p. 133, quoted by Robinson in Researches.

the Reformation; who lay concealed in the dark forests of Dalmatia, "before the rise of Calvin and Luther,"—*where did they come from?*

GERMANY.

Luther, in his strugglings into light, had boldly written at the commencement of his career as a Reformer these words :

"The term 'baptism' is Greek, and may be rendered 'DIPPING,' as when we dip any thing all over so that it is covered all over; and although the custom is now abolished among many, (for they do not dip children, but only pour on a little water,) yet they ought to be wholly immersed and immediately taken out; the etymology of the word seems to require this. The Germans call baptism *tauff* from *tieff*, depth, signifying that to baptize is to plunge into the depth. And indeed if we consider the design of baptism, we shall see that this is requisite." *

He had also said, "If you receive the sacraments without faith, you bring yourselves into great difficulty, for we oppose against your practice the saying of Christ, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.' " †

What wonder that from their concealment came forth the banished, enfeebled, down trodden Baptists to hail him as a brother. And so they did. "The drooping spirits of these people," says Mosheim, "who had been dispersed through many countries and persecuted everywhere, were revived when they were informed of Luther's course. Then they spake with openness and freedom." But some years afterwards he became their foe, and, notwithstanding what he had said about dipping, persecuted them as re-dippers or Anabaptists. Among these German Baptists was one MUNZER, on whose noble efforts to break the fetters of political slavery so much insult and falsehood have been heaped. But Munzer was a popish priest. He followed Luther in his reforming projects. "Thomas Munzer," says D'Aubigne, "was not without talent. Certain mystical writings, which he had read in his youth, had given a false direction to his thoughts. He made his first appearance at Zwickau; quitted Wittemberg on Luther's return thither, and, not willing to hold a secondary place in the general esteem, became pastor of the small town of Alstadt." ‡ He was then a

* Luther De Pedobaptism, p. 71.

† Luther's works, tome vii.

‡ D'Aubigne, vol. iii., p. 148.

reforming parish priest, and not till years after was he known or named as an Anabaptist. So that before Munzer left Rome and joined the political party engaged in the Munster Rebellion, Luther and Erasmus, as well as the Pope, had denounced and persecuted the thousands of Baptists scattered through Europe.

But of Poland we might speak; of Switzerland also, and the persecutions there—of almost every country in Europe.

Is the statement of the Pedobaptist historian sustained? Let it be repeated: "*Before the rise of Luther and Calvin there lay concealed in almost all the countries of Europe many persons who adhered tenaciously to the doctrines of the Anabaptists.*" Thousands upon thousands in the mountain fastnesses, amid the sheltered valleys of the Alps, in the deep forests of Illyricum, and the obscure glens of England, were Baptists. The torch of truth, which lit their places of concealment, revealing the blackness of the deep rayless night which surrounded them, flashed unnoticed into the cell of the hermit and the monk, and, under God's guiding eye, directed priests and scholars to his holy word. That torch, which these Baptists had born steadily aloft and handed down along their blood-tracked path, at length lit up the world in the blaze of splendor which burst forth at the Reformation; that became an epoch, a mile-stone, in the march of Christ's witnesses. Beyond it, before it, we have found these witnesses, these Baptists. The inquiry again recurs, WHERE DID THESE BAPTISTS COME FROM?

S. H. F.

THE ENCHANTED GROUND.

A Sermon,

BY REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

"Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober."—1 Thess. v., 6.

As the spiritual guide of the flock of God along the intricate mazes of experience, it is the duty of the gospel minister to point out every turning of the road to heaven, to speak concerning its dangers or its privileges, and to warn any whom he may suspect to be in a position peculiarly perilous. Now, there is a portion of the road which leadeth from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City, which has in it, perhaps, more dangers than any other portion of the way. It doth not abound with lions; there are no dragons in it; it hath

no dark woods, and no deep pitfalls; yet more seeming pilgrims have been destroyed in that portion of the road than anywhere else, and not even Doubting Castle, with all its host of bones, can show so many who have been slain there. It is the part of the road called the Enchanted Ground. The great geographer, John Bunyan, well pictured it when he said:

"I then saw in my dream that they went on till they came into a certain country, whose air naturally tended to make one drowsy, if he came a stranger into it. And here Hopeful began to be very dull, and heavy of sleep; wherefore he said unto Christian, I do now begin to grow so drowsy that I can scarcely hold up mine eyes; let us lie down here and take one nap.

"CHR.—By no means, said the other, lest sleeping we never wake more.

"HOPE.—Why, my brother? sleep is sweet to the laboring man; we may be refreshed if we take a nap.

"CHR.—Do you not remember that one of the Shepherds bid us beware of the Enchanted Ground? He meant by that, that we should beware of sleeping; wherefore 'let us not sleep as others do, but let us watch and be sober.'"

There are, no doubt, many of us, beloved, who are passing over this plain; and I fear that this is the condition of the majority of churches in the present day. They are lying down on the settles of Lukewarmness, in the Arbors of the Enchanted Ground. There is not that activity and zeal we could wish to see among them; they are not, perhaps, notably heterodox; they may not be invaded by the lion of persecution, but they are somewhat worse than that—they are lying down to slumber, like Heedless and Too-Bold in the Arbor of Sloth. May God grant that his servants may be the means of arousing the church from its lethargy, and stirring it up from its slumbers, lest haply professors should sleep the sleep of death!

This morning I intend to show you *what is meant by the state of sleep into which Christians sometimes fall*; secondly, I shall use some considerations, if possible, to *wake up such as are slumbering*; thirdly, I shall mark *sundry times when the Christian is most liable to fall asleep*; and shall conclude by giving you some *advice* as to the mode in which you should conduct yourselves when you are passing over the Enchanted Ground, and feel drowsiness weighing down your eyelids.

I. First, *what is that state of sleep into which the Christian man may fall?* It is not death. He was dead once, but he is now alive in Christ Jesus; and therefore shall never die; but though a living man shall not die, being quickened by an immortal life, yet that living man may sleep; and that sleep is so nearly akin to death, that I have known slumbering Christians mistaken for dead, carnal sinners. Come, beloved, let me picture to you the state of the Christian while he is in a condition of sleep.

First, sleep is a state of *insensibility*; and such is that state which too often falls upon even the best children of God. When a man is asleep he is insensible. The world goes on, and he knows nought about it. The watchman calls beneath his window, and he sleeps on still. A fire is in a neighboring

street, his neighbor's house is burned to ashes; but he is asleep, and knows it not. Persons are sick in the house; but he is not awakened; they may die, and he weeps not for them. A revolution may be raging the streets of his city; a king may be losing his crown; but he that is asleep shares not in the turmoil of politics. A volcano may burst somewhere near him, and he may be in imminent peril; but he escapeth not; he is sound asleep, he is insensible. The winds are howling, the thunders are rolling across the sky, and the lightnings flash at his window; but he that can sleep on careth not for these, and is insensible to them all. The sweetest music is passing through the street; but he sleeps, and only in dreams doth he hear the sweetness. The most terrific wailings may assail his ears; but sleep has sealed them with the wax of slumber, and he hears not. Let the world break in sunder, and the elements go to ruin, keep him asleep, and he will not perceive it. Christian, behold your condition! Have you not sometimes been brought into a condition of insensibility? You wished you could feel; but all you felt was pain because you could not feel. You sighed once; you would give a world if you could sigh now. You used to groan once; a groan now would be worth a golden star if you could buy it. As for songs, you can sing them, but then your heart does not go with them. You go to the house of God; but when "the multitude that keep holy day" in the full tide of song send their music up to heaven, you hear it, but your heart does not leap at the sound. Prayer goeth solemnly like the evening sacrifice up to God's throne; once you could pray too; but now, while your body is in the house of God, your heart is not there. You feel you have brought the chrysalis of your being; but the fly is gone away from it—it is a dead, lifeless case. You have become like a formalist; you feel that there is not that savor, that unction in the preaching that there used to be. There is no difference in your minister, you know; the change is in yourself. The hymns and the prayers are just the same, but you have fallen into a state of slumber. Once if you thought of a man's being damned you would weep your very soul out in tears; but now you could sit at the very brink of hell and hear its wailings unmoved. Once the thought of restoring a sinner from the error of his ways would have made you start from your bed at midnight, and you would have rushed through the cold air to help to rescue a sinner from his sins. Now, talk to you about perishing multitudes, and you hear it as an old, old tale. Tell you of thousands swept by the mighty flood of sin onwards to the precipice of destruction, you express your regret, you give your contribution, but your heart goeth not with it. You must confess that you are insensible—not entirely, but too much so. You want to be awake, but you groan because you feel yourselves to be in this state of slumber.

Then, again, he that sleepeth is *subject to divers illusions*. When we sleep judgment goeth from us, and fancy holdeth carnival within our brain. When we sleep dreams arise and fashion in our head strange things. Sometimes we are tossed on the stormy deep, and anon we revel in king's palaces. We

gather up gold and silver as if they were but the pebbles of the sea; and anon we are poor and naked, shivering in the blast. What illusions deceive us! The beggar in his dream becomes richer than Plautus; and the rich man as poor as Lazarus; the sick man is well; the healthy man hath lost his limbs, or is dead. Yes, dreams do make us descend into hell, or even carry us to heaven. Christian, if thou art one of the sleepy brotherhood, thou art subject to divers illusions. Strange thoughts come to thee which thou never hadst before. Sometimes thou doubtest if there be a God, or if thou dost exist thyself. Thou tremblest lest the gospel should not be true; and the old doctrine which once thou didst hold with a stern hand thou art almost inclined to let go. Vile heresies assail thee. Thou thinkest that the Lord that bought thee was not the Son of God. The devil tells thee that thou art none of the Lord's, and thou dreamest that thou art cast away from the love of the covenant. Thou criest,

“I would, but cannot sing;
I would, but cannot pray;”

and thou feelest as if it were all in question whether thou art one of the Lord's or no. Or perhaps thy dreams are brighter, and thou dreamest that thou art somebody, great and mighty, a special favorite of heaven; pride puffs thee up; thou dreamest that thou art rich, and hast need of nothing, while thou art naked, poor, and miserable. Is this thy state, O Christian? If so, may God wake thee up from it!

Again, sleep is a *state of inaction*. No daily bread is earned by him that sleepeth. The man who is stretched upon his couch neither writeth books, nor tilleth the ground, nor ploweth the sea, nor doth aught else. His hands hang down, his pulse beateth, and life there is, but he is positively dead as to activity. O, beloved, here is the state of many of you. How many Christians are inactive! Once it was their delight to instruct the young in the Sabbath-school, but that is now given up. Once they attended the early prayer-meeting, but not now. Once they would be hewers of wood and drawers of water, but alas! they are asleep now. Am I talking of what may happen? Is it not too true almost universally? Are not the churches asleep? Where are the ministers that preach? We have men that read their manuscripts, and talk essays; but is that preaching? We have men that can amuse an audience for twenty minutes. Is that preaching? Where are the men that preach their hearts out, and say their souls in every sentence? Where are the men that make it, not a profession, but a vocation, the breath of their bodies, the marrow of their bones, the delight of their spirits? Where are the Whitfields and Wesleys now? Are they not gone, gone, gone? Where are the Rowland Hills now, who preached every day, and three times a day, and were not afraid of preaching everywhere the unsearchable riches of Christ? Brethren, the church slumbers. It is not merely that the pulpit is a sentry-box with the sentinel fast asleep, but the pews are affected. How are the prayer-meetings almost universally neglected! Our own church

stands out like an almost solitary green islet in the midst of a dark, dark sea; one bright pearl in the depths of an ocean of discord and confusion. Look at neighboring churches. Step into the vestry and see a smaller band of people than you would like to think of, assembled round the pastor, whose heart is dull and heavy. Hear one brother after another pour out the dull, monotonous prayer that he has said by heart these fifty years; and then go away and say, "Where is the spirit of prayer, where the life of devotion?" Is it not almost extinct? Are not our churches "fallen, fallen, fallen from their high estate?" God, wake them up, and send them more earnest and praying men!

Once more. The man who is asleep is *in a state of insecurity*. The murderer smiteth him that sleeps; the midnight robber plundereth his house that resteth listlessly on his pillow. Jael smiteth a sleeping Sisera. Abner taketh away the spear from the bolster of a slumbering Saul. A sleeping Eutychus falleth from the third loft, and is taken up dead. A sleeping Sampson is shorn of his locks, and the Philistines are upon him. Sleeping men are ever in danger; they cannot ward off the blow of the enemy, or strike another. Christian, if thou art sleeping, thou art in danger. Thy life, I know, can never be taken from thee; that is hid with Christ in God. But O! thou mayst lose thy spear from thy bolster; thou mayst lose much of thy faith; and thy cruse of water wherewith thou dost moisten thy lips may be stolen by the prowling thief. O! thou little knowest thy danger. Even now the black-winged angel takes his spear, and standing at thy head, he says to Jesus, (to David) "Shall I smite him? I will smite him but once." (David says) our Jesus whispers, "Thou shalt not smite him. Take his spear and his cruse, but thou shalt not kill him." But O! awake thou slumberer! Start up from the place where thou now liest in thy insecurity. This is not the sleep of Jacob, in which ladders unite heaven and earth, and angels tread their ascending rounds; but this is the sleep where ladders are raised from hell, and devils climb upward from the pit to molest thy spirit.

II. This brings me to the second point—*Some considerations to wake up sleepy Christians*. I remember, once in my life, having a sleepy congregation. They had been eating too much dinner, and they came to the chapel in the afternoon very sleepy, so I tried an old expedient to rouse them. I shouted with all my might, "Fire! fire! fire!" When, starting from their seats, some of the congregation asked where it was; and I told them it was in hell for such sleepy sinners as they were. So, beloved, I might cry "Fire! fire!" this morning to wake sleepy Christians, but that would be a false cry, because the fire of hell was never made for Christians at all, and they need never tremble at it. The honor of God is engaged to save the meanest sheep, and whether that sheep is asleep or awake, it is perfectly safe, so far as final salvation is concerned. There are better reasons why I should stir up a Christian, and I shall use a very few of them.

And first, O Christian, awake from thy slumber, *because thy Lord is coming*. That is the grand reason used in the text. The apostle says: "Ye are all the

children of light and the children of the day." "Yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night." "Ye, brethren, are not in darkness that that day should overtake you as a thief." O, Christians! do you know that your Lord is coming? In such an hour as ye think not the man who once hung quivering on Calvary will descend in glory; "the head that once was crowned with thorns" will soon be crowned with a diadem of brilliant jewels. He will come in the clouds of heaven to his church. Would you wish to be sleeping when your Lord comes? Do you want to be like the foolish virgins, or like the wise ones either, who, while the bridegroom tarried, slumbered and slept? If our master were to appear this morning, are there not half of us in such a state that we should be afraid to see him? Why, you know, when a friend comes to your house, if he is some great man, what brushing and dusting there is. Every corner of the room has its cobwebs removed; every carpet is turned up; and you make every effort to have the house clean for his coming. What! and will you have your house dusty, and the spiders of neglect building the cobwebs of indolence in the corners of your house when your Lord may arrive to-morrow? And if we are to have an audience with the Queen, what dressing there is! How careful will men be that every thing should be put on aright, that they should appear properly in court dress! Do you not know, servant of the Lord, that you are to appear before the king in his beauty, and to see him soon on earth? What, will ye be asleep when he comes? When he knocks at the door, shall he have for an answer, "The good man is asleep; he did not expect you?" O, no; be ye like men who watch for their Lord, that at his coming he may find you ready. Ah! ye carnal professors, who attend plays and balls, would you like Christ to come and find you in the middle of your dance? Would you like him to look you in the face in the opera? Ah! ye carnal tradesmen, ye can cheat, and then pray after it. Would you like Christ to find you cheating? Ye devour widows houses, and for a show make long prayers. You would not mind him coming in the middle of your long prayer; but he will come just as that poor widow's house is sticking in your throat, just as you are swallowing the lands of the oppressed one, and putting in your own pocket the wages of which you have defrauded the laborer. Then he will come; and how terrible will he be to such as you! We have heard of the sailor, who, when his ship was sinking, rushed to the cabin to steal a bag of gold, and, though warned that he could not swim with it, tied it about his loins, leaped into the sea with it, and sank to rise no more. And I am afraid there be some rich men who know not how to use their money, who will sink to hell, strangled by their gold hanging like mill-stones round their necks. O, Christian! it shall not be so with you; but wake from thy slumbers for thy Lord cometh.

But again, Christian, thou art benevolent; thou lovest men's souls, and I will speak to thee of that which will touch thy heart. Wilt thou sleep while *souls are being lost*? A brother here, some time ago, rushed into a house which was burning, and he saved a person from it; he then returned to his

wife, and what did she say to him? "Go back again, my husband, and see if you cannot save another. We will not rest till all are delivered." Methinks that this is what the Christian man would say: "If I have been the means of saving one soul, I will not rest till I have saved another." O! hast thou ever thought how many souls sink to hell every hour? Did the dreary thought that the death-knell of a soul is tolled by every tick of yonder clock, ever strike thee? Hast thou never thought that myriads of thy fellow-creatures are in hell now, and that myriads more are hastening thither? and yet dost thou sleep? What! physician, wilt thou sleep when men are dying? Sailor, wilt thou sleep when the wreck is out at sea, and the life-boat is waiting for hands to man it! Christian, wilt thou tarry while souls are being lost? I do not say that thou canst save them—God alone can do that—but thou mayst be the instrument; and wouldst thou lose the opportunity of winning another jewel for thy crown in heaven? wouldst thou sleep while work is being done? Well said the British king at the battle of Agincourt, "Come on, and conquer."

"And gentlemen in England—now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here;
And hold their manhood cheap, when any speaks
That fought with us upon this glorious day."

So, methinks, when souls are being saved, Christians in bed may think themselves accursed they are not here. Sleepy Christian, let me shout in thine ears—thou art sleeping while souls are being lost—sleeping while men are being damned—sleeping while hell is being peopled—sleeping while Christ is being dishonored—sleeping while the devil is grinning at thy sleepy face—sleeping while demons are dancing round thy slumbering carcase, and telling it in hell that a Christian is asleep. You will never catch the devil asleep; let not the devil catch you asleep. Watch and be sober, that ye may be always up to do your duty.

I have no time to use other considerations, though the subject is large enough, and I should have no difficulty in finding sticks enough to beat a sleeping dog with. "Let us not sleep as do others."

III. Now it may be asked, *When is the Christian most liable to sleep?* First, I answer, he is most liable to sleep *when his temporal* circumstances are all right. When your nest is well feathered you are then most likely to sleep; there is little danger of your sleeping when there is a bramble bush in the bed. When all is downy, then the most likely thing will be that thou wilt say, "soul, soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thy rest, eat, drink, and be merry." Let me ask some of you, when you were more straightened in circumstances, when you had to rely upon providence each hour, and had troubles to take to the throne of grace, were you not more wakeful than you are now? The miller who hath his wheel turned by a constant stream goes to sleep; but he that attendeth on the wind, which sometimes bloweth hard and sometimes gently, sleeps not, lest haply the full gust

might rend the sails, or there should not be enough to make them go round. Those who live by the day often sleep not by day, but they sleep in the night—the sleep of the beloved. Easy roads tend to make us slumber. Few sleep in a storm; many sleep on a calm night. He is a brave boy, indeed, who can have his eyes sealed when “upon the high and giddy mast, in bosom of the rude, imperious surge;” but he is no wonder who sleepeth when there is no danger. Why is the church asleep now? She would not sleep if Smithfield were filled with stakes, if Bartholomew’s tocsin were ringing in her ears; she would not sleep if Sicilian Vespers might be sung on to-morrow’s eve; she would not sleep if massacres were common now. But what is her condition? Every man sitting under his own vine and his own fig-tree, none daring to make him afraid. Tread softly! she is fast asleep. Wake up, church! or else we will cut down the fig-tree about thine ears. Start up! for the figs are ripe, they hang into thy sleepy mouth, and thou art too lazy to bite them off.

Now another dangerous time is, *when all goes well in spiritual matters*. You never read that Christian went to sleep when lions were in the way; he never slept when he was going through the River Death, or when he was in Giant Despair’s castle, or when he was fighting with Apollyon. Poor creature! he almost wished he *could* sleep then. But when he had got half way up the Hill Difficulty, and came to a pretty little arbor, in he went, and sat down and began to read his roll. O, how he rested himself! How he unstrapped his sandals and rubbed his weary feet! Very soon his mouth was open, his arms hung down, and he was fast asleep. Again the Enchanted Ground was a very easy, smooth place, and liable to send the pilgrim to sleep. You remember Bunyan’s description of some of the arbors: “Then they came to an arbor, warm, and promising much refreshing to the weary pilgrims; for it was finely-wrought above head, beautified with greens, and furnished with benches and settles. It had also in it a soft couch, where the weary might lean.” “The arbor was called the Slothful’s Friend, and was made on purpose to allure, if it might be, some of the pilgrims to take up their rest there when weary.” Depend upon it, it is in easy places that men shut their eyes and wander into the dreamy land of forgetfulness. Old Erskine said a good thing when he remarked, “I like a roaring devil better than a sleeping devil.” There is no temptation half so bad as not being tempted. The distressed soul does not sleep; it is after we get into confidence and full assurance that we are in danger of slumbering. Take care thou who art full of gladness. There is no season in which we are so likely to fall asleep as that of high enjoyment. The disciples went to sleep after they had seen Christ transfigured on the mountain-top. Take heed, joyous Christian, good frames are very dangerous; they often lull you into a sound sleep.

Yet there is one more thing; and if I ever were afraid of any thing, I should fear to speak before my grave and reverend fathers in the faith the fact, that one of the most likely places for us to sleep in is, *when we get near our journey’s end*. It is ill for a child to say that, and I will therefore back-

it up by the words of that great pilot, John Bunyan: "For this Enchanted Ground is one of the last refuges that the enemy to pilgrims has; wherefore it is, as you see, placed almost at the end of the way, and so it standeth against us with the more advantage. For when, thinks the enemy, will these fools be so desirous to sit down as when they are weary? and when so like to be weary as when almost at their journey's end? Therefore it is, I say, that the Enchanted Ground is placed so nigh to the land Beulah, and so near the end of their race. Wherefore, let pilgrims took to themselves, lest it happen to them as it has done to these that, as you see, are fallen asleep, and none can awake them." May a child speak to those who are far before him in years and experience? But I am not a child when I preach. In the pulpit we stand as ambassadors of God, and God knoweth nothing of childhood or age; he teacheth whom he willeth, and speaketh as he pleases. It is true, my brethren, that those who have been years in grace are in most danger of slumbering. Somehow we get into the routine of the thing; it is usual for us to go to the house of God; it is usual for us to belong to the church, and that of itself tends to make people sleepy. Go into some of your churches in London, and you will hear a most delicious sermon preached to a people all sound asleep. The reason is, that the service is all alike; they know when they have got to the third "Our Father which art in heaven," when they have passed the confession general, and when they have got to the sermon—which is the time to sleep for twenty minutes. If the minister should smite his fist ecclesiastic upon the Bible, or enliven his faculties with a pinch of snuff, or even use his pocket-handkerchief, the people would wake up, because it would be something out of the usual course. Or, if he uttered an odd sentiment they might be aroused, and would probably think that he had broken the fifty-ninth commandment, in making some of the congregation smile. But he never violates decorum; he stands the very mirror of modesty and the picture of every thing that is orderly. I have digressed, but you will see what I mean. If we are always going on the same road we are liable to sleep. If Moab gets at ease, and is not emptied from vessel to vessel, he sleeps on, for he knows no change; and when years have worn our road with a rut of godliness, we are apt to throw the reins on our horse's neck and sleep soundly.

IV. Now, lastly, let me give a little good advice to the sleeping Christian. But, Christian, if thou art asleep, thou wilt not hear me. I will speak gently, then, and let thee sleep on. No, I will not. I will shout in thine ears,—
 "Awake thou that sleepest! Arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light. Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise. Put on thy glorious array, thou church of the living God."

But now what is the best plan to keep awake when you are going across the Enchanted Ground? This book tells us that one of the best plans is to *keep Christian company*, and talk about the ways of the Lord. Christian and Hopeful said to themselves, "Let us talk together, and then we shall not sleep." Christian said, "Brother, where shall we begin?" And Hopeful

said, "We will begin where God began with us." There is no subject so likely to keep a man awake as talking of the place where God began with him. When Christian men talk together they won't sleep together. Hold Christian company, and you will not be so likely to slumber. Christians who isolate themselves and stand alone, are very liable to lie down and sleep on the settle or the soft couch, and go to sleep; but if you talk much together, as they did in old time, you will find it extremely beneficial. Two Christians talking together of the ways of the Lord, will go much faster to heaven than one; and when a whole church unite in speaking of the Lord's loving-kindness, verily, beloved, there is no way like that of keeping themselves awake.

Then let me remind you that if you will *look at interesting things*, you will not sleep; and how can you be kept awake in the Enchanted Ground better than by holding up your Saviour before your eyes? There are some things, it is said, which will not let men shut their eyes if they are held before them. Jesus Christ crucified on Calvary is one of these. I never knew a Christian to go to sleep at the foot of the cross; but he always said,—

"Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend."

And he said, too,—

"Here I'd sit for ever viewing
Mercies' streams in streams of blood."

But he never said, "Here I would lay down and sleep;" for he could not sleep with that shriek, "*Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani*," in his ears. He could not sleep with "It is finished!" going into his very soul. Keep thou near to the cross, Christian, and thou wilt not sleep.

Then I would advise thee to *let the wind blow on thee*; let the breath of the Holy Spirit continually fan thy temples, and thou wilt not sleep. Seek to live daily under the influence of the Holy Ghost; derive all thy strength from him, and thou wilt not slumber.

Lastly, labor to *impress thyself with a deep sense of the value of the place to which thou art going*. If thou rememberest that thou art going to heaven, thou wilt not sleep on the road. If thou thinkest that hell is behind thee, and the devil pursuing thee, I am sure thou wilt not be inclined to sleep. Would the man-slayer sleep if the avenger of blood were behind him, and the city of refuge before him. Christian, wilt thou sleep while the pearly gates are open, the songs of angels waiting for thee to join them; a crown decorated with delight to be worn upon thy brow? Ah, no!

"Forget the steps already trod;
And onward urge thy way."

"Weak as thou art thou shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shalt not die;
He feeds the strength of every saint,
He'll help thee from on high."

Dearly beloved, I have finished my sermon. There are some of you that I must dismiss, because I find nothing in the text for you. It is said, "let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober." There are some here who do not sleep at all, because they are positively dead; and if it takes a stronger voice than mine to wake the sleeper, how much more mighty must be that voice which wakes the dead. Yet even to the dead I speak; for God can wake them, though I cannot. O, dead man! dost thou not know that thy body and thy soul are worthless carrion; that while thou art dead thou liest abhorred of God, abhorred of man; that soon the vulture of remorse will come and devour thy lifeless soul, and though thou hast lived in this world these seventy years (perhaps) without God, and without Christ, in thy last hour the vulture of remorse shall come and tear thy spirit; and though thou laughest now at the wild bird that circles in the sky, he will descend upon thee soon, and thy death will be a bed of shrieks, howlings, and wailings, and lamentations, and yells? Dost thou know more still, that afterwards that dead soul will be cast into Tophet; and as in the east they burn the bodies, so thy body and thy soul together shall be burned in hell? Go not away and dream that this is a metaphor. It is truth. Say not it is a fiction; laugh not at it as a mere picture. Hell is a positive flame—it is a fire that burns the body, albeit that it burns the soul too. There is physical fire for the body, and there is spiritual fire for the soul. Go thy way, O man, such shall be thy fate. E'en now thy funeral pile is burning, thy years of sin have laid huge trees across each other, and see, the angel is flying down from heaven with a brand already lit; thou art lying dead upon the pile; he puts the brand to the base thereof; thy disease proves that the lower parts are kindling with the flame; those pains of thine are the crackling of the fire. It shall reach thee soon, old man—it shall reach thee soon, thou poor, diseased one; thou art near death, and when it reaches thee, thou shalt know the meaning of the fire that is unquenchable, and the worm that dieth not. Yet while there is hope I will tell thee the gospel. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be," must be "damned." He that believeth on the Lord Jesus, that is, with a simple, naked faith, comes and puts his trust in him, shall be saved, without any thing else; but he that believeth not shall, inevitably—hear it, men, and tremble—he that believeth not, shall assuredly be damned.

P. S.—It is frequently objected that the preacher is censorious. He is not desirous of defending himself from the charge. He is confident that many are conscious that his charges are *true*, and, if true, Christian-love requires us to warn those who err; nor will candid men condemn the minister who is bold enough to point out the faults of the church and the age, even when all classes are moved to anger by his faithful rebukes, and pour on his head the full vials of their wrath. IF THIS BE VILE, WE PURPOSE TO BE VILER STILL.—
C. H. S.

[For the Christian Repository.]

THE DUTY AND MEANS OF MINISTERIAL STUDY.*

BY HENRY M'DONALD, GREENSBURG, KY.

THIS essay regards ministerial study as it conduces to the minister's efficiency in the pulpit, the focus of his varied powers and acquirements. The "duty" of ministerial study first claims attention. A few of the considerations which prove this to be a duty are here presented

The nature of the truths which the minister has to declare makes it his duty to study. The doctrines of revealed religion are so wonderful that the human mind could never have originated them. The Spirit has revealed to us the great things of God's law. The attributes of God; the total depravity of man, and his consequent inability to restore himself; the gift of Christ; redemption through his blood; the personality and office of the Holy Spirit; the resurrection and future life—are doctrines so great, that to comprehend them, even so far as the human mind can, requires prayerful, earnest, intense thought.

The extraordinary influences of the Spirit are no longer bestowed on man. The renewed mind must seek for its proper aliment in the store-house of revelation. There and there alone must the minister search for the deep things of God.

It is only the pious and earnest-minded student that can eat the bread and drink the wine of wisdom. The gospel is so sublimely simple, yet so mysteriously grand, that the ignorant child of sin in a heathen land may look and live while angels desire to gaze into their awful grandeur. The man that thinks these great truths of revelation will glide into his mind without an effort to understand them is sadly mistaken. The minister that thinks these truths will spring up intuitively in his mind, or can be sufficiently comprehended by slight and casual thought, deserves both pity and censure.

* This essay was read before the Ministers' Meeting in Louisville, last month, and requested for publication.

The importance of these truths shows the duty of ministerial study. The gospel contemplates the salvation of man from sin—a perfect deliverance from all its evils. The leaves of the gospel-tree are for the healing of the nations. What solemn consequences follow the faithful preaching of the gospel! It is the savor of life unto life, and of death unto death. The minister has truth committed to his care, which, when received, makes man the heir of heaven; when rejected, infolds him in deeper, darker shades of death. It is the truth that is blessed, the truth as it is; not half the truth, not truth with some additions, or blended with error, but plain, prominent, clear truth. Every truth is specially adapted to produce a certain impression on man's moral nature, and nothing but the specific truth can effect that result. The truth is God's, the soul is God's, and the one is as adapted to the other as the tenon to the mortise. It is because truth is thus adapted that the Spirit of God uses it in conversion. Who, then, in view of the consequences which follow the preaching of the truth, can rush thoughtlessly into the pulpit? How important, then, that truth, the specific truth, in all its vigor and unblemished beauty, should be presented. Can ministers comprehend the force and adaptation of truth without studying it? How awful to teach what Christ has never taught, or to present the truth in an incongruous and injudicious manner! all of which is likely to be done unless the mind has been diligently applied.

The minister that would discharge his high and holy mission must study the gospel, until his mind is on fire with its hallowed power, and tremblingly alive to its importance. Then, and not till then, is he prepared to declare his sacred message and become a "mouth for God."

The minister who feels the importance of the gospel (and those that do not have no business preaching) to a world that lieth in wickedness and sin, it seems to me, must study. This study is the best preparation for the pulpit. The faithful minister will study and hold soul-communion with the glorious truths of the gospel until the very brain is agonized by their burning splendor, and he sinks in very helplessness before God with a beseeching cry for divine aid. Such an one is prepared to preach. The graces of rhetoric may be wanting; the theories for sermonizing

may be forgotten (it is best that they should); but the eloquence of earnest thought will be there, and his preaching will be in demonstration of the Spirit and of power. While intellect and genius bow before the whole-souled fervor of the man, the magic of his earnestness puts a spell on carping criticism. His own estimate of the importance of the gospel daguerreotypes itself upon the consciences of his hearers.

In order that there may be *appropriateness* and *variety* in his ministrations, it is the minister's duty to study. Appropriateness depends upon variety. The faculties of the soul are varied, and sermons must be correspondently varied. Every faculty of the soul must have its proper supply. It is a principle in intellectual education, that every faculty of the mind must be cultivated; and it is as certainly true that in moral education all the graces of the Christian character should be exercised. In order that this may be done, it is important that the minister should study the necessary variety, that he may minister to the varied demands of the soul. It is said by dieticians, that we must have variety of food or lose vigor of body, and that nations that are confined to one article of food, however nutritious, are stunted and short-lived. What must be the spiritual state of those that have the same unvarying truths, no more nor less, from the pulpit Sabbath after Sabbath, year after year? Whatever their texts may be, whatever their introduction, whatever their purpose, the mind runs into the same smooth channel which it has worn for itself. If the minister would act wisely, he must not confine himself to some speciality in theology, some peculiar doctrine, which, because he has mastered, the mind loves to dwell upon. If churches would be "fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part," they must have variety. It is, however, no less essential for the harmonious development of the character of the individual Christian. May the want of this variety not account for some of the evils and anomalies in our churches—such as apparently deep religious feeling, owing to the uniformity of emotional subjects, while the claims of education, support of the gospel at home and in foreign lands, meet with but a feeble response? This want of harmony in Christian character is, I think, to a

great extent, attributable to a want of due appropriateness and variety in the pulpit. The minister, if he would have that appropriateness which is necessary, must study that variety which is everywhere seen in the pages of the New Testament.

The defense of truth, and the overthrow of error, demand that ministers should be students. Much as the fondness of the human mind for truth has been eulogized, the Bible and experience furnish their united testimony, that such is the depravity of human nature, that men love darkness rather than light. This moral obliquity seems to beget mental perversion—a real intellectual depravity. This accounts for the multiform errors which so alarmingly abound. A pure, healthy mind, by its own pure instincts, would receive and love truth, while the diseased and shattered intellect—such as man's—would and does impose upon itself and cling to error. Our own happy country has not escaped the malaria of the destroyer. The noxious and fetid vapors of low ignorance and crime are not so much to be dreaded as the subtle and more deadly fumes which are said to be gathering around some of the eastern institutions of learning. The freedom of our institutions, while it has given to Christianity a purity and spirituality which can never be attained under the state-sustained hierarchies of the Old World, has been carried to licentiousness by those whose faith has been unmoored from the Bible, and the wildest error and delusion prevail. Errors, hoary with antiquity, are exhumed from their long-entombment, and, dressed in more modern habiliments, are heralded as universal panaceas. Exploded infidel theories find utterance in a teeming press. Newspapers and pamphlets as devotedly propagate error as if they were angels of light rather than coadjutors of Satan. Men, at no time submissive to the mild yoke of Christ, are seen madly following every beckoning spirit of evil, as if its guidance did not ensure destruction, and end in death. There is nothing so truthful and holy but what sin will seek to destroy and blight by its ever-active ally, error. Every doctrine and ordinance of religion has been, at some time or other, perverted. Error is never so dangerous as when it is blended with truth; it is thus more likely to escape detection and secure countenance and support.

Now who are to meet these myriad errors? who are to drag off

the mask that conceals error, and expose its startling deformity? Who are to stand in the breach, and scatter, and route the marshaled hosts of the opposition? The pulpit, jealous and watchful of its sacred cause, must stand as the heavenly-appointed guardian of the truth, against which the waves of error may madly rush to their destruction. Let not ministers think that the foes of truth are asleep. Never were they more active. Do not be lulled into repose by the frequent cries of reform and philanthropic schemes. Many of these are the very watch-words of error. Ministers must sound the alarm-note to the flock if they would be saved. If the sentinel sleepeth, what becometh of the garrison? If the shepherd fleeth, what becometh of the sheep?

I have reserved for the last the strongest consideration to prompt the minister to study—the *injunction of the Divine Word*. This must be entitled to regard. If there was no other apparent reason, this injunction would be conclusive. It is to be hoped that the divine mind in this respect has due weight with ministers. Notwithstanding that Timothy had listened to the gospel, as its great truths lingered upon the inspired lips of Paul, yet Paul admonishes him to “meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them, that thy profiting may appear unto all.” Should a minister fail to comply with this injunction, he will soon lose the respect of his congregation; even his brethren may feel that the tread-mill of pulpit exercises is not so profitable. “Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.” Many quotations of similar import might be given. These are sufficient to impress the duty of ministerial study upon the mind of any one that has due regard to the word of God.

This brings me to consider the *means* of ministerial study. The term “means” has a very extensive signification, and may be applied to the faculties and advantages which are enjoyed by the minister. Of course there is considerable diversity in these. I shall refer to the means which are the most generally enjoyed, or within the reach of all. It is not my purpose to consider the means for acquiring merely literary attainments. While metaphysics and the physical sciences may be desirable as the garniture of a well-furnished mind, yet this open field of knowledge

has its attractions for all, where the lawyer and physician, the poet and historian, as well as minister, range on common ground. Such knowledge is as much adapted to the one as the other, and therefore does not enter peculiarly into the studies of the preacher. The minister must pursue those studies which peculiarly belong to his sacred calling. All must concede that it is the preacher's province to expound the truths of the Bible. To present its doctrines, enforce its precepts, and apply its promises, is the great duty and mission of the faithful minister. This being so, it must be evident to all, that *the means of ministerial study must be the Bible itself*. It is the great and all-important book which he is to study, and with which he is to become familiar. It is the business of his life to understand and communicate its truths. Whatever may be the plan of study, this book must be the sacred armory, out of which the minister must draw the weapons of his holy warfare. He may avail himself of all the aids which he can command in understanding its precious truths, but they are only valuable as they elucidate the sacred text, or explain the inspired meaning. It is of the utmost importance that the Bible should be thoroughly and systematically studied by every minister. If only one book has to be read and studied, let that book be the Bible. It is the alpha and omega of revealed religion. Whatever is not found therein should form no part of his theology. The minister who would master its truths so as to be apt to teach, must study it thoroughly. He must not be satisfied to find his theology somewhere else, and come to the Bible for proof. He must go directly and drink at the fountain the clean and limpid waters of truth. Something more is demanded than a cursory perusal, or a hasty examination for texts or mottoes for a discourse. He may and can derive advantage from consulting commentaries and the writings of good men; but here he must be careful, lest he should give that weight to some comment which should only be given to the inspired word. Who knows a commentary of the Scriptures that does not contain much that is unsound? Let ministers be watchful and think for themselves, never forgetting that the only authority is the Divine Word.

I apprehend much error that exists has been propagated by carelessly retailing the second-handed views of commentators.

Let them be wisely used, and with great caution. The doctrines of the Bible must not only be thoroughly studied, but its great leading truths must be systemized. They must be looked at with all the inspired evidence in support of them. Thus studied in their varied aspects, incongruity and mortifying contradictions may be avoided. The sermons of such Bible-students will partake of that freshness and power that long and intimate communion with the Bible is sure to give. The minister who thus studies the Bible is not likely to leave its green pastures and still waters for the barren and unprofitable themes which abound in certain latitudes, disgraceful to common sense and Christian piety. Are the Scriptures exhausted, and must preachers find some other materials to compose their sermons? Paul says: "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." The great apostle of the Gentiles gives very valuable instruction here. Preachers may be very much benefited by properly considering it.

Are ministers not too much disposed to look to some greater and better helps for sermonizing than the Bible? Helps to preach may, peradventure, do some good, but I am disposed to believe that a minister's success—the right kind of success in preaching—depends upon his own good sense and judgment, devoted piety, and a thorough acquaintance with the Bible. No attainments, however brilliant, can compensate for the want of an accurate knowledge of the truth. I would not be understood as expressing the least sympathy with those that, in order to be considered Bible-preachers, discard every means by which the Bible may be understood. Such men generally preach every thing else but the truths of the Bible. But I cannot look but with surprise and horror at the themes for discussion that are sometimes dragged into the pulpit. Some preachers seem no longer to be satisfied with the one glorious theme, but must annex sundry additions, as if to embellish and make it fashionable. Poetry, metaphysics, and even politics have each their representatives in the pulpit. If the Bible were studied and loved more, this would not be so.

May it not have been this devoted study of God's word which gave such wonderful efficiency to many of our fathers in the ministry? Many of the advantages which are now possessed, they did not have. The Bible they did have, and they were familiar with it. Their preaching partook of the spirit of their one book, and this gave them that distinctness of aim, clearness of purpose, and unmistakable meaning which is the true glory of the pulpit.

In conclusion, let me endeavor to impress this truth—reserved to the last that it may not be forgotten—the necessity of the Holy Spirit's assistance. The Spirit's blessing is indispensable to make the best arranged plan of study successful. We should never forget the weakness of our understanding and consequent liability to error, that we are beings of ignorance and prejudice, and that we consequently need the Holy Spirit to illumine, direct, and preserve us from error. We should pray at all times for his aid to divest us of prejudice, and incline our hearts to love and cherish the truth.

May that Spirit's blessing rest upon us all, and make us wiser and better men in the service of our Lord and Master.

[From the Baptist Banner, Aug. 2, 1852.]

CONDENSED HISTORY OF CONCORD ASSOCIATION.

The first meeting of Concord Association was held with the church at White's Run, Gallatin (now Carroll) County, Ky., on the 28th and 29th days of September, 1821. Introductory to the business of the convention, a sermon was delivered by Rev. Silas M. Noel, D. D. The following eight churches then united in an Association, viz: Twin, McCool's Bottom, Emmau's, Drennon's Ridge, Long Ridge, Hopewell, White's Run, and Hunter's Bottom. The last named church has lost its existence. The aggregate number, when constituted, 619. Bro. Thomas Craig was chosen Moderator, and continued in that capacity up to 1825. Bro. John H. Morris, Clerk.

Second session with the church at Hopewell, in 1822. Intro-

ductory by Rev. John Scott. Bro. John Scott chosen Clerk, and continued to act as such up to 1824. The churches of Cane Run and Corn Creek admitted. Baptized 10; dead 5; total 829.

In 1823, at McCool's Bottom. Introductory by Rev. James Dicken. The church at Clay Lick admitted. Baptized 11; dead 11; total 865.

In 1824, with the church at Corn Creek. Introductory by Rev. John Scott. Baptized 61; dead 8; total 842.

In 1825, with the church at Emmau's. Introductory by Rev. Isaac Malin. The churches of Sharon, Greenup's Fork, and Providence admitted. Baptized 7; dead 10; total 726. Bro. S. D. Hanks was chosen Clerk, and continued to act in that capacity up to 1843.

In 1826, at Drennon's Ridge. Introductory by Rev. John Gilasby. Corn Creek Church dismissed. Bro. John Scott was chosen Moderator, and continued up to 1829. Baptized 21; dead 7; total 849.

In 1827, at Twin. Introductory by Rev. William Morgan. Providence church dismissed. Baptized 8; dead 7; total 718.

In 1828, at Cane Run. Introductory by Rev. John Scott. Baptized 40; dead 7; total 681.

In 1829, at Long Ridge. Introductory by Rev. Isaac Malin. The churches at Owenton, Muscle Shoals, and Poplar Grove admitted. Baptized 156; dead 9; total 924.

In 1830, at Hopewell. Introductory by Rev. C. Duvall. The church at New Bethel admitted. Bro. Cyrus Wingate was chosen Moderator, and continued up to 1840. Baptized 25; dead 7; total 925.

In 1831, at White's Run. Introductory by Rev. Jos. Crouch. Poplar Grove and New Bethel churches dismissed. Baptized 14; dead 9; total 904.

In 1832, at Twin. Introductory by Rev. Wm. Morgan. Baptized 20; dead 8; total 798.

In 1833, at Drennon's Ridge. Introductory by Rev. John Scott. Baptized 101; dead 8; total 865.

In 1834, at Sharon. Introductory by Rev. C. Duvall. Baptized 170; dead 13; total 1000.

In 1835, at Greenup's Fork. Introductory by Rev. B. F. Ken-

ney. Mt. Pleasant church admitted. Baptized 35; dead 12; total 986.

In 1836, at Cane Run. Introductory by Rev. H. Montgomery. Baptized 33; dead 16; total 934.

In 1837, at Emmau's. Introductory by Rev. L. D. Alexander. Salem church admitted. Baptized 57; dead 17; total 993.

In 1838, at McCool's Bottom. Introductory by Rev. Jno. Scott. Baptized 125; dead 14; total 1,101.

In 1839, at Hopewell. Introductory by Rev. L. D. Alexander. Baptized 218; dead 15; total 1,314.

In 1840, at Owenton. Introductory by Rev. J. Scott. Pleasant View Church admitted. Baptized 71; dead 22; total 1,402.

In 1841, at Muscle Shoals. Introductory by Rev. L. D. Alexander. Bro. Cyrus Wingate having died since the last session of the Association, Rev. L. D. Alexander was chosen Moderator, and has continued to act in that capacity up to the present time. Baptized 99; dead 28; total 1,433.

In 1842, at Drennon's Ridge. Introductory by Rev. E. Cobb. Baptized 1,022; dead 23; total 2,439.

In 1843, at Mt. Pleasant. Introductory by Rev. E. Threlkeld. Baptized 139; died 17; total 2,477.

In 1844, at Pleasant View. Introductory by Rev. F. B. Macdonald. The church at Warsaw admitted. Bro. J. H. Coates was chosen Clerk, and continues to act in that capacity up to the present time. Baptized 44; dead 27; total 2,394.

In 1845, at White's Run. Introductory by Rev. John Scott. The Lockport church admitted. Baptized 19; dead 35; total 2,335.

In 1846, at Cane Run. Introductory by Rev. L. D. Alexander. Baptized 83; dead 29; total 2,316.

In 1847, at Long Ridge. Introductory by P. H. Todd. The Caney Fork church admitted. Baptized 105; dead 34; total 2,339.

In 1848, at Sharon. Introductory by Rev. T. Fisher. Baptized 127; dead 31; total 2,288.

In 1849, at New Liberty, (formerly called Twin.) Introductory by Rev. W. C. Buck. The Carrollton church admitted. Baptized 261; dead 25; total 2,535.

In 1850, at Hopewell. Introductory by Rev. L. D. Alexander. Baptized 128; dead 39; total 2,509.

In 1851, at Salem. Introductory by Rev. F. B. McDonald. The Dallasburg church admitted. Baptized 178; dead 32; total 2,554. The following ordained ministers, viz: John Scott, Isaac Malin, William Morgan, James Baxter, John Wallace, and J. Morris, were in the constitution, who have been called to their final reward, except Bro. James Baxter, who is yet continued with us.

In the Associational year of 1832, Brethren B. F. Kinney and H. Montgomery were ordained to the work of the ministry, the former of whom has moved into the bounds of Franklin Association, the latter has joined the Particular Baptists.

In 1834 or '35, A. Sutter was ordained—deceased in the fall of 1838. In 1834 and '35, Bro. Bell was ordained—he has since gone to the Particulars. In 1836, L. D. Alexander and A. Smith were ordained. In April, 1837, E. Threlkeld was ordained. In 1838, E. Cobb was ordained. March, 1839, R. H. Shipp was ordained—since deceased. February, 1840, T. C. Cooper was ordained—he has since united with the Reformers. October, 1840, P. H. Todd was ordained. February, 1843, T. Fisher was ordained. November, 1843, John Brown was ordained. Asa Cobb was ordained June, 1846. T. M. Daniel was ordained, and has since moved into the bounds of Franklin Association. April, 1847, J. B. Porter was ordained. John W. Lee was ordained October, 1850. J. T. F. Shannon was ordained April, 1849. F. Rees was ordained April, 1851. B. O. Branham was ordained —. H. H. Ballard was ordained June, 1848, in the bounds of the Ten Mile Association, but has since moved into the bounds of this Association, and joined the church at Long Ridge.

The following ministers we name who have been with us, some for a shorter and some for a longer time: Geo. Kendall, J. Crouch, Mereen Duvall, S. K. Milton, D. Harris, and John Wilson.

In 1841-2, F. B. McDonald located with the church at Sharon.

[For the Christian Repository.]

HISTORY OF THE KENTUCKY BAPTISTS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—A recent article by James Edmonds, showing a great deal of investigation and accuracy, directed my mind to some facts in regard to Bro. B. F. Kenney, which may be interesting to your readers. In the *Western Recorder*, of February 18, 1852, appeared the following article:

“HISTORICAL MEMORIALS.

“*Messrs. Editors:*—Believing, as I do, that the time has come, fully, when active measures should be taken to collect materials for constructing a history of the Baptist denomination in Kentucky, I beg leave to suggest that, after mature consideration and consultation with several ministers and other brethren, I have come to the conclusion to ask you to set apart one department of your paper, in which all the valuable statistics and biographies, which may be furnished by the ministers and clerks of churches all over the State, may be published. If the brethren will employ the zeal which the vast importance of the subject demands, by taxing a little of their time, it will prove a very speedy and safe method of accomplishing this great work. I cannot allow myself to think that the men are wanting who will readily and heartily engage in rescuing from the silence of the grave the memory of those men of God who labored and toiled, amidst dangers and the privations of frontier life, to lay broad and deep the foundations of evangelical truth. I most sincerely hope that such an interest will be felt in this matter as to insure the collection, in twelve months, of a sufficient amount of material to enable the compiler, whoever he may be, to commence the work. I will undertake to give the history of twelve churches during the course of the current year, from their constitution to the present time; with a brief notice of each preacher, dead or living. Each one of the ministers with whom I have conversed will do their part in this work. Will the brethren all over the State offer their suggestions, both in reference to the work and the plan of doing it? Materials collected and printed, according to the above plan, will be on file and in the possession of so many of your subscribers, that it will not be subject to the disasters to which single manuscripts are exposed. This plan will be attended with no cost, and will furnish a large amount of valuable reading matter for the present patrons of your paper, and will be the means of extending its circulation. I hope this subject will receive that attention which its importance demands; and if such hopes are realized, we may soon have the satisfaction of seeing a history worthy of

the denomination placed in the hands of all who may feel concerned to know the progress of religion in our own beloved State.

"Yours, in Christ,

B. F. KENNEY."

In the *Recorder* of the same issue (Feb. 18, 1852,) appears an editorial, from J. L. Waller, in answer to Bro. Kenney's article. It is here appended:

"A GOOD SUGGESTION.

"We would call attention to the article, 'Historical Memorials,' found on our first page. The suggestion of Bro. Kenney is well-timed, and all must regard it as one of great interest and importance to the denomination in the State. There is a loud call for a history of the Baptist denomination in Kentucky. Our history has never been written, only in meagre sketches, mere outlines, to supply a desideratum in the record of general events. Biographical sketches of the pioneers of our faith and practice in this State would be a valuable accession to the historic lore of the denomination. They were men of deep piety, of the most indomitable energy, and many of them orators formed in nature's finest mould. It is due to them that their history be preserved. Had they devoted their energies and talents to the affairs of state, their names would have been bright ornaments to the pages of history. Their attention was diverted to a nobler enterprise. They gave themselves to the great work of moulding the morals of the people. Their labors contributed in no stinted measure to the infusion of those principles which have developed the Kentucky character. Their deeds deserve place on the page which records the growth, prosperity, and fame of our commonwealth.

"Many important and interesting facts connected with the early history of the churches and ministry are rapidly passing into forgetfulness. Names once venerated for their labors of love, their zeal in defense of the truth, and for their self-sacrificing toils, are now scarcely known. Their names and their histories may yet be rescued from the oblivion to which an ungrateful posterity is about to doom them. Shall we, who enjoy the fruits of their labors, prove recreant to the memory of our fathers in the ministry? Shall we, by such recreancy, deprive our children of a history so valuable, and fraught with so much of interest? The answer to these questions rests with those who possess the means of averting such a result. 'Where is the scribe?'

"Our excellent brother who wrote the article alluded to above has formed a good resolution. We would willingly fill the first page of our paper with such articles as Bro. Kenney proposes to furnish. Will not other brethren in the ministry give their attention to this subject? They may easily gather the materials for interesting sketches. There are a number of aged ministers yet

living who are familiar with the origin and history of the churches and their pastors. We might suggest the names of Elds. George Waller, Robt. Kirtley, T. Scrivener, Jacob Creath, David Lillard, and a number of others, who possess a vast store of facts and incidents connected with the planting and progress of the churches in their respective sections of the country. They would, doubtless, take pleasure in furnishing those facts. The work, when completed, would form the material of a valuable history. This plan would possess the advantage of combining varied talents in the embodiment of the facts. It is not only an important work, but would be an undertaking of vast toil to a single individual. But a little attention from a few ministers, who have the leisure to devote to this interesting work, would greatly facilitate and lighten the labors of the future historian."

I would also add that Bro. Kenney's deep interestedness in this matter remains unabated. About six months after the death of Bro. Waller, in conversation between Brethren Kenney, Ford, and myself, Elder Kenney urged upon Bro. Ford the necessity and importance of collecting the materials, and that he (Kenney) had spent much time in hunting up and obtaining information for such a history. He urged Bro. Ford to undertake the task. Bro. Ford asked Bro. Kenney if he would not give him the materials he had collected for such a work? Bro. Kenney did not say, but I thought he intimated his willingness to assist Bro. Ford in the undertaking.

I mention all this simply to carry out the inspired maxim—"Honor to whom honor."

Bro. Kenney is now in Missouri, but not soon to be forgotten by Kentucky Baptists; and he, above all others, deserves our thanks for calling attention to and in urging the importance of "Historical Memorials" of Kentucky Baptists.

JOHN F. KING.

Louisville, Ky., May 20, 1857.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY, OR VISIBLE RELIGION.

Religion, we all confess to be a personal concern, a personal thing, an individual matter. Every man must become personally interested in it for himself. All men must become directly and personally interested in the truth for themselves. Man is a sin-

ner, an individual sinner, and therefore responsible and accountable to an individual God. The heart of man is the citadel of truth. In it the truth must have a place. Every man must repent for himself. God will not repent for us. He commands men to repent for themselves: "But now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." Neither will Jesus Christ believe for sinners. The command is, "Repent and believe the gospel." Religion does not make us unconcerned about others; but, on the contrary, it enlists our feelings and our sympathies. It awakens all the nobler thoughts of the mind; it arouses the physical man and brings it into renewed action; it develops the whole moral man. Those latent powers of the soul that have long lain dormant are brought into action.

In this fast age of improvement in religion, in arts, and in science, it has become scarcely admissible to ask an individual whether his associates are followers of Christ? if they are religious? The world would have us be silent on the subject of religion. Too many who profess the Christian religion would have the Church of God be as the world is on the subject of religion—dumb dogs. But if we would obey God and keep the commandments of Jesus, we must be the salt of the earth, and a light to those around us. And if we love God we will keep his words: "If ye love me ye will keep my words."

Again—If religion is ever made visible or practical, it must be by the Christian. He is said to be the salt of the earth: "Ye are the salt of the earth,"—*i. e.*, the nature and quality of salt. Salt is entirely peculiar to itself, and nothing else in all the universe of God; so are Christians peculiar to themselves, unlike the rest of mankind. They are "a peculiar people, a royal priesthood, a chosen generation, zealous of good works." Salt is incorruptible and infusible. It renders food pleasant and palatable to the taste, and preserves from putrefaction. So Christians, by their deportment and instructions, are to keep the world from entire moral corruption. Salt works silently and imperceptibly; it works secretly and irresistibly. A small portion will diffuse itself far and wide through the whole mass. So will the Christian religion diffuse itself through families, communities, and even through whole nations, and keep them from entire moral

corruption. It is like the leaven mentioned in the parable, Matt. 13 : 33—"Another parable spake he unto them ; The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." The gospel may be said to be salt—penetrating, quick, and powerful: "For the word of God is quick and powerful," etc.—Heb. 4 : 12. It reaches the inmost recesses of the heart: "Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart," etc.—Acts 2 : 37.

There is nothing more useful in the universe of God than salt and light. Hence our Saviour made use of this figure to show the intrinsic worth and value of the Christian religion to the Christian world. If religion exists in the heart, it cannot be concealed from the eyes of the world. And when it is not manifest in the life, it does not exist in the heart.

G. W. ROBERTSON.

Family Visitant.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. S. R. FORD.

WILLIAM WINTERFIELD, THE YOUNG PASTOR.

BY MRS. F. E. GARNETT.

CHAP. IV.—DEACON FREEMAN *vs.* NEW-FANGLED NOTIONS.

"How d'ye do this morning, Billy?" said Deacon Freeman, as he unceremoniously entered the study of Mr. Winterfield without the usual prefatory rap at the door. "I called to inquire after your health, supposing you must be sick, as you were not at prayer-meeting last night."

Cain-like, William's "countenance fell." His confusion was manifest. The deacon affected not to observe it, but proceeded, in his familiar manner, to say:

"Come, give an account of yourself. I am sure you must have a first-rate excuse; let's hear it."

"Honesty is said to be the best policy, Bro. Freeman, and I must candidly confess that I forgot it."

"Forgot it, Billy?"

"Yes, actually forgot it. I am really ashamed, and sincerely regret it; but so it is."

"Well, you must have been asleep, or very much engaged in some other way."

"The latter is true in regard to the matter. 'Tis said that 'open confession is good for the soul;' I will, therefore, give you a full and correct statement of the facts relative to the matter, begging pardon, and hoping to obtain forgiveness. I received a note yesterday morning from Miss Isabel Danvers, informing me that her ma being indisposed, wished to see me, and desired me to take tea with her in the evening. I called, in compliance with the polite request, and spent an hour very pleasantly with Sister Danvers. After tea I was invited into the parlor. Miss Isabel entertained me with some of her best music; after which, conversation becoming unusually interesting, I remained until a late hour, and the prayer-meeting clearly escaped my memory."

"A pretty set of Baptists, upon my word. Not a tenth of the members at prayer-meeting, and the pastor off sparking!"

"Don't get angry, Bro. Freeman. You cannot possibly regret it more than I do."

"I'm not angry, Billy, [it was the deacon's custom to address him thus familiarly,] but I'm hurt to my heart—I am, indeed. Things are getting all to splinters in the church. Can't you see it? Five hundred members, and not more than ten or a dozen will attend prayer-meeting, and but three or four of them will pray. Somebody once said that a prayer-meeting was the thermometer of a church. Taking that for granted, I would say, that the church at Luray is considerably below zero. Why we're as cold as a wedge. I tell you it will never do to get along at this poor dying rate. We must bestir ourselves; something must be done quickly."

"I feel the truth of what you say, Bro. Freeman; have seriously reflected upon it, and bitterly lament it. But what can I do? I have preached with all the vigor and earnestness I could command. I prepare my sermons carefully, and endeavor to deliver them in an attractive, impressive manner; have attended regularly, until last night, the prayer-meeting, and tried to invest it with interest—what can I do more? We were conversing about the languid condition of the church last night, and Bro. Danvers suggested the propriety of throwing more attraction around our form of worship by introducing a melodeon to improve our church-music."

"A *mel* what?" [One of the deacon's peculiarities was to affect ignorance occasionally, when he imagined he discovered a chance to make capital of it.]

"A melodeon," repeated William, suppressing a smile.

"Well, what's the object of your mel-odeon?"

"To improve our church-music, which is very ordinary."

"Why, we've good singers enough, I'm sure. Can't they sing?"

"O, yes, we wish them to sing. But we desire them to obtain a more correct knowledge of music; and the melodeon will be quite an assistance in leading the choir, and will render the singing much more attractive. I mentioned it to the Hornsbys, the High-tens, and several of the most wealthy members, who are all in favor of the plan, and willing to contribute liberally to purchase the instrument."

"Well, if they had worked hard and earned their money as I have mine—by the sweat of the brow—they wouldn't be so ready to spend it for such nonsense. But you hav'nt answered my question yet. You say it's to improve the singing—I understand that; but what do you expect to accomplish by it?"

"Influence the people to come out to meeting, Bro. Freeman. We are here contiguous to B——, with facilities for easy and speedy transportation. In Dr. A——'s church they have a splendid organ, and well-trained choir, in addition to his attractive preaching. The most wealthy and fashionable of our members will probably remove their membership to B——, and members will attend church there who would remain here, were similar attractions presented. The truth is, Bro. Freeman, we're behind the times. Civilization, science, and refinement are constantly advancing, and we must keep pace with them. The world is also growing more corrupt, and, much as I regret the necessity of resorting to such means to induce people to go to the house of God, yet we must take things as they really exist—meet men upon their own ground, be all things to all men—if by that means we may win some. This is an age of progression, Bro. Freeman."

"*Pro*-gression, indeed!—yes in sin, folly, and corruption. But you're afraid of losing some of our most 'fashionable' and 'wealthy' members, are you? Let them go, I say. They are clogs to the wheels of Zion, any how. And if they can be tolled off to B—— by that 'banjo,' joy go with them. I wish them a pleasant journey and speedy arrival. God bless your soul, Billy, if the church was purged from all such worldly-minded, godless members, she would 'arise in her might, and, putting on her beautiful garments, show to the world the divinity of our holy religion.' But you say, 'the corrupt state of society' requires something like this in order to induce the people to go to meeting. So you propose to minister to the depraved tastes of the giddy multitude, who are ever seeking something new, do you? Suppose civilization, science, refinement, and corruption continue to 'progress,' until, finally, it becomes necessary, in order to influence people to go to meeting, to set up a card-table in one corner of the meeting-house to get out the gamblers. Maybe, between games, they might hear some preaching, and be converted. 'Meet them upon their own ground; be all things to all men,'—that's the doctrine. I tell you it was'n't so thirty years ago. Men would walk five and six miles to meeting, and wear their home-spun, and glad of the chance."

"You have taken an extreme view of the subject, Bro. Freeman, and—pardon me—scarcely a just one. But men were not so wicked thirty years ago as they are now."

"What! not as wicked? and yet you young folks call that the 'dark ages.' So it seems the light that's sprung up only increases the darkness; the march of mind, literary improvement, increasing civilization, and all these boasted advantages, only make men more wicked. Fie, fie, Billy! If your argument proves any thing, it proves too much for your purposes."

"Turn your eye back to the history of France, Bro. Freeman, just preceding the revolution—literature, science, and the arts had almost reached the culminating point, yet see the disastrous consequences attendant upon the 'reign of terror;' what caused that, do you suppose?"

"Infidelity, Billy, infidelity! And 'tis infidelity that now causes the corruption of the church and the world. God's people have ceased to trust Him. Doubting His ability to do what He has promised, they are running after the new-fangled notions and foolish maxims of the world, instead of waiting upon Him in His own appointed way in an humble manner. There was none of this nonsense in the primitive churches, as sure as you live. Let me tell you something about our meetings in old times, Billy, before the world had become 'civilized' and 'corrupt.' We had no stately edifice, whose spire peered into the very clouds, with Gothic windows and stained glass; no cushioned pews, nor carpeted floors. Our pulpit was neither marble nor mahogany. None of this new-fangled nonsense; but we worshiped God in a temple of His own building—the stately oaks our covering, beneath our feet a rich carpet woven by old Dame Nature. In winter we had a homely but comfortable house, built by the united labor of all. And O, such meetings as we had! how our hearts burned with love to God and to each other! It does me good, even now, to think of those times. The people would come for six, and eight, and even twelve miles around, and, when there, how earnest and attentive they were! None of the whispering, tittering, and reading newspapers, that I sometimes see in our congregations here in this 'refined' community. The preaching, how solemn and impressive! Christ crucified was the theme. None of your labored 'moral lectures,' with more show than substance; but touching, stirring gospel truth, plain and practical; enforced by men whom you would call ignorant in this age of 'progression.' It was clearly proven that the gospel was the power of God unto salvation; for sinners, by scores, yea by hundreds, were brought to a knowledge of the truth. The conversions were powerful. I have seen sinners, upon the singing of that good old hymn,

"Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live,"

(without organ or melodeon) come forward in crowds, bathed in tears, anxiously inquiring, 'what must we do to be saved?' And it was none of this wild-fire excitement, of which I have seen exhibitions at your periodical revivals, but a solemn, silent coming in the 'still, small voice,' which is a more certain evidence of the presence of God than the rushing of the whirlwind. I tell you, Billy, there is power in the gospel, and men will feel it if it is earnestly

and faithfully proclaimed. And it don't need all these trappings and gew-gaws to recommend it. No, I never will believe it until I lose my confidence in Christ, who has promised to be with his true ministers always, even unto the end. Christ and the apostles did not need the appliances of art to assist them in arresting sinners."

"But remember, Bro. Freeman, they spoke under immediate inspiration."

"All true enough, Billy; but God is just as able to do His work now as He was then."

"But God works by instrumentality, you will admit."

"To be sure He does. But I want you to show me any authority for such instrumentality as you profess to employ."

"I do not pretend to claim a positive command; but does not the Bible speak of harps in heaven?"

"Yes, it does; but none of these new fangled, modern things."

"But the representation certainly approves of instrumental praise."

"Harps in heaven! yes, and the Bible tells us there were 'beasts in heaven,' and so I suppose we had better introduce hogs into the church! I tell you, Billy, it won't do. You call us old fogies, but I'm afraid this young Americanism is the worst of the two evils, I am, indeed. But see here, that same chapter, Rev. xiv., in which we read of harps and beasts in heaven, speaks of a temple and an altar. Now how would you like to fix up an altar in our meeting-house here at Luray, and you, as officiating priest, come stalking out with your long robe on, holding your censer of incense? 'Nonsense,' you say. Well, now this illustration authorizes modern priests, temples, and altars, fully as much as your harps in heaven authorizes organs and melodeons."

"Well, since we have gotten into a discussion of the matter, Bro. Freeman, will you please turn to 2 Chron., chap. xxix., and read from the 25th to the 28th verses, inclusive. I will read it: 'And he sat the Levites in the house of the Lord with cymbals, with psalteries, and with harps, according to the command of David, and of Gad the king's seer, and Nathan the prophet; for so was the commandment of the Lord by his prophets. And the Levites stood with the instruments of David, and the priests with the trumpets. And Hezekiah commanded to offer the burnt-offering upon the altar. And when the burnt-offering began, the song of the Lord began also with the trumpets, and with the instruments ordained by David, king of Israel.' You now perceive, Bro. Freeman, that instrumental music was, in this case, a subject of divine injunction; 'for so was the commandment of the Lord by His prophets.' It is very evident that the king did it not of his own discretion, but by God's command. And you are also aware that it was regularly used in ceremonial worship."

"A knock-down argument, truly, Billy. I know you think I'm an ignorant old man, and can't see the flimsiness of your arguments; but I've read my Bible too much to let them pass this way. You have admitted the very thing I wished you to,—that instrumental music was instituted under the Jewish dispensation as a prominent part of ceremonial worship. Now does not the

New Testament clearly teach the abrogation of the Jewish rites and ceremonies, every whit of them, by the introduction of the new or Christian dispensation? Surely it does. Of priests, altars, sacred garments, and instrumental music in Christian worship, it says nothing. It speaks of praising God by singing, but nothing further: 'I will sing with the spirit, and with the understanding also;' after supper they 'sang a hymn;' 'Speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, making melody in your hearts to the Lord.' Paul speaks of instrumental music in Corinthians, but not as being used in religious worship, but as 'things without life giving sound.' I have read some little church history, Billy, and, as well as I can remember, during the first three centuries the primitive Christians are spoken of as engaging in singing, but nothing said of instruments. And even in the times of Constantine, when every thing in Christian worship was grand and fine, you don't hear a word about instrumental music. I'll tell you when I think it started—in the dark ages of popery, when so many superstitions were introduced, pretending to be according to the worship of the Old Testament. Just let me tell you which I think is the best way. As you don't pretend to claim an express command for this practice, and as it may cause many to offend, if carried out, don't undertake to do it. But let the gospel have its course, and trust God awhile longer to take care of his work, without the help of a melodeon."

"I claim as much for the power and efficiency of the gospel as you do, Bro. Freeman. All I propose is to devise a plan whereby men may be brought more immediately under its influence. I will abandon it, however, when you propose a more effective one. You object strenuously, but I think the end sanctifies the means. You admit that our audience is decreasing in numbers, and I hope, by the introduction of more attractive church-music, we may succeed in drawing them back; and, indeed, I believe it will be the means of doing so."

"Why you had large audiences when you first came here, didn't you?"

"O yes; I was a new preacher then. 'A new broom sweeps clean,' according to the old adage."

"What will you do when your melodeon gets old, eh? Now, Billy, I am one of those straight-forward, old-fashioned kind of men, who will say just what I think; not the least mealy-mouthed, but come right to you and tell your faults. Some of the brethren and sisters will say, 'I told you so;' 'I knew he would not wear long;' 'a new broom sweeps clean.' Others will stand around on the streets, or in the counting-rooms, talking to the crowd, (sinners and all,) saying, 'Bro. Winterfield said so and so, or did so and so.' And when the women meet in the sewing society, Bro. Winterfield is the burden of conversation, and is dissected physically, mentally, religiously. All this time you are in profound ignorance of the whole thing; but I come to your face and say, 'Billy, thou art the man!'"

"And this is the course I wish you to pursue, Bro. Freeman. I am truly

grateful to any one who will point out to me any thing defective in my conduct, and regard such an one as a real friend."

"Well, Billy, since we are on this subject, I shall talk pretty plainly to you. When you took charge of the church here, the sky seemed clear, and a smooth sea, as the sailors say. You know that you made a fine impression, and your heart was much engaged in the work. Pretty soon you began to grow in your own estimation. All at once it occurred to you, that you were the Rev. Mr. Winterfield, pastor of the large, influential church at Luray. The old women petted you, the young ones flattered you, and, having a little bit of vanity, you soon got spoilt. You set out with flying colors—house full, good attention, prayer-meetings well-attended, all going on right; but behold, a change! You get a foolish notion in your head, fall in love with a vain, worldly-minded girl, cut all sorts of silly capers, lose, to a great extent, the spirit of devotion, and the church catches the infection. You know a flock is apt to follow the bell-sheep—he leaps over a fence, and here they all go, helter, skelter, right after him. That's about the way with us as church-members, we all look to you to take the lead, not as bell-sheep, but as the shepherd; and, may-be, we depend on you too much. But be that as it may, we are apt to be influenced by your actions, and so we all get cold together; and that brings us to the present point in our history. You see the aspect of things as they now exist, and, to get the people out, you propose to improve our church-music by introducing a melodeon, and having things done up to suit the wealthy and fashionable members. Well, now, for argument's sake, we'll say the whole thing is arranged. You've got the *mill* set up, and grinding out your music artistically. It has the desired effect. You have tolled out a fine congregation; all attentive as you desire. You ascend the pulpit, set away your gold-headed cane, draw off your black kids, and, assuming as many airs as a French dancing-master, get through the preliminary services. The text is read, the theme announced, and you set about dividing, subdividing, re-subdividing, until you get it all cut up into scraps, and then you set your wits to work to put it together again—but, bless your soul, you've got it so scattered that a 'Philadelphia lawyer' couldn't collect it. I stepped into Larner's school-room, the other day, and he had a class up 'saying' their philosophy lesson. (People didn't know much about such outlandish things when I was a boy.) But, any how, the teacher went on to ask them about something he called the 'divisibility of matter.' I'm a real practical man, you know, Billy; so, as soon as I understood what it meant, the thought popped into my head, that your sermons possessed that property of matter to its fullest extent. I undertake to follow you, sometimes, and gather up the fragments, but, my dear sir! my poor old head is not equal to the effort. I am always looking for a cross, and a crucified Saviour, but you get them so covered up with festoons of flowers, that I have to tear them all away before I can get a glimpse of the consecrated wood upon which my Saviour bled and died. Well, the services over, the congregation disperses in different directions, and you hear this one say,

'What a splendid effort Mr. Winterfield made to-day;' another, 'His declamation is unrivaled;' a third, 'How gracefully he appears in the pulpit,' and there's the end of it. No one has been profited; they were only entertained, amused. Bless my soul, Billy! unsheath the two-edged sword of the Spirit, and, brandishing it mightily, cleave the sinner's heart in twain, causing him to cry out, 'What shall I do to be saved?' I tell you there is power and efficiency in the gospel; the sword will do prompt and mighty execution, if properly wielded, there's no mistake about it."

"According to your showing, Bro. Freeman, there is still another property of matter that may be appropriately applied to my sermons."

"What's that, Billy?"

"Inertia. You seem to think they are having no effect; they are, of course, then, remaining inert."

"I'm afraid not; better that it was so. But they must prove either 'a savor of life unto life, or of death unto death.' They cannot remain inactive."

"Hold on, Bro. Freeman, 'tis the gospel that produces one or the other of these effects, and you describe my sermons as having no gospel in them."

"O, well, I suppose they have some gospel in them, but it's so much trouble to sift it out, to separate the gold from the alloy. But there's another matter I want to talk to you about, Billy."

"What is it, Bro. Freeman—speak out?"

"I rather hate to mention it, my boy, for fear you will think I'm screwing down on you too tight—though it's all for your own good that I do it. Don't you believe it?"

"I do, indeed; and thank you for the evident interest you manifest in things pertaining to my welfare. So speak out without reserve."

"What I wish to say is in regard to your intercourse with Isabel Danvers. I tell you, Billy, it's doing you an injury the way the matter now stands. Let me advise you, as a friend, to bring this matter to a point some way. If nothing else will do, marry the girl, if she will have you, and be done with it, and stop this continual gossip. I don't believe in this notion that's afloat, that the deacons and their wives, and the balance of the church, should have a hand in selecting the preacher's wife, (for if they could have her made to order, she would not suit them all); that prerogative belongs exclusively to himself; but I do think preachers should exercise great judgment and discretion in their selections. Now, although I don't want to dictate to you, you will allow me to give my opinion?"

"Most assuredly, Bro. Freeman. I desire to have it, and especially on this point."

"Well, it's just this, in a few words,—you have no more business with such a woman as Isabel, than a wagon has with five wheels. Your own judgment tells you so. Why, I would'nt give Julia Summar for a ten acre field full of such girls."

"I know Julia has admirable traits of character which Isabel does not

possess, but I have a weakness which I cannot overcome—a passionate love of the beautiful, which governs me in the matter.”

“What! fall in love with a woman for her pretty face! It is a weakness, truly.”

“I know it, and lament it, Bro. Freeman, but can’t help it. I wish I could.”

“Don’t tell me such a tale as that. It will do for a silly school-girl, not yet out of her teens; but not for a stout, hale, young man, five feet ten in his shoes. Not a bit of it. Give way to a weakness? No, sir. Contend with it; overcome it. Never yield to it—never. Be governed by the old adage—‘Look before you leap.’”

“I am thankful for your advice, Bro. Freeman, and admit the truth of all you say. God only knows what will be the result of all this. Of one thing, however, I am confident, and that is, that my future usefulness and happiness are intimately connected with and dependant upon the final adjustment of these matters.”

“Depend on Him, and do your duty as a Christian and a minister, and all will work for your final good. You have the word of God pledged for it. But, see here, Billy, there’s a disease very prevalent among young preachers, which often proves fatal to their usefulness, and it rather appears to me that I begin to detect the premonitory symptoms, (as the doctors say,) about you.”

“What is it, Bro. Freeman, I’m interested to know?” He did not detect the mischievous twinkle of the old man’s eye, so much was he interested.

“There is one class of young ministers more apt to be infected by it than any other,” continued the old man, affecting not to observe William’s anxiety; “I mean those who rub their backs against the walls of a college for awhile, and set out with the firm belief that they know it all.”

“Why, Bro. Freeman, you don’t object to an educated minister, do you?”

“No, sir,—not a bit of it. And you don’t find many of the thoroughly-educated that catch this distemper I am going to tell you about. The ‘D. D.’s’ do, sometimes, get a little sketch of it; but it’s only such as have got into the ‘wrong pew,’ having the title without any proper qualification for it. By-the-by, while we are on this subject, I don’t believe much in this D. D. and L.L. D.-ship neither. You don’t hear any thing about it in the New Testament. No Dr. Peter, or John, or James; and even Paul, who was a man of great learning, brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, a member of the Jewish Sanhedrim, was plain ‘Paul the apostle,’ without the fashionable cognomen. But this is another new-fangled notion. As I was saying, the disease is not confined to college-boys either, but attacks the superficial scholar wherever it finds him. I learned a couplet, when I was a boy, which strikes me as appropriate just here:

‘A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.’

Now this is about the way of it,—a man who has plenty of self-esteem, and but little humility, who does not know more than three men ought to know, is a pretty good subject, and very apt to be attacked.”

"O, well, you have talked around the subject long enough, Bro. Freeman," said William, who began to comprehend his meaning; "speak out, let us have it."

"The disease has rather a homely name, Billy, and, as I don't know any technical name for it, I shall give the most expressive one at hand. It's generally known as the 'big head.'"

"And you think I've got the 'big head,' do you?" said William, vainly endeavoring to suppress his merriment.

"I didn't say you actually had it, but thought I began to detect the 'premonitory symptoms.'"

"Can't you prescribe a cure, Bro. Freeman?"

"I think I can. The best way to cure a disease is to take it in time, before it becomes seated, and if you will submit to my treatment, I think it will make you a sound man in little or no time."

"I will most willingly submit. Make out your prescription."

"Well, there's an herb which is very rarely found, but you can't be cured without it. It is called 'Know Thyself.' If you can find it, you will be apt to find the next thing you want growing by it, a modest little plant, called 'Humility;' and you are sure to get the next ingredient in the prescription, it belongs to the same genus as the botanist would say, which is 'Meekness.' Get these three ingredients, self-knowledge, humility, and meekness, make a strong decoction of them, to be taken morning, noon, and night. Make the word of God and self-examination your diet; your drink the fount of knowledge, whereof if you quaff freely, you will be often lamenting that you have not more instead of supposing you have too much. Take exercise freely in your closet communing with God, and I will insure a permanent cure, without any danger of a relapse."

"Thank you, Bro. Freeman. I believe your remedy will be effectual in eradicating the disease. But a skillful physician usually describes symptoms. Had you not better make out a regular diagnosis, that I may be better prepared to judge of my condition and the probable effect of remedies?"

"I have been describing symptoms all the way through. 'A word to the wise is sufficient.' I think you begin to detect the symptoms yourself, and much is accomplished in this disease when you have convinced the patient he is really sick. The most prominent symptom, however, is an enlargement of the organ of self-esteem, and depression of conscientiousness and veneration. If you will remember the hints already given, you can easily examine yourself and arrive at definite conclusions in regard to your condition. An illustration just occurs to my mind, and, as I am talking along in a scattering manner, I will relate it to you. I got it from a good old brother who used it to illustrate a position similar to one I have taken. Said the old brother, 'If you wish to make good tobacco, top it early, and top it low—down to six leaves. If you don't, it will run up very high, look fine and flourishing, but there's no weight in it; it is not worth any thing. Now,' continued the old

brother, 'that's the way with some young preachers. They make a fine, bold start in the ministry, grow rapidly, run up high, but, like the tobacco, there's no weight in them. They pretty soon get the 'big head,' and their usefulness is destroyed. Now the only way to save such is to top them early, and top them low.' Do you see the point in the illustration?"

"O yes, I understand you. I think I have submitted to the 'topping' process very quietly, but you have nearly decapitated me."

"It's for your good that I speak thus plainly. You know the best way to heal a wound effectually, is to probe it to the bottom; the process is painful, but it must be done. You may get it healed over the surface, but it will break out again. Get it all sound and healthy at the bottom, and the cure is permanent. It is very painful to me to talk so roughly to you, but you are without a relative or friend here to advise you and point out the errors in your course. The interest I feel in your future welfare and usefulness prompts me. I desire very much to see you become a useful and efficient minister; wish to see Zion prosper here at Luray under your preaching—but I see plainly the breakers ahead; see distinctly the rock upon which you must split, unless you change your course; and, as a father would advise a beloved son, I would counsel you, my young friend. You must lay aside your conceited, affected airs, and be more consistent, devotional, and humble. Leave off your gallantry; select a pious, sensible, consistent partner, who will bear with you life's burdens, and strengthen your usefulness as a minister. Settle down and go to work in earnest."

"I am truly grateful to you, Bro. Freeman," said William, grasping warmly the hand of the kind-hearted old man. "I am like a poor, tempest-tossed mariner out at sea, without chart, pilot, or compass. My barque is driven to and fro by adverse gales, each successive wave threatening to engulf it; the surcharged cloud presages a more terrible tempest, and I tremble lest a fearful wreck of all my prospects will finally ensue."

A shadow gathered on his brow, which had hitherto remained unclouded.

"Cheer up, Billy, and keep your eye steadily on Christ, the polar star; wield the helm with a firm hand, nerved by faith in Him who has said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' Faithfully and perseveringly discharge your duty to God and this people, and all things will finally work off right. But I must leave you now, as other duties call for my attention. God bless and direct you in all your ways."

"I am gratefully sensible of the kind interest you manifest in my welfare. I hope you will continue to act as my censor whenever you think it necessary."

The deacon retired, leaving William in a state of mental disquietude most painful to endure. The plain-spoken old man, in his homely, scattering manner, had rent asunder the veil which concealed from his vision many things necessary for him to look upon. He now clearly perceived the cause of his failure in ministerial efficiency. That which hitherto appeared inexplicable,

was now fully revealed, as he supposed; but the revelation was only partial, and how painful the process by which the remainder was to be made known! His want of success was evidently attributable to a decrease of interest and devotion upon his part, and an increasing anxiety to prepare sermons to please the fancy of his auditors, rather than excite a spirit of inquiry in regard to their condition as responsible beings.

Memory was now busily gathering up each incident connected with his past history. The spring once touched, the whole panorama passed swiftly before his vision; the tones of his mother's voice seemed almost as audible as when she uttered the solemn warning, "Beware of vanity natural to the human heart; crush promptly its first buddings, or it may prove your final ruin." He saw it all now at a glance. He was evidently entangled in the snare of the tempter, and knew not how to disengage himself. He paced the chamber hurriedly, his excitement growing every moment more intense. The tumult of anxiety and perplexity was fearful. Having deserted, to a great extent, his closet, how could he now look for solace to the Christian's retreat in the hour of troubles, a neglected mercy-seat?

"Ah! whither could we flee for aid?
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat?
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat."

The world with its allurements had drawn a veil between him and his Heavenly Father which seemed almost impervious, and he mourned the hidings of His face, who had ever been his hope and stay, his strong tower into which he now longed to flee for safety. He felt that he had proved recreant to the trust committed to him, and was unprepared to give a favorable account of his stewardship—must, therefore, be severely reprimanded by the Master at His appearing. Long and bitterly did he reflect upon the subject in its varied aspects, each phase becoming more gloomy, until finally the pent-up agony of his heart found vent in tears.

Shadowy resolves of future amendment were rapidly forming in his mind. He fondly hugged the delusion to his soul, that, as he was now aware of the condition of pastor and people, the means of reclamation were easily brought to bear upon them; and he confidently anticipated a speedy change for the better in the moral aspect of affairs at Luray. The star of hope again arose upon the darkened horizon of the future, vivifying with its exhilarating beams the dreary, spiritless aspect of surrounding objects, and encouraging the heart-stricken young pastor to arouse himself from his attitude of despondency and endeavor to cast himself upon the strong arm of Him who careth for those who lean upon Him.

The fabled box of Pandora, having discharged upon the earth its fearful contents, still retained the solace which ever clings to the most wretched. "Hope on, hope ever," is man's motto, while sojourning in this transitory world! and

did it not shed its halo of light upon the darkened path-way, how cheerless would be a pilgrimage across the dreary desert! Her halcyon voice lured William on as she soothingly whispered to him, while her rosy fingers presented to his lip the chalice of future joy, smilingly inviting him to quaff. The secret of his past failure being manifest, as he supposed, he considered the remedy easy of access and resolved to apply it.

His mind being somewhat composed, he arose, arranged his disordered toilet, and set out to fill an engagement at Mrs. Selwyn's.

To the great enemy of man is attributed the attribute of ubiquity: "He goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." Certain we are that his emissaries are ever actively employed about their masters' business.

William, just stepped from the foot of his stairway, when he encountered Miss Danvers, who, casting at him a glance beaming with animation, familiarly claimed him as escort for a walk to "Tipton's." This appeal to his gallantry was irresistible. But alas! the miniature resolves of future amendment, recently daguerreotyped upon his mind, all vanished; the coil of the serpent was being drawn more firmly about him, and nought save the severely-chastising rod of that Father who wisely administers it in the proper time and manner, could make him sensible of the fearful abyss at his feet, into which he was just in the act of plunging.

"Why, Mr. Winterfield," said Isabel, "you look as if you had just buried your last friend. What is the matter?"

"O, nothing, Miss Isabel," said William, assuming an air of gayety foreign to his feelings. "Old Bro. Freeman has been giving me a moral lecture this morning, and I have not laid aside the long face assumed for the occasion."

"Old Mr. Freeman? Pshaw! I should pay no attention to his antiquated notions. He's at least thirty years behind the times."

"I mentioned to him our project of introducing the melodeon—"

"And he opposed it, of course!"

"Yes, vehemently; and there was some show of reason about his arguments, I assure you."

"I would pay no attention, whatever, to his objections. If you are influenced by them, you will never advance an inch from the position you at present occupy. It was always just so in old Mr. Heartwell's life-time. He and Deacons Grey and Freeman wanted every thing to creep along in the same old way—no improvement, no progression; but, finally, our wealthy and fashionable members got out of patience, and determined to turn the yoke and have things their own way awhile. You know when pa takes hold of any thing it has to go, and he is determined to have the melodeon introduced, at all hazards. He will accompany me to B——, and, while there, will purchase one and send it on. He also speaks of procuring the services of Mons. Le Brun, the celebrated vocalist, who has turned the heads of half the city, to teach a class here. He has just closed an engagement at Rand's Opera, and

desires to retire from the stage for a few months. Pa thinks there will be no difficulty in inducing him to come. Now won't it be charming? We will have splendid church-music, instead of those doleful dirges we have been grunting out for the last ten years. Pa says it will draw out the people. You will have crowded houses, no doubt of it."

William did not relish the arrangement, but had not sufficient moral courage to say so; he merely remarked, in a half-doubtful tone:

"I think it will be exceedingly difficult to overcome the opposition, Miss Isabel."

"O, we will make no effort to conciliate the opposing party, but will take the matter into our own hands and carry it through all opposition."

"I rather doubt the propriety of such a course, and do not think it the most successful method of accomplishing the proposed end. Let us at least reflect upon it, and mature the matter more perfectly before acting. —You call here, do you? We will separate, then, as I must walk further."

"I leave in the morning train for B——, Mr. Winterfield. We may not meet again for some time."

"May I inquire the object of your visit there, Miss Isabel?"

"Well, pa wishes me to 'come out' in royal style, and, as B—— is the great center of attraction, he thinks it quite essential that that should be my starting-point. He has not yet learned the important fact that a transfer of heart interest and feeling is not so easily made as a transfer of person or actual presence; and although I go to B——, in obedience to his command, yet the better half of me will still linger around Luray."

She sighed softly, and cast upon William a furtive, meaning glance, which completely riveted the fetters she had been long and industriously forging.

"Will you not grant me an interview," remarked William, "ere you leave, if it be but for an hour?"

"Let me see," said she, endeavoring to conceal the feelings of exultation which would have been apparent to any one less blinded by passion, "O! yes, I will not be engaged this evening from six to eight o'clock; call, then, at six precisely. I will expect you. I must run in a moment and see Carrie Beufort. Be punctual at six."

She sprang up the marble steps and disappeared, leaving William in a delirium of joy occasioned by the insinuation evidently designed for him, and interpreted into an indirect avowal of interest, which thrilled his heart into inexpressible rapture. Where, now, were his resolutions to expel from his heart the image of one whose influence was so deleterious to his usefulness? Alas! they were traced in the sand, subject to be swept away by the first gust of passion that passed over them.

Alas for the frailty of poor, vascilating human nature! We obtain a view of the quagmire of ruin, often the terminus of a certain course we are pursuing, and resolve to diverge from that course, but the *ignes fatui* that emit their sparkling light along our pathway lure us on. Our resolutions of future

amendment are neglected, and we still pursue the downward course, acquiring each moment accelerated velocity as we are propelled onward, until, finally, the irretrievable plunge is made, and ruin ensues.

William had determined, after his conversation with the deacon, to discontinue his attentions to Isabel, convinced that she lacked the qualifications necessary to prepare her for the responsible position of a minister's wife. He reviewed the entire ground, and thought his decision firmly fixed. Isabel's quick eye caught, at a glance, the estranged look with which he accosted her, so unlike his former devotion, hence her fond insinuation which acted as a shock from a galvanic battery, frustrating his previous resolutions.

That Isabel loved him was now evident. He would risk the chances of her making a good wife. All this parade about preachers' wives being such examples of excellence was all sham work any how. He did not see why any sensible, clever woman was not good enough for a preacher. For his part he was determined to select his wife himself, the deacons and their wives to the contrary, notwithstanding. He was out at sea again, "driven by the wind and tossed."

Reflections of this kind occupied his mind until he reached Laurel Cottage. A nervous pull at the bell brought Hetty to the door, who invited him to be seated in the parlor until she informed Julia of his arrival, Mrs. Selwyn being absent. Julia welcomed him with a cheerful smile, yet there was an evident hesitation and embarrassment in her manner altogether unusual. William did not observe it, however, his thoughts being engaged with the conversation which had just occurred.

"I have called this morning, Miss Julia, to resume the conversation so abruptly terminated when we last met."

"I signified my willingness, upon that occasion, to hear the communication you desired to make, Mr. Winterfield. I am still your attentive auditor."

Why does the eloquent blood mount to her cheek, and her heart throb almost audibly?

William proceeded to inform her of the state of his feelings toward Isabel, frankly confessed his love for her, the extent of his hope of reciprocity of feeling upon her part, and, strange to say, asked Julia's advice, when he had already determined to make Isabel an offer of his hand ere she left for B——. He continued his relation, not observing Julia's agitation, who felt that a whole lifetime of misery was being crowded into a single moment. The circumstance which revealed to her the affection she entertained for William, revealed also its utter hopelessness. She had not thought of entertaining for him any warmer sentiment than friendship. She had yet to learn that friendship between young persons of their age and relative position, often proved to be "love full-fledged, waiting for a sunshiny day to fly."

William paused a moment in his recital. She turned to him with affected calmness, saying:

"Excuse me a moment, Mr. Winterfield, if you please." She passed into

her ante-room, and, closing the door, clasped her throbbing temples with a tightened grasp. Oh! the agony of that moment! The cup of life, which seemed ever brimming with joy to her, was now changed to bitterness, and she would fain have turned away from it with loathing. How she shrank from the future, over which a sombre veil hung gloomily! But she must not remain here; William must not suspect the nature of her feelings for him. Woman's instinctive pride and modesty shrunk from the thought. She possessed, in a remarkable degree, the power of controlling her feelings, and she now felt that the necessity was imperious which demanded that the "peace, be still," should be spoken to her anguished heart, calming its tumultuous emotions. She looked up to heaven a moment for strength in this her darkest hour, and soon re-entered the parlor with no visible traces of emotion upon her countenance.

She felt called upon to speak plainly to William, warning him of the inevitable and painful result of persisting in his present course. Yet might not selfishness be the prompting feeling influencing her? Upon analyzing her motives she felt that it was not, and determined to discharge her duty. She delicately resumed the conversation by saying:

"Are you aware, Mr. Winterfield, that Miss Danvers is considered somewhat coquettish?"

"I am conscious that this is the generally-received opinion in regard to her, and no doubt she has been somewhat reckless, disregarding too much the feelings of those whose affections she gained by a system of artful maneuvering; but I think I have the unmistakable evidence that she regards me with peculiar interest. O, no! I cannot believe her capable of such heartlessness — to manifest such evident partiality for me merely for the sake of adding my name to the list of her rejected suitors. This is an amount of calculating heartlessness of which I think her incapable."

"You may have evidences of affection upon which you can confidently rely, Mr. Winterfield. I know nothing in regard to them, of course, but I do know that Isabel is capable of an amount of duplicity exceeding any female I ever knew. I have known her long and intimately, and only give an opinion indorsed by this entire community. 'Tis rather unbecoming in me to speak so plainly of one of my own sex, but you asked my advice, and duty says speak out."

"As it regards that matter, I am fully assured that the game is in my own hands. If I should propose, it would be with the confident expectation of being accepted. This is the point to be considered. To speak plainly, does she suit me?"

"You must be your own judge in regard to that, Mr. Winterfield. But you have certainly studied her character and discovered its excellencies, or you could not entertain for her such affection. True affection must be based upon esteem, and esteem is only excited by elevated qualities of mind and heart. If you have discovered in Isabel these qualities, she will, of course, suit you; if you have not, she will not fill the measure of your requirements

in ■ wife; and that is not all—you will discover, perhaps, when too late, that admiration, not affection, actuated you in this matter.”

“You have certainly taken a very sensible view of the subject, Miss Julia, and I believe your theory is correct. True affection must be predicated upon real, substantial worth, and I think Isabel has good qualities for which she does not receive credit. She’s a spoiled child of fortune, and has had no opportunity to develop the good traits of her character; but, when called into exercise, I think they will be found to exist in a much greater degree than most of persons suppose.”

“I sincerely hope you may find it so, sir.”

“But you rather doubt it, don’t you?”

“I may be mistaken, Mr. Winterfield, in my estimate of her character, and would certainly rejoice at the development of more admirable traits than she has heretofore exhibited. May kind heaven bless you and direct you in a matter involving so much of importance to you and the church! You are aware that your interest and that of the church are so nearly allied as to be almost inseparable; and, while you are thinking of the effect of this union upon your individual happiness, forget not the effect it may have upon the cause of Christ in connection with yourself.”

“What you say is very true, and I think I have looked at the subject in all its different phases. I confess, however, that I cannot divest myself of the fear that she is not precisely the woman for a minister. I think, though, that people generally require more extraordinary virtues in ministers’ wives than they can be expected to possess.”

“That may be true, sir; but they are not certainly requiring more than should be desired, nor more than is essentially requisite in order to promote the usefulness of ministers, and enhance the happiness of their people.”

“I thank you, Miss Julia, for the frank manner in which you have given advice. Will you, in your prayers, send up one petition for me, that I may be guided in the way which will best promote my happiness and that of my people? May heaven bless and reward you for your kindness!”

(To be Continued.)

FALSE FRIENDS.—Foes, open, honorable, decided, to the true soul will cause but little fear, and, even at times, command your positive respect. But there are many of us whose hearts have echoed the deep-toned wail of anguish wrung from David’s crushed spirit—“For it was not an enemy that reproached me. Then could I have borne it. Neither was it he that hated me. Then would I have hid myself from him. But it was thou, my guide and mine acquaintance. We took sweet counsel together, and we walked to the house of God in company.” Ah, for one in whom for years you have trusted; from whom you seek and obtain counsel; who sleeps beneath your roof, and professes warmest friendship; to go forth from your very fire-side to breathe distrust, to whisper suspicion, to give sanction to what *he knows* to be false—is the midnight assassin who leaves your dwelling with a smile to return in the darkness to drink your heart’s blood steeped in blacker guilt?

S. R. F.

[For the Christian Repository.]

NO HOPE OF HEAVEN.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

"'Twas in a land that far away
 Into the golden Orient lies."

The heavy lashes trembled o'er
 A youthful cheek of richest rose;
 And what a charm the sweet lip wore!
 While, pure as star-lit, Alpine snows,
 The broad brow's quiet beauty lay
 Beneath rich waves of midnight hair;
 And those dark eyes—what poet may
 Dream the wild glory that was there?
 Her's were a faultless form and face,
 And sweet, low voice and air of grace.

The parting sunlight lingered long
 Around the dark and heavy curls
 That wandered in a careless throng
 Clasped with loose chains of purest pearls;
 And richest gems and fairest flowers,
 And music of a dreary chime—
 Aye, all bright things that lull the hours,
 Were round the queen of that soft clime.
 And smiling, fondly, at her side,
 A youth's dark beauty charmed his bride.

"Ah," sighed the fair one mournfully,
 "Oft do I shed the warmest tears
 That love, such love as mine for thee,
 Should only know a few short years"—
 "My sweet one!" said her fiery mate,
 "How can you nurse such thought as this?
 Know you not that, in heaven there wait
 Eternal love, and light, and bliss?
 There, through all ages, youth and fire
 Will grow more pure and burn yet higher."

NEW CASTLE, KY.

Tears trembled in the glorious eyes,
 The clasping fingers fell apart,
 The bosom heaved, and sighs on sighs
 Came crowding from the woman's heart!
 "These are for thee—yes, man may rest
 Away in scenes of changeless light,
 With youth and love forever blest!
 But we—go down to endless night—
 Thou'lt love another—my heart's riven—
 For O, I have no hope of heaven!"

"Azalia! hear me—well I know
 Thou hast a soul—if all have not!
 Our prophet—calm thee—I will go—
 And he shall change thy lowly lot.
 I'll scorn his Houris and their love!
 But I will plead low at his shrine
 To win for thee a place above!
 And serve him evermore for thine.
 Could Alla hear my heart and brain
 Ask heaven for thee—and ask in vain?"

Ah, in a land where woman knows
 The story of a Saviour's love,
 And lonely life, and dying woes—
 Knows that for her, too, from above
 God's sinless Son came down and died!
 That mortal crimes might be forgiven—
 Shrined in the scenes of vainest pride—
 How many have no hope of heaven!
 How many live in folly's glare
 And die, and go—where, where, O where?"

GRACE TRUMAN,

OR

LOVE AND PRINCIPLE.

CHAP. XIV.—THE BAPTISTS' MEETING.

The appointment for the meeting had been made from Mr. Gordon's pulpit the previous Sabbath, and, as it was the first *Baptist* meeting that had ever been held in Weston, the news spread on the wings of the wind far and wide. And many were the surmises among a *certain people* as to the probable result of it. Some thought it must of necessity prove a failure—that ignorant, bigoted *Baptists* could never succeed in such an undertaking. They remembered not, that, when the Lord of Hosts is with a people, "one can chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." Others, more liberal in their views, thought the very novelty of the thing would at least attract numbers to attend, but they supposed that this would be all, and the meeting would prove only

an interruption to the usual order of things in the village. *They* forgot that "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon" can drive the host of Midian from the camp. Others, but they were few, prayed that God would make bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the people, that "Zion might awake and put on her strength, and Jerusalem her beautiful garments, that her waste places might break forth and sing together with joy."

Mr. Lewis, who had ascertained all the Baptist families in the vicinity, when it was decided what place they should occupy, informed each one when and where the meeting was to be held.

On Thursday, agreeable to appointment, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke came to dine with their old pastor and young friends at the "Retreat." After a careful consideration of all the circumstances, it was decided to organize a church in their midst, which should hold regular prayer-meetings and necessary business-meetings until they could secure the services of a pastor.

Mr. Clarke said he "knew this arrangement would meet with the approbation of two of the absent families, with whom he had several times conversed on the subject, and who had expressed a great desire that it might be done."

"But where will you worship, Mr. Clarke?" inquired Mr. Holmes, who had listened with the most undivided attention to the development of Mr. Clarke's plans.

"That is the chief difficulty in our way, Mr. Holmes. We know of no place at all suitable for our purpose but the little Methodist meeting-house by the creek, and the court-house."

"And the former you can't get, I suppose, sir, for I have recently understood that the Conference has stationed a preacher at this point, who will enter upon his duties next month."

"Well, then, our only hope is the court-house. What is the probability of securing that, Mr. Lewis, can you tell us?"

"I think, sir, that this can be obtained for Sabbath services, and that too on very reasonable terms. Indeed, I have no doubt of it."

"If you will use your influence for us, Mr. Lewis, I feel confident that it can be procured," remarked Mrs. Clarke, "and we can, if we deem it best, hold our weekly prayer-meeting at our homes."

"I will guaranty Cousin Ed's assistance," said Grace, who had entered the room in time to hear the last remarks; "he will gladly do all he can in our behalf, I know."

The matter was fully discussed; each making such suggestions as he thought would favor the cause in which all present were deeply interested. It was decided that the church should be constituted the following Saturday, at 10 o'clock, and that all the Baptists in the town and country should be duly apprised of the fact, that *all*, if desirous, might enter into the constitution. It was made the duty of Mr. Lewis to see to getting the court-house as a place of worship until they could make some better arrangements.

"We will be but a small flock, Father Miller; a mere handful."

"But quite enough to claim the Saviour's promise and blessing, Lydia,—

‘Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.’”

It was thought advisable for Father Miller and Mr. Clarke to visit all who were known to be Baptists, and to lay the matter before them for their consideration. Also to announce it from the pulpit that night and each succeeding meeting, that any who might hold letters and were not known, could have an opportunity of entering into the covenant.

“And how many Baptists, Mr. Clarke,” asked Fannie, “do you suppose are in this neighborhood?”

“Indeed, Miss Fannie, I can’t say—not many. Let’s see. I will name all I know. There are Mr. and Mrs. Barnett, in the country, and I think their oldest son is also a member of the church; Mr. and Mrs. Haycraft and their daughter, making six. In the town we have Mrs. Delaney, the widow, and old Mr. Williams, the cooper—eight; and here are Mr. Holmes, and my wife and myself, with our two children, and old Aunt Peggy, six—in all, fourteen. A very good beginning.”

“Yes; in the constitution of the first church of which I was a member there were but six names.”

“And there may be others, Mr. Clarke, that you do not know,” remarked Fannie, as deeply interested as any one present. “I have always thought that Mrs. Delaney was a Presbyterian, until a few days since.”

“If you are but blessed of God, you have persons enough to form a very good church,” said Father Miller, addressing himself to Grace; “we should regard the *quality* far more than the *quantity*.”

After dinner it was arranged that Mr. Lewis, instead of Father Miller, should accompany Mr. Clarke in his visits to the different families. The old man had not fully recovered from the weariness of the previous day’s ride, and, as he had to preach at night, it was deemed best for him to husband his strength.

The gentlemen found Mr. and Mrs. Barnett, and Mr. and Mrs. Haycraft at home, and not only willing but rejoiced at the prospect of again being able to enjoy church-privileges. They had felt sorely their great privation, and they had fervently besought God to open up to them a way whereby they could again walk in all the “ordinances of his house.” They gladly promised to attend the meeting regularly, and to bring others with them; also to be present on Saturday to enroll their names in the constitution.

The bell of the Presbyterian church, being the only one in the place, was rung to call the people together. This signal had been agreed upon, and was generally known throughout the village. At an early hour the people assembled, some from motives of idle curiosity, others from motives scarcely less culpable,—while others went up with sincere hearts to worship God in his sanctuary.

As Mrs. Holmes sat in her chamber, and heard the slow, solemn call to the house of God, she felt her heart go out in anxious longing to assemble herself with his followers. Her thoughts ran back to her girlish days, when, with

her parents and sisters, she had gone to the old log church, and there from the plain, poplar pulpit, had listened to those truths, which, all along life's way, had been her light amid darkness, her strength when ready to faint. Memory pictured the scene so vividly, so clear, and the heart took in its glowing features with sad yet pleasing delight.

"Will you not go to church, to-night, to hear Mr. Miller preach?" she said to her husband, looking up from her work, as he entered the door; "I should be glad to go."

"Tut, tut, Jane; me go to hear a Baptist? no, indeed! The fact of the business is, I am not going to countenance any such doctrine, and set such an example before my children. But if you want to go, Jane, there's Ben and the carriage; let him drive you down."

"I will wait until to-morrow," she gently answered, and quietly resumed her work.

Fannie accompanied the party from her brother's. Her father, feeling that he had given her orders which she dared not disobey, rested contentedly in the thought, that, as far as she was regarded, the subject of change was finally settled.

The venerable appearance of the minister, with his hoary locks thrown back from his furrowed brow, and his noble form slightly bent beneath the burden of years, attracted the attention of all present, as, rising from behind the high front of the pulpit, he said, in a slow, impressive voice, "Let us pray." Instantly all was hushed; every head was bowed, and each heart felt, as the humble, earnest beseechings were poured out from that full, trusting soul, into the ear of him who ever listens to the cry of his Israel.

A song was sung, and the old man, putting on his spectacles, and bending over the open book before him, read, in notes of peculiar sweetness and power, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The attention which had been attracted by the first words of the speaker was fixed, riveted, as he portrayed the exceeding great love of God to man—that love which prompted him to give his *only-begotten* Son, "the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person," to die the ignominious death of the cross, that man, sunk in sin and wretchedness, might escape the penalty of a law which he had willfully violated, and become an heir of God, and joint-heir with the Lord Jesus Christ, of that inheritance which is incorruptible and undefiled, and which passeth not away. He also showed man's great need of this love, his utter inability to extricate himself from the woeful state in which his own hand had placed him, and from which neither angel, cherubim, nor seraphim could draw him, only the infinite arm of Jehovah.

He then spoke of the joy and peace of those who had become recipients of this love, had felt of a truth "the love of God shed abroad in their souls," and his aged face beamed with an expression of holy gratitude, as he told of its glorious effects on his own soul—how it had always been his stay and solace 'mid all the dark and grievous trials through which, in God's providence, he

had been called to pass, during his threescore years and ten, and how now, that the light of life was fast waning, and he felt he must soon go the way of all the earth, it was to him the sure refuge, the strong support, the all in all. Then, with touching eloquence and power, he entreated those present who had no interest in that love, who had all their life long set at naught the counsel of God, and would none of his reproof, to turn from their evil way, and be reconciled to God, that they too might know the love which passeth understanding.

Perfect stillness reigned throughout the assembly, as the old man's voice ceased. His words had passed like an electric shock from heart to heart, and many who went to look on and laugh, came away deeply impressed with the weight of the truths they had heard.

While the last song was being sung, the old man descended from the pulpit, and, as it closed, he rose and said, "My friends, I am a stranger in your midst, an ambassador for Christ, sent to bear the messages of my King, to preach to you the unsearchable riches of the gospel of peace. To all who are in sincerity followers of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whatever name you be, to you I come with words of heavenly consolation and joy. To all who are yet in rebellion against the King of kings, I come with words of fearful warning and affectionate entreaty."

These words—how few and simple they were—yet so full of searching power, and their effect was wonderful. All prejudice was overcome, all suspicion allayed, and each heart went out insensibly toward the old man, who, in tones of kindness and sincerity, had spoken of love and good will to *all men*.

Appointments were made for the following day and night, and a notice given of the intended meeting on Saturday, at 10 o'clock, for the purpose of constituting a church; and all Baptists present, holding letters of dismission, were requested to bring them on that occasion, and become members of that body.

The benediction was then pronounced; after which many of all denominations, among whom was Mr. Gordon, came forward to be introduced. The old man received each one with a kind smile and pleasant word.

There was preaching again the next day according to appointment, and, notwithstanding many had to look after their daily business, the house was better filled than on the previous evening. At night the attendance was greater still. The invulnerable Mr. Holmes, who regarded himself proof against "all such weakness," by the pleadings of his wife, and the promptings of that desire for novelty which inhabits every human breast, was led to attend, much to the surprise of his minister and Brother Deacon Dodge, both of whom were present. On being asked the next day his opinion of the sermon, he answered:

"Well, I reckon it will do. The fact of the business is, the old man seems to be in earnest."

And what praise could he have given more? what higher encomium can be passed on a minister of the gospel than to say, "that man is in earnest in this work?"

And he was in earnest too; for he was preaching "Christ crucified" to sin-

ners "dead in trespasses and sins," "the *only* name under heaven and among men," whereby they could be saved. And that earnestness was accompanied by the influence of the Spirit of truth, and men gave heed to his words. Mr. Ray, who returned home with Fannie, declared he "had never heard such preaching in all his life."

Old Aunt Peggy attended regularly. She could find no words to express her great happiness; she would sit in the corner near the pulpit, and the big tears would chase each other down her sunken cheeks, while her lips unconsciously murmured, "Bless de Lord, bless de Lord."

Grace watched with the most earnest anxiety the effect upon her husband. "Surely, surely," she would say in the intensity of her feelings, "he will come; God will answer my prayer." But the eye of vigilant love could discover no marked change. It was true he appeared happier than he had done for months; "but, then, this is the effect of pleasant company," she said to herself. Old Mr. Holmes was very uneasy, indeed, for fear his son would join the Baptists. He truly desired to see him a consistent member of the church, but he could not bear the thought of his being united with that unlearned people. He gave Fannie a direct charge not to dare to do such a thing, at the same time intimating that the most serious consequences would follow such an act of disobedience. Mr. Gordon was painfully solicitous on her account, but he remained silent, attending the meeting closely, and watching narrowly every movement of her countenance.

At 10 o'clock on Saturday morning they met, and the little church was constituted with thirteen members.

At night the congregation was not so large as usual. There was weekly prayer-meeting at the Presbyterian church, and, of course, none of their members were present.

"Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you," was the text. The sermon was close, searching, finding its way to the heart of each listener. There was no escape from his bow, for, as a sure archer, he sent his arrow to every conscience. Christians wept tears of penitence and joy; sinners wept tears of conviction and dread. There were no dry eyes in that assembly, for there were no unfeeling hearts. God's Spirit was at work in their midst, and who can resist its influence? They had met together in his name, and the promised blessing was poured out upon them.

The whole audience was melted, and sobs were heard throughout the house as the last words of warning and entreaty fell from the tremulous lips of the aged man of God, while the tears bedewed his cheeks, and the joy of "believing" lighted up his face.

He descended from the pulpit and announced the proceedings of the morning, and the purpose of the newly-formed church to partake of the communion on the morrow. He then added: "Should there be any present who desire to unite themselves with this little body of Christ's disciples by experience and baptism, an opportunity will be afforded them for doing so while the brethren sing that good old song of allegiance to our Lord and Saviour—

‘I’m not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause.’”

As the little band rose to sing, Fannie bowed her head on the seat before her, while her whole frame shook with suppressed feeling. Grace, who sat by her, saw, with streaming eyes and throbbing heart, her deep emotion. How she longed to take her by the hand and lead her forward in the discharge of her duty; but she dared not. She could not bring upon the defenseless head of the anguished girl the wrath of an offended father. But she poured forth her soul in prayer that strength might be given her to take up her cross and follow Jesus; that she might be imbued with power from above to cast aside all doubt and fear, and throw herself on his arm, who is a sure helper in every time of need.

A slight movement was observed midway of the house, and a step was heard approaching the pulpit along the uncarpeted aisle. They looked, and a tall, manly form, with composed mien and calm expression, walked forward and took a seat on the front bench. Grace raised her eyes to see who it might be, and, as she caught a glimpse of his face, she exclaimed half aloud to Annie, who sat by her side, “It is Cousin Ed, Annie, it is Cousin Ed!”

Fannie caught her words; she could withstand no longer. “I’ll go, too,” she said; and, taking her sister’s hand, she made her way to the front seat and took a seat by her cousin.

The song was almost ended, when a second movement was observed, and a voice was heard near the pulpit exclaiming, in tones of joy and thanksgiving, “Bless de Lord! bless de Lord!”

Grace heard the words of old Aunt Peggy; then she started and looked up. By her side sat her husband, his face buried in his hands. She saw no more, but, falling on her knees beside him, she wept aloud. Her heart was full—O, how full! God had heard her prayer, and answered it; he had given her her husband; she asked no more.

The hymn closed, yet she knelt. Her husband was reclaimed; she was unconscious of aught beside. She knew not that the eye of man was upon her, she only knew that her husband had taken up his cross to follow Jesus.

The minister asked Mr. Lewis to relate his experience.

He arose, and, in a calm, distinct voice, so as to be heard throughout the hushed audience, told the dealings of God with him; how the Holy Spirit had shown to him the sinfulness of his heart—its utter depravity in the sight of God, and the justice of the condemnation resting on him because of his unbelief; how that Spirit had led him to the cross of Christ and there shown him the Son of God in agony and tears, groaning out his life for sinful man; and then through faith in the blood of the atonement he had been enabled to lay hold of the promises of eternal life, and had found peace and joy in believing.

“Brethren, you have heard Mr. Lewis’ statements of what the Lord has done for his soul. What disposition will you make of the case?”

It was moved and seconded that he be received for baptism, and the motion carried, the vote being unanimous.

It was now Fannie's turn to make her statement to the church. There was a general effort throughout the house to get near the speaker. She was known by all present, and her recent course had given rise to a great deal of remark ; some approving of her decision, others condemning her in severe terms.

She composed herself as well as she could, and, in a voice often interrupted by sobs, gave her Christian experience, and then stated the reasons why she had forsaken her former views, and wished to unite with that people. The little church gathered around, some sitting, some standing—all eager to hear the convictions that had led to such a result.

As she finished, Grace rose and clasped her in her arms. It was beautiful to see the look of faith and joy which overspread her calm features, as she threw her arms around the neck of the weeping girl. 'Twas such a look as we fancy angels wear, whose hearts are ever filled with the bliss of heaven.

There are but few times in this our earthly pilgrimage that the Sun of righteousness thus arises upon the soul with the glory which is from above. There are but few times during our earthly day that the windows of heaven are thus opened unto us that the light from the throne may steal around our pathway. We now and then have a foretaste of the joy of heaven to revive our drooping hearts, and impart to us new strength to run with patience the race set before us.

Fannie's was not ecstatic joy ; neither was it calm and serene. It had required a great effort—had been an intense struggle for her to take this first step in the onward march, for she well knew it would be a perilous one. But she had heard a voice saying, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." She hesitated no longer, for she did wish to go with her Saviour ; and she determined to take up her cross, though she knew it would prove a heavy, crushing burden, which would, perhaps, well-nigh weigh her to the earth. And then, again, through the tumult of contending emotions, she heard the voice of the Captain of her salvation uttering in her ear these words, "Thou hast done well, thy reward is laid up above. I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. I will deliver thee in six troubles, and in seven there shall no evil touch thee;" and she was willing to trust the promise ; so she girded on her armor, and set out to run the race before her.

The question of her reception was laid before the church, and she was cordially admitted for baptism.

It was then announced that Mr. Holmes had presented himself to unite with the church, and he was requested to rise and relate his experience ; but this he could not do ; and he returned to his seat, and, 'mid sobs and penitential tears, told the exercises of his mind. He spoke of his past life ; first of his conformity to the outward resemblance of religion, then of his utter disregard of holy things ; of the wickedness of his heart, which had prompted him to cast aside the claims of the gospel upon him, and to found a system of morals for himself, which would satisfy the claims of conscience and release him from all sense of obligation to those laws which the word of God recognizes and en-

forces as our rule of conduct. How his system had proved to him a "broken cistern which would hold no water!" He mentioned, with deep feeling, his efforts to resist the Spirit's influence, but at length the law came, sin revived, and he died. Then it was he saw himself polluted, defiled, a rejecter of the counsel of God, and a reviler of his holy name. He told of his endeavors to resist those impressions, and how he had partially succeeded; but, at length, the Spirit came with power to convict and convert, and he was enabled to cast himself, weary and heavy-laden, at the foot of the cross, where his weary, galling burden of sin had been rolled away, and that peace, which passeth knowledge, had been shed abroad in his heart by the Spirit of grace. "And now," said he, in conclusion, "I wish to testify to the world the goodness and love of Christ, by putting him on in the ordinance of baptism."

Grace regarded her husband during this recital with the same look of exultant joy which she wore as she arose from her knees. Her soul was filled with that peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

He was received as the others had been, and, when a song was sung, the hand of Christian fellowship was given to the candidates for baptism.

Old Aunt Peggy rushed from her seat as the first words of the song were uttered, and, saying aloud, "Bless de Lord, bless de Lord!" made her way through the crowd to where they stood. Going up to Fannie, she seized her in her arms, and, all unconscious of where she was, exclaimed, as she pressed her to her bosom, "Bless de Lord, Fannie, dear, you's come out at last, an' dese poor eyes has been spar'd to see dis glorus sight. I has nothin' more to ask for in dis world, an' I'se reddy to go now whenever my Massa calls me; dese old eyes has seen his salvation, bless de Lord!"

She then grasped the hand of her young master and shook it warmly. "Our prayers is answer'd at las', Miss Gracy; I told you de flower would be sweet, and so it is, bless de Lord; dey is both gather'd into de Massa's fold at las', an' I'se reddy now to go!"

She then took the hand of Mr. Lewis, and, as she shook it, she gave him words of advice and comfort, while the tears streamed down her poor old face, and the joy of her soul beamed from her tear-dimmed eyes.

It was announced that the baptism would take place on the morrow, at half-past 9 o'clock, so that the candidates could partake of the communion.

The benediction was pronounced, and that little assembly dispersed to their respective homes, each heart carrying impressions which were never to be erased.

"You will go with us, to-night, Fannie?" said Grace to her, as they descended the steps from the door.

"No, sister, I must go home and tell father what I have done. He *must* know it, and I would have no other lips than mine to impart the intelligence to him. Cousin Ed will go with me. Pray for me, Grace," she said, as she pressed her hand and bade her good-night.

She reached her home, and, with trembling footstep, entered her mother's room, where she found her parents waiting for her.

"And what of the meeting, Fannie?" her father asked, observing her agitation. "Did any body join to-night?"

"Yes, sir."

"And who were they?"

Looking full into his face, as she seated herself by his side, she answered with apparent composure, though her heart was well-nigh bursting, "Cousin Ed, and Brother John, and myself."

If an arrow had pierced his bosom and transfixed him in his chair, he could not have worn a more unearthly expression. He gazed at her as if unable to comprehend the meaning of her words, and, for some moments, remained silent. Her mother regarded her child with a look of surprise and wonder.

"Did you say that you had joined, my daughter?" she asked, as if she was not sure that she had heard aright.

"Yes, mother, I have joined."

"But you are not going to be dipped, Fannie?" convulsively uttered the old man, partially recovering from his astonishment.

"Yes, sir, I shall be baptized to-morrow morning."

"Well, my daughter," said her mother, as she gazed upon her with feelings that only a mother's heart can know under such trying circumstances, "I know you think you have acted for the best, and, perhaps, you have, but I should be glad if we had known this was your intention, so that we might have been present."

"I did not know it myself, mother, when I left you; I did not suppose that an opportunity would have been offered to-night for persons to unite with the church, but, when it was given I felt myself compelled to go forward; I believed it my duty, one which God required at my hands; and you know, mother, we must obey him rather than man."

The old man's surprise entirely swallowed up his anger. To the astonishment of all he listened in silence and made no reply. Reason whispered, "It is done," and, for once in his life, he regarded her voice.

He heaved a long sigh, which pierced Fannie's heart far more deeply than any words of his, however severe, could have done.

"I could'nt have believed it—a daughter of mine join the Baptist church! No, no! I could'nt have believed it."

Fannie burst into tears at this manifestation of sorrow on the part of her father.

Turning to Mr. Lewis, he said, "And John, too, has joined?"

"Yes, uncle, he has, at last, turned aside from the paths of sin."

"I am not at all astonished, Ed, that you have joined. I saw this long ago. Neither am I very much surprised at John; but I could'nt have believed that Fannie would have done this thing!"

The cloud began to gather. Mrs. Holmes saw it, and led Fannie to her room. The necessary preparation was made for the baptism, and then they knelt, side by side, while the mother asked God's blessing to rest on her daughter. She bade her an affectionate good-night, and left her to repose.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

JUNE 1, 1857.

Is Spurgeon an Old-Fashioned Baptist?—As there have been doubts and questionings about Spurgeon's principles, we have taken some pains to learn his faith, that is, his creed. We have received from London, through a friend, his fearless "Declaration or Confession of Faith," which is thus prefaced:

"DEARLY BELOVED—I have thought it meet to re-print, in a cheap form, this most excellent list of doctrines, which was subscribed unto by the Baptist ministers in the year 1689.

"We need a banner, because of the truth; it may be that this small volume may aid the cause of the glorious gospel, by testifying plainly what are its leading doctrines. Known unto many of you by face in the flesh, I trust we are also kindred in spirit, and are striving together for our common faith, and for the glory of our Three-one God. May the Lord soon restore unto his Zion a pure language, and may the watchman see eye to eye.

"He who has preserved this faith among us, will doubtless bless our gospel evermore. So prays your brother in the gospel of Jesus,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

This is the old Confession of Faith, which, having been re-printed in Philadelphia, is known among us as the "Philadelphia Confession." Spurgeon publishes and adopts the whole of it—just like the Baptists who settled Kentucky did. The article on baptism says: "Immersion or dipping of the person in water is necessary to the due administration of this ordinance." Of the administrator it says: "To be administered by those ONLY who are qualified and thereunto called according to the commission of Christ." The articles on the Lord's Supper are what the old Regular Baptists adopted one hundred years ago; and, in addition to all this, we have it from a friend of Bro. Spurgeon, that he is a strict communionist, and his church is so ranked by the opposite or open communion Baptists of England. We hope to lay before our readers a letter from Spurgeon on this subject soon.

Spurgeon's next Sermon.—The July number will have one of this wonderful man's very best discourses. It was preached quite recently at Musical Hall, London, to twelve thousand persons, and furnished for the Repository. The text is "*Mighty to save.*" Our readers will say it is worth the whole subscription price of the Repository, and can be found nowhere else.

"*Where did the Baptists come from?*"—*Historic Sermon.*—Five years ago I preached a sermon on the "History of the Baptists," in Graves County, Ky., before the West Union Association. The Association requested it for publication in its minutes, to which I acceded, and it was published. The sermon, as thus published, was noticed by J. L. Waller, in the Western Recorder, of Dec. 14, 1852, in these flattering terms: "The sermon on the Past and Future of the Baptists, is an able and learned discourse. We have placed it on file for publication in the Repository." Accordingly it was published in the Christian Repository, of Feb., 1853, and a communication was soon afterwards received from Bro. Kirk, which stated: "Your Historic Sermon has been

more copied, and has received from the press higher commendations, than any article that has appeared in the Repository." In Oct., 1853, I delivered the discourse again, by request, at Louisville, at the opening of the Jefferson St. Baptist Church. I have since preached the sermon, with a different text and some change in phraseology, at several Associations; and, last January, by request of the Reformers' congregation, in Louisville, delivered it at their church, when, by a public vote, it was requested for publication. I told the committee of that congregation I would expand it, and, under a new title, publish it in the Repository. I am doing so. These are the facts. Have I not a right thus to republish my own production? Dr. Bell and A. L. Shotwell, the committee of the Reformers' congregation, who requested a copy for publication, have too much sense and honor (if some of their brethren have not) to feel dissatisfaction with my course. I claim the right to reproduce my own production, nor can contemptible insinuations interrupt my aims. In the spring of 1854, Fletcher, the New York publisher, offered to bring it out in a small volume. I agreed to do so, but never found time to re-write it. Was it not my privilege to have done so? I shall proceed with it, milestone after milestone, in the Repository; and if any of the six hundred readers of the Repository, who read my sermon in 1853, shall feel less interest in its reproduction and expansion, let it be remembered that the Repository has now but little short of six thousand readers, to whom it will be, I trust, useful.

Sorry am I to say all this about myself, but it is hard to be always deaf to the buz of insects.

The Mormon Movement—Its Rise, Conflicts, and Corruptions.—We shall commence a series of three or four chapters on this wild, wicked delusion, in our next. It is a matter of instructive yet fearful interest. We have gathered, by much effort, the materials for writing its astonishing and almost incredible history.—*Rebecca Bunyan, the Dreamer's Blind Daughter.*—Mrs. S. R. Ford will soon commence a Historical Story of the sufferings of the Bunyan family and the Baptists in the reign of Charles II. It will be begun and finished in the Repository.—Several communications and editorials are crowded out. We have two able articles on hand from J. M. Peck, one from R. B. C. Howell, and several from our fair correspondents.—*Half Volume* commences with July. We have arrangements made to add immensely to the interest of the Repository. Our terms are in advance, though we wait the convenience of our patrons, if it's not too long. The year commences with the first number the subscriber receives, whatever month it is.—Be sure to read Bro. King's communication on Historic Memorials.—*Grace Truman.*—The sale of this work is surprising. We have a lot belonging to the authoress, given to her for her copy-right, and should be thankful to our friends not to forget us when buying Grace Truman.—Pardon the apparent interruption in the Historic Sketches of Kentucky Baptists. We shall commence again with fresh interest.—Dr. Jeter will soon commence a series of articles—"The Doctrines of the Bible—The Baptists' Creed." The announcement of these doctrinal articles, we know, will be hailed with delight.

The Christian Repository.

NO. LXVII.—JULY, 1857.

WHERE DID THE BAPTISTS COME FROM !

MILESTONE IV.

A bright star rose on the darkness of the fourteenth century, and threw its light over Britain and the continent of Europe.

It was the darkest hour of that long night of papal oppression. Over that darkness and dead silence, from the Avon to the Tiber, a sound went forth from Lutterworth; a light from the center of Britain. A memorable spot is that little village, with its old, tottering church still standing. Near that village Richard III. buckled on his armor for the battle of Bosworth field. Near it Wolsey fell, and with him the power of popery in England. There, too, stands the memorable battle ground of Nasely, where Cromwell and liberty triumphed over the defeated despot Charles.

Lutterworth! Associations cluster round it more potent in their influence than the clash of armies or the fall of kings. The lone voice that went forth from it, the light that gleamed from it in the fourteenth century, are heard and felt still—must echo and beam through all time, and all eternity. It was the voice and light of truth—truth which once generated is immortal. Chains cannot bind it; time cannot weaken it. Eternal is its nature; eternity is its guardian. John De Wickliffe, rector of Lutterworth, was the chosen instrument to announce that truth, and bear aloft that flame-torch through the world's valley of the shadow of death.

On the banks of the Tee, in Yorkshire, John Wickliffe was born, in 1324. With Bradwordine, and Occam, and Dunns, and Scotus, the luminaries of the age, he passed his early manhood in

Oxford University. He entered the clerical order, and beheld before him the highest honors in the "church." But, like Luther, God's word had found entrance into his soul, and, in obedience to its teaching, he tore away from his heart the webs and wrappings of error which encased and deadened it. On, step by step, he struggled into light, until, on the Bible and the Bible alone, he took his sublime and defiant position. Among the principles he advocated, were that the church consisted only of believers—the saved; that baptism was a "sign of grace received before," and consequently should be administered to those only who professed to have received grace.

"It was in 1371," says Walsingham, "that Dunn and Wickliffe read the accursed opinions of the Berengerians, one of which undoubtedly was the denial of infant baptism." * Thos. Walden, who was familiar with his writings, called him "one of the seven heads that rose out of the pit, for he denied the baptism of infants, that *heresie* of the Lollards of which he was so great a leader." And farther, Wickliffe, in the eleventh chapter of his *Dialogues*, as quoted by Danvers, states that "believers are the only subjects of baptisms."

In his adherence to the Bible as his only rule of faith and practice; in his denial of grace or pardon communicated in baptism; in his rejection of infant and avowal of *Christian* baptism; and in his clear definition of a church as an assembly of baptized believers—WICKLIFFE WAS A BAPTIST. Among Baptist heroes and martyrs must his name be enrolled. As one of them he was reviled while living, and, forty years after his peaceful death, his ashes were violated by the foes of truth.

But Wickliffe did not stand alone. Thousands were around him, and followed him. Branded, and burnt, and driven from the haunts of men, these Wickliffeites—these Baptists—were found scattered throughout England. "They were as numerous," says Sir William Newbury, in his *History of England*, "as the sands of the sea."

Here, then, we have found these people in the midst of the fourteenth century. *Where did these Baptists come from? Did*

* Neal's History of the Puritans.

they originate with Wickliffe? Did the "morning star" of the reformation usher in the advent of the Baptists, whose existence previously was not? Let us see. "The term 'Lollard,'" says Milner, in his *History of Christianity*, "was affixed to those who professed a greater degree of attention to acts of piety and devotion than the rest of mankind. Of these, Walter Reynard, a Dutchman, was apprehended and burnt at Cologne. This is he whom I have already called Reynard Lollard, in the account of the Waldenses, and from whom the Wickliffeites are supposed to have acquired the name of Lollards." That these Lollards were Baptists is evident. The denial of infant baptism we have already seen was the "*great heresie of the Lollards*." In the Dutch Martyrology is an account of one L. Clifford, who was arraigned as a Lollard, and confessed and recanted, acknowledging that they renounced infant baptism. And Fox, in his Martyrology, has extracted from the register of the Bishop of Hereford, one of the charges of which the Lollards were found guilty—"that faith ought to precede baptism."

Of these Lollard Baptists was William Sautre, the first name in that illustrious roll of martyrs who died for soul-freedom in Britain: and soon after, at the hour of midnight, one hundred of those down-trodden Christians—assembled to worship God among the bushes of St. Giles, near London, hoping, at that hour and unfrequented place, to be free from detection and molestation—were tracked and murdered by the king and a troop of his courtiers. Among the Lollards was one illustrious man of title, wealth, and courage. It was Sir John Oldcastle, Earl of Cobham. He was apprehended and brought to trial before the Bishops. He met them and their charge with fearless intrepidity. Nobly he avowed and advocated the doctrines which have distinguished Baptists in every age. Honor and preferment were before him if he would but recant; disgrace, ignominy, and death the reward of his steadfastness. He chose to be numbered with the scorned, down-trodden, *vulgar* Baptists; and confront shame and suffering, rather than abandon or betray the immortal principles that inspired them.

Faith, inwrought, heartfelt faith, shining without a shadow into the depths of a man's being, revealing the eternal verity of

the thing believed—faith resting on a rock which the rush of a wrecked universe cannot move—this is the soul of true heroism. There never was a hero without it. Dragged, amid insults, to Tyburn to be hung up by the waist and burned to death, his possessions confiscated, his family impoverished, his name cast out as evil, Sir John Oldcastle never wavered. This was the victory whereby he overcame the world, even his faith. In death he warned the people to follow nothing but the Scriptures; prayed for his enemies, and exclaimed, “I die in triumph!”

And so he received the crown which celestial conquerors wear. Pity or regret found no place in the hearts of his sanctimonious murderers. “He was an Anabaptist,” said Parsons, the English Churchman, “and deserved to die as a traitor.”*

“Not satisfied with his death,” says Fox, “the clergy induced the Parliament to make fresh statutes against the Lollards. It was enacted, among other things, that whosoever read the Scriptures in English, should forfeit lands, chattles, goods, and life, and be condemned as heretics, should be hanged for treason against the king, and then burned for heresy against God.”†

“No sooner was this act passed than a violent persecution was raised against the Lollards.”‡

In an old history of the Welsh Baptists are recorded the labors and sufferings of an intelligent, active Baptist layman, who, from Wales, passed into England in company with a preacher. His name was Walter Bute. Arrested and brought before the Bishop of Herefordshire, he confounded his adversaries by his fearlessness and acquaintance with the Scriptures. In the account of his trial, recorded by Fox, is his written answer to the Bishop:

“In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I, Walter Bute, sinner, layman, husbandman, and Christian, having my offspring of Britons, have been accused to the Bishop of Herefordshire that I did err in matters of Christian faith, by whom I am required that I should give a written answer.

“If any man of any state or sect whatever will show me that I err in my writings or sayings, by the authority of the sacred Scriptures or a probable reason grounded thereon, I will gladly receive his information. But as for the bare words of any teacher (Christ

* Dr. Thomas Fuller, Church History, vol. ii., p. 488.

† Fox, Acts and Monuments.

‡ Ib., Book of Martyrs, p. 224.

only excepted) I will not simply believe, unless he shall be able to establish them by the truth of experience, and the example of God's word."

Such was the fearless denial of Episcopal and church teachings which Baptists dared to utter centuries before Luther was born, and which is their leading characteristic still. Walter Bute was condemned as an Anabaptist.

But from the ten thousand sufferers of the poor Lollards we must pass. There still stands at this hour the gloomy monument of their miseries on the banks of the Thames—the Lollards' Tower at Lambert Palace, London. Fitted up as the place of their torture by the Bishop of Canterbury, in 1414, it stands there a witness to the triumph of truth. It speaks with an awful yet cheering eloquence.

And as the still impotent foe to truth behold in its very neighborhood the thronging thousands gathering to hear the untitled Bishop of the New Park St. Church, and asks, with derision, Where did these Baptists come from? let him behold that Lollards' Tower, where the implements of torture may still be seen, and it will tell their history, and, in prophetic tones, proclaim their triumph.*

But still the question recurs, these Baptists, Lollards, Wickliffeites—Whence came they? Was Wickliffe, then, their father and founder?

It must be remembered that Wickliffe was denominated by his persecutors, "The leader of the Lollards." It is evident that thousands of these Lollards hailed him as a great light, whom God had raised up and sent forth amid the darkness. That he adopted their principles, and became one of them, there is little doubt. But why were they called Lollards? Now Mosheim, with whom there is a general agreement among historians, states that "Walter, a Dutchman of remarkable eloquence, and famous for his writings, who came from Mentz to Cologne, was burnt there in 1322."† Fuller and Perrin state that he came to England in the reign of Edward III. "from the Waldenses, among whom he was a great barb or pastor." That this man's name was Walter Reynard is most evident, and "Lollard," a term of reproach,

* Spurgeon's Chapel is not far from Lambert Palace.

† History, p. 356.

was given to him and his brethren because they were accustomed to sing psalms and hymns. Abelly says the word is derived from *loben*, "to praise," and *herr*, "Lord." But, however this may be, the fact is unchallenged, that Walter the Lollard, a shining light in the midnight of papal darkness, after passing from country to country, lifting his eloquent voice and scattering over the wintry seed-fields the germs of truth, passed through England to build up the scattered flock of Christ there, and then breathed out his great soul amid the fires of martyrdom, before John Wickliffe was born.

That this Walter Lollard was a Baptist, is unquestionable.* He came from the Waldensian Baptists to England, and found Baptists there henceforward called Lollards. And these English Baptists, who welcomed this eloquent teacher among them, may be traced to a still higher date. At the time when the Norman nobles of William the Conqueror were crushing out the spirit, the language, and nationality of Englishmen; when a foreign priesthood and a foreign tongue were forced by cruel edicts upon the prostrate Saxons—there were those who still dared to avow their deathless attachment to the simple truths and ordinances of primitive Christianity. During the reigns of William and his son Rufus, they were subjected to insults and persecutions, and were denounced by the imported Popish Bishop, Lanfrank, of Canterbury.† Gascony and Guienne, the domains of the Dukes of Normandy, were, at the conquest, attached to England. The intercourse between the latter and the pioneer mountains, became general and intimate. "In Gascony the heretics," says the old monkish historian, Sir William Newbury, "*were as numerous as the sands of the sea.*" A company of these Baptists were found in England in the tenth century, and is thus described by Henry in his history of Great Britain, which, in substance, corresponds with Napier, Collier, and Lyttleton:

"A company of about thirty men and women attracted the attention of the government by the singularity of their religious practices and opinions. They were apprehended and brought before the Council of the Clergy at Oxford. Being interrogated

* Even Buck, in his Theological Dictionary, admits it.

† Fuller, Ecclesiastical History, vol. i.

about their religion, their teacher, named Gerard, a man of learning, announced in their name, that they were Christians, and believed the doctrines of the apostles. Upon a more particular inquiry, it was found that they denied several of the received doctrines of the church, and, refusing to abandon their damnable heresies, they were condemned as incorrigible heretics, and delivered to the secular arm to be punished. The king, (Henry II.,) at the instigation of the clergy, commanded them to be branded with a red-hot iron on their foreheads, whipped through the streets of Oxford, and, having their clothes cut short at their girdles, to be turned into the open fields, all persons being forbidden to afford them any shelter or relief under the severest penalties. This cruel sentence was executed with the utmost rigor, and it being the depth of winter, all those unhappy persons were pressed with cold and hunger."

A further account of these people and their treacherous treatment, is found in the Dutch Martyrology or "Martyr's Mirror,"* which places the date in 1161, and gives abundant evidence that they were Baptists. Their leader was branded on the forehead and chin, and, as they were driven, bleeding and naked, out into the wintry fields to die, he raised his voice in triumph, singing—

"Blessed are ye when ye are hated,
Beaten, and despised," etc.

But they did not all perish. There were among the crushed Saxons a hatred to their foreign oppressors, kings, and priests, and a common sympathy for those who suffered from Norman cruelty. The seed was scattered, and a half century afterwards, Walter Lollard preached among these same Baptists, Waldenses of England.

The Lollards, the Wickliffeites—the suffering, struggling pioneers of the Reformation—we have found them away up amid the darkness of the Middle Ages—found them weak, yet fearless; few, yet mighty; poor, yet powerful—sublime in their sufferings, and triumphant in their prostration. Baptists they were, whether represented by Wickliffe, or Lollard, or Gerard. The power of man, the gates of hell could not prevail against them.

But from the Lollards, and from England with its blessed and elevated by the truths they cherished, let us pass still upward, marking this or them as a milestone in path of time. S. H. F.

* This rare book is in the Jesuit's College of St. Louis.

A MIGHTY SAVIOUR.

A Sermon,

BY REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

"Mighty to save."—Isaiah, lxiii., 1.

THIS, of course, refers to our blessed Lord Jesus Christ, who is described as "coming from Edom with dyed garments from Bozrah," and who, when it is questioned who he is, replies, "I that spake in righteousness, mighty to save." It will be well, then, at the commencement of our discourse, to make one or two remarks concerning the mysteriously complex person of the man and God whom we call our Redeemer, Jesus Christ our Saviour. It is one of the mysteries of the Christian religion, that we are taught to believe that Christ is God, and yet a man. According to Scripture, we hold that he is "*very God*," equal and co-eternal with the Father, possessing, as his Father doth, all divine attributes in an infinite degree. He participated with his Father in all the acts of his divine might; he was concerned in the decree of election, in the fashioning of the covenant; in the creation of the angels, in the making of the world, when it was wheeled from nothing into space, and in the ordering of this fair frame of nature. Before any of these acts the divine Redeemer was the eternal Son of God. "From everlasting to everlasting he is God." Nor did he cease to be God when he became a man. He was equally "God over all, blessed for evermore," when he was "the man of sorrows, acquainted with grief, as before his incarnation." We have abundant proof of that in the constant affirmations of Scripture, and, indeed, also in the miracles which he wrought. The raising of the dead, the treading of the billows of the ocean, the hushing of the winds, and the rending of the rocks, with all these marvellous acts of his, which we have not time here to mention, were strong and potent proofs that he was God, most truly God, even when he condescended to be man. And Scripture, most certainly, teaches us that he is God now, that he shares the throne of his Father, that he sits high above all principalities and powers, and every name that is named, and is the true and proper object of the veneration, the worship, and the homage of all worlds. We are equally taught to believe that he is *man*. Scripture informs us that, on a day appointed, he came from heaven and did become man as well as God, taking upon himself the nature of a babe in the manger of Bethlehem. From that babe, we are told, he did grow to the stature of manhood, and became "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh," in every thing except our sin. His sufferings, his hunger—above all, his death and burial—are strong proofs that he was man, most truly man; and yet it is demanded of us by the Christian religion to believe, that, while he was man, he was most truly God. We are taught that he was a "child born, a son given," and yet, at the same time, the "Wonderful, the Counselor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father."

Whosoever would have clear and right views of Jesus, must not mingle his natures. We must not consider him as a God diluted into deified manhood, or as a mere man officially exalted to the Godhead, but as being two distinct natures in one person; not God melted into man, nor man made into God, but man and God taken into union together. Therefore, do we trust in him, as the Daysman, the Mediator, Son of God, and Son of Man. This is the person who is our Saviour. It is this glorious, yet mysterious being, of whom the text speaks, when it says he is mighty—"mighty to save."

That he is mighty we need not inform you; for, as readers of the Scriptures, you all believe in the might and majesty of the Incarnate Son of God. You believe him to be the Regent of providence, the King of death, the Conqueror of hell, the Lord of angels, the Master of storms, and the God of battles, and, therefore, you can need no proof that he is mighty.

The subject of this morning is one part of his mightiness. He is "mighty to save." May God the Holy Spirit help us in briefly entering upon this subject, and make use of it to the salvation of our souls!

First, we shall consider what is meant by the words "to save;" secondly, how we prove the fact that he is "mighty to save;" thirdly, the reasons why he is "mighty to save;" and then, fourthly, the inferences which are to be deduced from the doctrine that Jesus Christ is "mighty to save."

I. First, then, *what are we to understand by the words "to save?"*

Commonly, most men, when they read these words, consider them to mean salvation from hell. They are partially correct, but the notion is highly defective. It is true Christ does save men from the penalty of their guilt; he does take those to heaven who deserve the eternal wrath and displeasure of the Most High; it is true that he does blot out "iniquity, transgression, and sin," and that the iniquities of the remnant of his people are passed over for the sake of his blood and atonement; but that is not the whole meaning of the words "to save." This deficient explanation lies at the root of mistakes which many theologians have made, and by which they have surrounded their system of divinity with mist. They have said that to save is to pluck men as brands from the burning—to save them from destruction, if they repent. Now it means vastly, I had almost said infinitely, more than this. "To save" means something more than just delivering penitents from going down to hell. By the words "to save" I understand the whole of the great work of salvation, from the first holy desire, the first spiritual conviction, onward to complete sanctification. All is done of God through Jesus Christ. Christ is not only mighty to save those who do repent, but he is able to make men repent; he is engaged not merely to carry those to heaven who believe, but he is mighty to give men new hearts and to work faith in them; he is mighty not merely to give heaven to one who wishes for it, but he is mighty to make the man who hates holiness love it, to constrain the despiser of his name to bend his knee before him, and to make the most abandoned reprobate turn from the error of his ways.

By the words "to save" I do not understand what some men say they mean. They tell us in their divinity that Christ came into the world to put all men into a *salvable* state—to make the salvation of all men possible by their own exertions. I believe that Christ came for no such thing—that he came into the world not to put men into a *salvable* state, but into a *saved* state; not to put them where they could save themselves, but to do the work in them and for them, from the first even to the last. If I believed that Christ came only to put you, my hearers, and myself, into a state where we might save ourselves, I should give up preaching henceforth and for ever; for, knowing a little of the wickedness of men's hearts, because I know something of my own—knowing how much men naturally hate the religion of Christ—I should despair of any success in preaching a gospel which I had only to offer, its effects depending upon the voluntary acceptance of it by unrenowned and unregenerate men. If I did not believe that there was a might going forth with the word of Jesus, which makes men willing in the day of his power, and which turns them from the error of their ways by the mighty, overwhelming, constraining force of a divine and mysterious influence, I should cease to glory in the cross of Christ. Christ, we repeat, is mighty, not merely to put men into a *salvable* condition, but mighty absolutely and entirely to save them. This fact I regard as one of the grandest proofs of the divine character of the Bible revelation. I have many a time had doubts and fears, as most of you have had; and where is the strong believer that has not sometimes wavered? I have said, within myself, "Is this religion true, which, day after day, I incessantly preach to the people? Is it the correct one? Is it true that this religion has an influence upon mankind?" And I will tell you how I have re-assured myself. I have looked upon the hundreds, nay, upon the thousands whom I have around me, who were once the vilest of the vile—drunkards, swearers, and such like—and I now see them "clothed and in their right mind," walking in holiness and in the fear of God; and I have said, within myself, "This must be the truth, then, because I see its marvelous effects. It is true, because it is efficient for purposes which error never could accomplish. It exerts an influence upon the lowest order of mortals, and over the most abominable of our race. It is a power, an irresistible agent of good." Who, then, shall deny its truth? I take it that the highest proof of Christ's power is not that he offers salvation, not that he bids you take it if you will, but that when you reject it, when you hate it, when you despise it, he has a power whereby he can change your mind, make you think differently from your former thoughts, and turn you from the error of your ways. This I conceive to be the meaning of the text, "mighty to save."

But it is not all the meaning. Our Lord is not only mighty to make men repent, to quicken the dead in sin, to turn them from their follies and iniquities, but he is exalted to do more than that. He is mighty to keep them Christians after he has made them so, and mighty to preserve them in his fear and love, until he consummates their spiritual existence in heaven. Christ's

might doth not lie in making a believer, and then leaving him to shift for himself afterwards; but he who begins the good work carries it on; he who imparts the first germ of life which quickens the dead soul, gives afterwards the life which prolongs the divine existence, and bestows that mighty power which at last bursts asunder every bond of sin, and lands the soul perfected in glory. We hold and teach, and we believe upon Scriptural authority, that all men unto whom Christ has given repentance must infallibly hold on their way. We do believe that God never begins a good work in a man without finishing it; that he never makes a man truly alive to spiritual things, without carrying on that work in his soul, even to the end, by giving him a place among the choirs of the sanctified. We do not think that Christ's power dwells in merely bringing me one day into grace, and then telling me to keep myself there, but in so putting me into a gracious state, and giving me such an inward life and such a power within myself, that I can no more turn back than the very sun in the heavens can stay itself in its course, or cease to shine. Beloved, we regard this as signified by the terms "mighty to save." This is commonly called Calvinistic doctrine; it is none other than Christian doctrine, the doctrine of the Holy Bible; for, despite that it is now called Calvinism, it could not be so called in Augustine's days; and yet, in Augustine's works, you find the very same things. And it is not to be called Augustinism; it is to be found in the writings of the Apostle Paul. And yet it was not called Paulism, simple for this reason, that it is the expansion, the fullness of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. To repeat what we have before said, we hold and boldly teach that Jesus Christ is not merely able to save men who put themselves in his way and who are willing to be saved, but that he is able to make men willing—that he is able to make the drunkard renounce his drunkenness and come to him—that he is able to make the despiser bend his knee, and make dark hearts melt before his love. Now it is ours to show that he is able to do so.

II. *How can we prove that Christ is "mighty to save?"*

We will give you the strongest argument first; and we shall need but one. The argument is, that he *has* done it. We need no other; it were superfluous to add another. He *has* saved men. He has saved them, in the full extent and meaning of the word which we have endeavored to explain. But, in order to set this truth in a clear light, we will suppose the worst of cases. It is very easy to imagine, say some, that when Christ's gospel is preached to some here who are amiable and lovely, and have always been trained up in the fear of God, they will receive the gospel in the love of it. Very well; then we will not take such a case. You see this South Sea Islander? He has just been eating a diabolical meal of human flesh. He is a cannibal. At his belt are slung the scalps of men whom he has murdered, and in whose blood he glories. If you land on the coast he will eat you too, unless you mind what you are after. That man bows himself before a block of wood. He is a poor, ignorant, debased creature, but very little removed from the brute. Now has

Christ's gospel power to tame that man, to take the scalps from his girdle, to make him give up his bloody practices, renounce his gods, and become a civilized and Christian man? You know, my dear friends, you talk about the power of education in England. There may be a great deal in it. Education may do very much for some who are here, not in a spiritual but in a natural way, but what would education do with this savage? Go and try. Send the best schoolmaster in England over to him; he will eat him before the day is up. That will be all the good of it. But if the missionary goes with Christ's gospel, what will become of him? Why, in multitudes of cases, he has been the pioneer of civilization, and, under the providence of God, has escaped a cruel death. He goes with love in his hands and in his eyes. He speaks to the savage,—and mark ye, we are telling facts now, not dreams,—the savage drops his tomahawk. Says he, "It is marvelous; the things that this man tells me are wonderful. I will sit and listen." He listens, and tears roll down his cheeks; a feeling of humanity, which never burned within his soul before, is kindled in him. He says, "I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ;" and soon he is "clothed and in his right mind," and becomes in every respect a man—such a man as we could desire all men to be. Now, we say, that this is proof that Christ's gospel does not come to the mind that is prepared for it, but prepares the mind for itself; that Christ does not merely put the seed into the ground that has been prepared beforehand, but plows the ground too—ay, and harrows it, and does the whole of the work. He is so able to do all this. Ask our missionaries who are in Africa, in the midst of the greatest barbarians in the world—ask them whether Christ's gospel is able to save, and they will point to the kaarl of the Hottentot, and then they will point to the houses of the Kuraman, and they will say, "What has made this difference, but the word of the gospel of Christ Jesus?" Yes, dear brethren, we have had proofs enough in heathen countries; and why need we say more, but merely to add this,—we have had proofs enough at home. There are some who preach a gospel which is very well fitted to train man in morals, but utterly unfitted to save him, a gospel which does well enough to keep men sober when they are so, but not a gospel which makes men sober when they have become drunkards. It is a good thing enough to supply them with a kind of life, when they have it already, but not to quicken the dead and save the soul, and it can give up to despair the very characters whom Christ's gospel was most of all intended to affect. I could a tale unfold of some who have plunged head-first into the blackest gulfs of sin, who would horrify you and me, if we could allow them to recount their guilt. I could tell you how they have come into God's house with their teeth set against the minister, determined that, say what he would, might listen, but it would be to scoff. They stayed a moment; some word arrested their attention; they thought within themselves, "I will hear that sentence." It was some pointed, terse saying that entered into their souls. They knew not how it was, but they were spell-bound, and stood to listen a little longer; and, by and bye, unconsciously to themselves, the tears

began to fall, and when they went away they had a strange, mysterious feeling about them that led them to their chambers. Down they fell on their knees; the story of their life was all told before God; he gave them peace through the blood of the Lamb, and they went to God's house, many of them, to say, "Come and hear what God hath done for my soul," and to

"Tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour they had found."

Remember the case of John Newton, the great and mighty preacher of St. Mary, Woolnoth,—an instance of the power of God to change the heart, as well as to give peace when the heart is changed. Ah! dear hearers, I often think, within myself, "This is the greatest proof of the Saviour's power." Let another doctrine be preached; will it do the same? If it will, why not let every man gather a crowd round him and preach it. Will it really do it? If it will, then the blood of men's souls must rest upon the man who does not boldly proclaim it. If he believes his gospel does save souls, how does he account for it that he stands in his pulpit from the first of January, till the last of December, and never hears of a harlot made honest, nor of a drunkard reclaimed? Why? For this reason, that it is a poor dilution of Christianity. It is something like it, but it is not the bold, broad Christianity of the Bible; it is not the full gospel of the blessed God, for that *has* power to save. But if they do believe that theirs is the gospel, let them come out to preach it, and let them strive with all their might to win souls from sin, which is rife enough, God knows. We say again, that we have proof positive in cases even here before us, that Christ is mighty to save even the worst of men, to turn them from follies in which they have too long indulged, and we believe that the same gospel, preached elsewhere, would produce the same results.

The best proof you can ever have of God being mighty to save, dear hearers, is that he saved *you*. Ah! my dear hearer, it were a miracle if he should save thy fellow that stands by thy side, but it were more a miracle if he should save thee. What art thou this morning? Answer! "I am an infidel," says one; "I hate and despise Christ's religion." But suppose, sir, there should be such a power in that religion that one day thou shouldst be brought to believe it! What wouldst thou say then? Ah! I know thou wouldst be in love with that gospel for ever, for thou wouldst say, "I, above all men, was the last to receive it; and yet here am I, I know not how, brought to love it." Oh! such a man, when constrained to believe, makes the most eloquent preacher in the world. "Ah! but," says another, "I have been a Sabbath-breaker upon principle—I despise the Sabbath, I hate utterly and entirely every thing religious." Well, I can never prove religion to you to be true, unless it should ever lay hold of you, and make you a new man. Then you will say there is something in it. "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." When we have felt the change that works in ourselves, then we speak of facts, and not of fancies, and we speak very boldly too. We say again, then, he is "mighty to save."

III. But now it is asked, *Why is Christ "mighty to save?"* To this there are sundry answers.

First, if we understand the word "save," in the popular acceptation of the word, which is not, after all, the full one, though a true one—if we understand salvation to mean the pardon of sin and salvation from hell, Christ is mighty to save *because of the infinite efficacy of his atoning blood*. Sinner! black as thou art with sin, Christ this morning is able to make thee whiter than the driven snow. Thou askest why? I will tell thee. He is able to forgive, because he has been punished for thy sin. If thou dost know and feel thyself to be a sinner, if thou hast no hope or refuge before God but in Christ, then be it known that Christ is able to forgive, because he was once punished for the very sin which thou hast committed, and therefore he can freely remit, because the punishment has been entirely paid by himself.

Whenever I get on this subject I am tempted to tell a story; and though I have told it times enough in the hearing of many of you, others of you have never heard it, and it is the simplest way I know of setting out the belief I have in the atonement of Christ. Once a poor Irishman came to me in my vestry. He announced himself something in this way: "Your reverence, I'm come to ax you a question." "In the first place," said I, "I am not a reverend, nor do I claim the title; and, in the next place, why don't you go and ask your priest that question?" Said he, "Well, your riv—sir, I meant—I did go to him, but he did not answer me to my satisfaction exactly; so I have come to ask you, and if you will answer this you will set my mind at peace, for I am much disturbed about it." "What is the question?" said I. "Why this. You say, and others say too, that God is able to forgive sin. Now I can't see how he can be just, and yet forgive sin; for," said this poor man, "I have been so greatly guilty, that if God Almighty does not punish me *he ought*. I feel that he would not be just if he were to suffer me to go without punishment. How, then, sir, can it be true that he can forgive, and still retain the title of just?" "Well," said I, "it is through the blood and merits of Jesus Christ." "Ah!" said he, "but then I do not understand what you mean by that. It is the kind of answer I got from the priest, but I wanted him to explain it to me more fully how it was that the blood of Christ could make God just. You say it does, but I want to know how?" "Well, then," said I, "I will tell you what I think to be the whole system of atonement—which I think is the sum and substance, the root, the marrow, and the essence of the gospel. This is the way Christ is able to forgive: Suppose," said I, "you had killed some one. You were a murderer; you were condemned to die, and you deserved it." "Faith," said he, "yes, I should deserve it." "Well, her Majesty is very desirous of saving your life, and yet, at the same time, universal justice demands that some one should die on account of the deed that is done. Now how is she to manage?" Said he, "That is the question. I cannot see how she can be inflexibly just, and yet suffer me to escape." "Well," said I, "suppose, Pat, I should go to her and say, 'Here is this poor Irishman, he

deserves to be hanged, your Majesty; I don't want to quarrel with the sentence, because I think it just, but, if you please, I so love him that if you were to hang me instead of him, I should be very willing.' Pat, suppose she should agree to it, and hang me instead of you, what then?—would she be just in letting you go?" "Ay," said he, "I should think she would. Would she hang two for one thing? I should say not. I'd walk away, and there isn't a policeman that would touch me for it." "Ah!" said I, "that is how Jesus saves. 'Father,' he said, 'I love these poor sinners; let me suffer instead of them!' 'Yes,' said God, 'thou shalt,' and on the tree he died, and suffered the punishment which all his elect people ought to have suffered; so that now all who believe on him, thus proving themselves to be his chosen, may conclude that he was punished for them, and that therefore they can never be punished." "Well," said he, looking me in the face once more, "I understand what you mean; but how is it, if Christ died for all men, that, notwithstanding, some men are punished again? For this is unjust." "Ah!" said I, "I never told you that. I say to you that he has died for all who believe on him, and all who repent, and that was punished for their sins so absolutely and so really, that none of them shall ever be punished again." "Faith," said the man, clapping his hands, "that's the gospel. If it isn't, then I don't know any thing, for no man could have made that up; it is so wonderful. Ah!" he said, as he went down the stairs, "Pat's safe now. With all his sins about him, he'll trust in the man that died for him, and so he shall be saved."

Dear hearer, Christ is mighty to save, because God did not turn away the sword, but he sheathed it in his own Son's heart; he did not remit the debt, for it was paid in drops of precious blood; and now the great receipt is nailed to the cross, and our sins with it, so that we may go free if we are believers in him. For this reason he is "mighty to save," in the true sense of the word.

But in the large sense of the word, understanding it to mean, all that I have said it does mean, He is "mighty to save." How is it that Christ is able to make men repent, to make men believe, and to make them turn to God? One answers, "Why by the eloquence of preachers." God forbid we should ever say that! It is "not by might nor by power." Others replying, "It is by the force of moral suasion." God forbid we should say "Ay" to that; for moral suasion has been tried long enough on man, and yet it has failed of success. How does he do it? We answer, by something which some of you despise, but which, nevertheless, is a fact,—He does it by the Omnipotent influence of his Divine Spirit. While men are hearing the word (in those whom God will save), the Holy Spirit works repentance; he changes the heart and renews the soul. True, the preaching is the instrument, but the Holy Spirit is the great agent. It is certain that the truth is the means of saving, but it is the Holy Ghost applying the truth which saves souls. Ah! and with this power of the Holy Ghost we may go to the most debased and degraded of men, and we need not be afraid but that God can save them. If God should please, the Holy Spirit could, at this moment, make every one of you fall on your

knees, confess your sins, and turn to God. He is an Almighty Spirit, able to do wonders. In the life of Whitfield, we read, that, sometimes under one of his sermons, two thousand persons would at once profess to be saved, and were really so, many of them. We ask why it was? At other times he preached just as powerfully, and not one soul was saved. Why? Because, in the one case, the Holy Spirit went with the Word; and, in the other, it did not. All the heavenly result of preaching is owing to the Divine Spirit sent from above. I am nothing; my brethren in the ministry around are all nothing; it is God that doeth every thing. "Who is Paul, who is Apollos, and who is Cephas, but ministers by whom ye believed, even as God gave to every man." It must be "not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit, saith the Lord." Go forth, poor minister! thou hast no power to preach with polished diction and elegant refinement. Go and preach as thou canst. The Spirit can make thy feeble words more mighty than the most ravishing eloquence. Alas! Alas! for oratory! Alas! for eloquence! It hath long enough been tried. We have had polished periods, and finely-turned sentences, but in what place have the people been saved by them? We have had grand and gaudy language, but where have hearts been renewed? But now, "by the foolishness of preaching," by the simple utterance by a child of God's Word, he is pleased to save them that believe, and to save sinners from the error of their ways. May God prove his Word again this morning!

IV. The fourth point was, *What are the inferences to be derived from the fact that Jesus Christ is mighty to save?*

Why, first, there is a fact for ministers to learn—that they should endeavor to preach in faith, nothing wavering. "O God," cries the minister at times, when he is on his knees, "I am weak; I have preached to my hearers, and have wept over them; I have groaned for them; but they will not turn to thee. Their hearts are like the nether mill-stone; they will not weep for sin, nor will they love the Saviour." Then I think I see the angel standing at his elbow, and whispering in his ear, "Thou art weak, but he is strong. Thou canst do nothing, but he is 'mighty to save.'" Bethink thyself of this. It is not the instrument, but the God. It is not the pen wherewith the author writes which is to have the praise of his wisdom or the making of the volume, but it is the brain that thinks it, and the hand that moves the pen. So in salvation. It is not the minister, it is not the preacher, but the God who first designs the salvation, and afterwards uses the preacher to work it out. Ah! poor, disconsolate preacher! if thou hast had but little fruit of thy ministry, go on still in faith, remembering it is written, "My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." Go on; be of good courage; God shall help thee; he shall help thee, and that right early.

Again, here is another encouragement for praying men and women, who are praying to God for their friends. Mother, you have been groaning for your son for many a year; he is now grown up and has left your roof, but

your prayers have not been heard. So you think. He is as gay as ever; not yet has he made your breast rejoice. Sometimes you think he will bring your gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. It was but yesterday you said, "I will give him up, I will never pray for him again." Stop, mother, stop! By all that is holy and that is heavenly, stop! Utter not that resolution again; begin once more! Thou hast prayed over him; thou didst weep over his infant forehead, when he lay in his cradle; thou didst teach him when he came to years of understanding, and thou hast often warned him since; but all of no avail. Oh! give not up thy prayers; for remember, Christ is "mighty to save." It may be that he waits to be gracious, and he keeps thee waiting that thou mayest know more of his graciousness when the mercy comes. But pray on. I have heard of mothers who have prayed for their children twenty years; aye, and of some who have died without seeing them converted, and then their very death has been the means of saving their children, by leading them to think. A father once had been a pious man for many years, yet never had he the happiness of seeing one of his sons converted. He had his children round his bed, and he said to them when dying, "My sons, I could die in peace if I could but believe you would follow me to heaven; but this is the most sorrowful thing of all—not that I am dying, but that I am leaving you to meet you no more." They looked at him, but they would not weep, nor would they think on their ways. They went away. Their father was suddenly overtaken with great clouds and darkness of mind; instead of dying peacefully and happily, he died in great misery of soul, but still trusting in Christ. He said, when he died, "Oh! that I had died a happy death, for that would have been a testimony to my sons; but now, O God, this darkness and these clouds have in some degree taken away my power to witness to the truth of thy religion." Well, he died, and was buried. The sons came to the funeral. The day after one of them said to his brother, "Brother, I have been thinking father was always a pious man, and if his death was yet such a gloomy one, how gloomy must ours be, without God and without Christ!" "Ah!" said the other, "that thought struck me too." They went up to God's house, heard God's Word, they came home and bent their knee in prayer; and, to their surprise, they found that the rest of the family had done the same, and that the God who had never answered the father's prayer in his life, had answered it after his death, and by his death too, and by such a death as would appear to be most unlikely to have wrought the conversion of any. Pray on, then, my sister; pray on my brother! God shall yet bring thy sons and daughters to his love and fear, and thou shalt rejoice over them in heaven, if thou never dost on earth.

And finally, my dear hearers, there are many of you here this morning who have no love to God, no love to Christ; but you have a desire in your hearts to love him. You are saying, "Oh! can he save me? Can such a wretch as I be saved?" In the thick of the crowd there you are standing, and you are now saying within yourself, "May I one day sing among the saints above?"

May I have all my sins blotted out by blood divine?" Yes, sinner, he is "mighty to save;" and this is comfort for thee. Dost thou think thyself the worst of men? Does conscience smite thee as with a mailed fist, and does he say it is all over with thee—thou wilt be lost—thy repentance will be of no avail—thy prayers never will be heard—thou art lost to all intents and purposes? My hearer, think not so. He is "mighty to save." If thou canst not pray, he can help thee to do it; if thou canst not repent, he can give thee repentance; if thou feelest it hard to believe, he can help thee to believe, for he is exalted on high to give repentance, as well as to give remission of sins. O, poor sinner, trust in Jesus; cast thyself on him. Cry, and may God help thee to do it now, the first Sabbath of the year. May he help thee this very day to cast thy soul on Jesus; and this will be one of the best years of all thy life. "Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die, O house of Israel?" Turn unto Jesus, ye wearied souls; come unto him, for lo, he bids you come. "The Spirit and the bride say come; and let him that heareth say come; and whosoever will let him come and take of the water of life," and have Christ's grace freely. It is preached to you, and to all of you who are willing to receive it, it has been already given.

May God of his grace make you willing, and so save your souls, through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour! Amen.

[For the Christian Repository.]

SKETCHES OF BAPTISTS IN MISSOURI.—*No. II.*

BY AN OLD PIONEER.

I closed my first number with a notice of the formation of the Mt. Pleasant Association, in 1818. Since writing that article I have found, among my old memoranda, the following items necessary to complete the record of the Baptists and churches then noted:

The church on the Loutre, which was about midway between St. Charles and the Boone's Lick, was gathered there in 1810, and prospered for a time with seventeen members. Some of the families that left Kentucky for the Boone's Lick country made a temporary halt in this settlement. Their preacher's name was Joseph Baker, who died in a few months, and they were left destitute of gospel ministrations. Some of the members removed westward and settled south of the river, near the present site of

Booneville. They, with others north of the river, united in forming Mt. Pleasant Church, the oldest in all that region.

At ■ subsequent period, but no one can testify what year, (unless it can be found in the old church records,) they were gathered into a church called Concord, which, in 1822-3, gave name to an Association. I have also ascertained that only two churches, Mt. Pleasant and Concord, were organized until after the war closed. In 1815 the Mt. Pleasant Church sent ■ letter and messengers to the old Illinois Association, and united with that body. Next year (1816), this church reported twenty-eight members.

At the constitution, in 1818, the five churches reported one hundred and sixty-one members. The first annual meeting (1819) was held with Mt. Zion Church, when Mt. Pisgah and Providence churches were received. At that time emigration poured into the country, and extended westward, on both sides of the river, to the Indian boundary. At that period, and for a number of years after, Lillard (now Lafayette) County joined the Indian line a few miles above Lexington. On the north side the settlements extended to the old boundary line of the State, which ran due north from the mouth of the Kansas River.

In 1820 the Association was held with Concord Church, on the Petit Saline, September 9th. Seven new churches joined that session. These were Petit Osage Bottom, (vulgarly pronounced *Teet-saw*,) Mt. Nebo, Double Springs, and Big Bottom, from the south side; Mt. Arrarat, Little Bonne Femme, and Chariton, from the north side of the Missouri River. In addition to the ministers already named, the minutes report Thomas Campbell, Robert Dale, John B. Longan, Jacob Chism, Lewis Shelton, Peyton Nowlin, Wm. Jennings, Peter Woods, Ebenezer Rodgers, and John Bowls, a licentiate. The most if not all these men were emigrants from Kentucky. Elder Peter Woods was Moderator, and Elder Peyton Nowlin, Clerk. Eleven converts had been baptized in the fourteen churches, and one hundred and seven received by letter. Total in membership, four hundred and one.

Quarterly meetings for preaching and other religious exercises were appointed in the bounds of the Association. They continued

three days, and were kept up by the Association for a long series of years, and adopted by the Associations that originated from Mt. Pleasant. From three to eight preachers would volunteer to attend them. During the three following years, eighteen new churches were received into this body. In several instances, two churches, one north and the other south of the Missouri River, of the same name, appear on the minutes, which the reader will distinguish from the initials "N." and "S." appended. Their names were Mt. Gilead, Mt. Vernon, S., Mt. Vernon, N., Freedom, Cedar Creek, Salem (at Coates' Prairie), New Hope, Union, S., Union, N., Big Lick, Fishing River, Sni-a-bar,* Rush Creek, Liberty, Mt. Moriah, Big Shoal Creek, North Bluffton, and Little Shoal Creek. In 1822-3 the churches were thirty-one, and included fifteen hundred and twenty-eight members. They were dispersed over a tract of country two hundred miles in extent from east to west, and at the distance of twenty or twenty-five miles from the Missouri River on each side.

The late Elder Ebenezer Rodgers commenced his itinerant labors in 1820, made several excursions to the "Far West," and baptized a number of converts. In due season I shall furnish interesting extracts from his correspondence with Bro. Wade M. Jackson, with notes and explanations from my own resources.

The initiatory measures were adopted for a division of the Association into three in 1822, which was consummated in 1823, by the organization of the Concord and Fishing River Associations. The Missouri River constituted the dividing line between Mt. Pleasant and Concord, while Grand River indicated the eastern boundary of Fishing River. The churches set off to form this body were Fishing River, Mt. Vernon, N., Rush Creek, Little

* This is one of the names, so common in Missouri and Illinois, manufactured by the old pioneers out of Indian, French, and German. This word is partly French and partly German. The first syllable is from the French word *Chenal*—canal, channel, or slough. The latter part is a memorial of an old German trapper, who, in ascending the river with his canoe in high water, entered this creek, supposing it a channel or "cut-off" behind an island, and did not find out his mistake until he got to the prairie. His name was *Aber*, and the French *voyageurs* named the creek *Chenal-Aber*, out of which the American pioneers made the name given to the church.

Shoal Creek, Sni-a-bar, North Bluffton, and Big Shoal Creek, with six ministers. Concord Association took off the Concord, Mt. Pisgah, Big Bottom, Mt. Nebo, Double Springs, Big Lick, and Union, S., churches, and several ministers. This division left Mt. Pleasant Association with seventeen churches and eight ministers. Five new churches and two ministers were received in 1824, making the number of churches twenty-two, ministers ten. Reported as baptized one hundred and three; total in membership nine hundred and fifty-one. This and a part of the preceding year were seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Nearly all the churches reported from two to eleven converts baptized. About this period emigration began to go out from the Boone's Lick country to other parts of Missouri, and, while eighty are reported as having been received by letter, one hundred and fifty-eight were dismissed.

■ In 1825 three new churches and several new names of ministers appear on the minutes. In 1826 three more churches and two ministers were received. That year the Association contained twenty-eight churches, eighteen ministers, thirty-two baptized, and eleven hundred and seventy-four members. Among the ministers raised up in the churches, since the division of 1823, were Anderson Woods, Thomas Turner, and Jabez Ham.

During the session of 1827 one new church (*Ænon*) was received, and it was deemed expedient to divide again. The range-line between thirteen and fourteen of the United States surveys was adopted for the division, leaving sixteen churches and ten ministers in the Mt. Pleasant Association. In these churches forty-six were reported as baptized the preceding year, and total in membership seven hundred and thirty-four. In the new Association, which took the name of *Salem*, there were thirteen churches, eleven ministers, and sixty baptisms, and a total of twelve hundred and forty-eight members. We find evidence of revivals in Little Union and Dover churches. This last-named church was in Randolph county, north of Howard, and reported nineteen baptisms. *Eld. Lynch Turner* was their pastor. [Will any of our readers furnish the writer with a brief memoir of this minister? In a few years his name disappears from the minutes.]

As some "wandering" preachers, (see Epis., Jude,) commonly

called Schismatics or *Christ-yans*, as usually pronounced, had disturbed some minds with their Arian and other anti-Christian notions, Elder Ebenezer Rodgers had been appointed, in 1826, to write a circular-letter to counteract these schismatical doctrines. This letter, printed in the minutes of 1827, is an able, scriptural, and concentrated argument in support of the divine nature and mediatorial office of the Lord Jesus Christ. It proved the means of enlightening the people on the gospel method of salvation.

From 1828 to 1832, according to a document from the pen of Elder Rodgers, and published in the "Baptist Triennial Register," 1836, this Association had received Friendship, Boone's Lick, Mt. Nebo, and Pleasant Grove churches. The following is an abstract of the body from the minutes of 1832 :

Churches.—Mt. Pleasant, Salem, Mt. Zion, Bethel, Silver Creek, Mt. Arrarat, Chariton, Mt. Gilead, New Hope, Mt. Moriah, Mt. Hermon, Sugar Creek, Muscle Fork, Little Union, Dover, Lebanon, Friendship, Mt. Nebo, and Pleasant Grove. *Ministers.*—Fielding Wilhoit, R. Alexander, Thos. Fristoe, E. Rodgers, Thos. Turner, H. Thomas, Felix Redding, J. Buster, J. Radcliffe, and A. J. Battle. Eighteen churches, ten ministers, baptized ninety-one, total in membership one thousand and fifty.

These churches continued in union till 1835, when a division in views, notions, and feelings on domestic missionary operations within the State occurred, and, by a sort of tacit consent, but not with much brotherly feeling, a division of churches and ministers took place. It ought to be understood, once for all, by all classes of readers who are not well-versed in the peculiar principles and practical working in *Baptist* church government, that such divisions do not produce a *distinct sect* in any ecclesiastical sense. Each church or local community is distinct and independent in all government and discipline, and endeavors to find out the correct meaning and follow the New Testament as the sole rule of all religious faith and practice, which is the business of each church. Associations, conventions, missionary organizations, Sunday-schools, Bible-societies, and all other philanthropic societies, are human contrivances in carrying into effect, economically and practically, the commission of Christ—"Preach the gospel to every creature." They are not *ecclesiastical* bodies, like Confer-

ences, Presbyteries, and Synods, among the Methodists and Presbyterians. They are analagous to the anti-mission practice of building houses of worship, having printed Bibles and hymn-books, holding associations, and a hundred other things which common-sense directs us to perform. They are no part of the spiritual building, but merely the scaffolding to sustain and aid the workmen in their labors on the house of the Lord. They are what individual Christians have the right and privilege of doing, and all requirements on the one hand, and prohibitions on the other, are arbitrary encroachments on the rights of church-members. But we must give a more elaborate review of these principles when we come to point out the mistakes made in these divisions.

The old Mt. Pleasant Association met in union and harmony for the last time with Dover Church, in Sept., 1834. Twenty-one churches and eight preachers are reported on the minutes, with seventy-five baptisms, and a total membership of twelve hundred and four. Yearly meetings were still continued in different sections of the body. Elder E. Rodgers was their scribe in preparing circulars on special topics. One year, by previous appointment, he vindicated strict communion, in confutation of the lax and irregular practice of the Cumberland Presbyterians. The late venerable Finis Ewing was then the leader of that sect, and made pathetic appeals to the passions of the people, rather than holding forth the Scriptures as authority in the kingdom of Christ. In the minutes of 1829 is a masterly vindication of Baptist principles, in opposition to the new-fangled teachings of Elder Alex. Campbell, in the form of a circular. The Bethany Oracle, in his accustomed style, made repeated attacks on this circular, but with no success within the bounds of the Association. In 1831 another circular appears, probably from the same source, on the "Discipline of the Primitive Churches." Every intelligent reader will perceive the writer was familiar with the letter on the same topic of the distinguished Andrew Fuller, of England, yet there is no plagiarism in the one before us. These circulars are well worth reprinting in the Repository.

In 1835, after he had removed to Upper Alton, Ills., Elder E. Rodgers wrote a brief "Sketch of the Baptists in Upper Mis-

souri," for the Triennial Register, already referred to. This sketch has furnished us aid in these statistics, and from it we give additional extracts:

"The Upper Missouri, for the same extent of territory, contains more Baptists than any other spot west of the Ohio River, but they are somewhat divided in opinion as to the benevolent operations of the day. The glorious cause of missions is, however, gaining ground very fast, and active ministers of the gospel are greatly needed.

"That country was the field of my labors for fifteen years. I was ordained at Chariton, 1820, and enjoyed many happy days in endeavoring to preach in the cabins and under the trees of the forest, and in baptizing converts in the great river, Missouri, and in almost every creek on both sides of it to the western boundary of the State. I had the pleasure of burying with Christ in baptism, in that interesting country, almost five hundred persons, and the blessed seasons we enjoyed on the banks of the rivers and creeks will never be erased from my mind."

Leaving the Mt. Pleasant Association for continuance after the formation of the "Convention," "Central Society," or "General Association," (for it bore in succession each of these names,) we turn to notice the children of this body.

The *Concord* Association, as already noticed, was formed of churches set off from the first family in this region in 1822, and the organization was completed in 1823. They adopted the custom of the parent in holding "*Union* meetings," as they called them, in different sections of the body. In 1824 Elder Peter Woods was Moderator, and Jordan O'Brian, Esq., Clerk. Eight churches and seven ministers, with forty-one baptisms, and a total of three hundred and fifty-nine members were reported. The circular-letter was written by Bro. Jordan O'Brian, and is an able and scriptural argument on the support of the gospel ministry. We know not how those who neglect this Christian duty can get around this circular. Bro. O'Brian is one of those rare men in whose integrity and fidelity all persons have confidence. He has represented the county of Cooper repeatedly in the Legislature, without being soiled with the muddy waters of politics. And few laymen of our acquaintance have excelled him in faithfulness and liberality as a Christian gentleman.

The Association "Agreed to set apart the first Saturday in

October for prayer and fasting, in union with our brethren in Kentucky, praying that the Lord would revive his work throughout the inhabited world, and that a great reformation may take place." These were noble and large views.

In our last number we mentioned the untimely death of Elder Luke Williams, which event took place about two weeks before the session of the Association, and the effort made to raise funds to aid the widow and children. Since that was written we have found a copy of the minutes, and give the following extract to place that subject in a correct light:

"The Concord Association do recommend to all the churches in its bounds to draw up subscription papers, and request their members to subscribe thereto what money they are willing to, which money shall be deposited in the hands of William Savage, for the purpose of paying the remaining balance due on the land on which the widow of Eld. Luke Williams, deceased, now lives. If there shall be more money subscribed and paid into the hands of Bro. Savage, he shall appropriate it to the use of the family."

Our next minutes are those of 1828, when the Association had increased to twelve churches and six ministers, thirty-five baptisms reported, and total three hundred and forty-four.

An unpleasant schism took place at this session, which had been fermenting more than two years. It resulted in the excision of one church and the majority of another. It originated in two members becoming negro traders, and a minister selling them one who was a member of the church; but, from very unusual letters from the two churches denouncing the Association for declaring at a preceding session that the mission question should be no bar to fellowship in the body, it resulted in an unpleasant quarrel about missions. The faction, after the session of the Association, claimed to be *the* body, held a session in November, the same year, reported in their minutes one church of fifteen members, the majority of another of thirty-six members, and a third one of eight members, made up from disaffected individuals from other churches. Two ministers were in this schism. They held together two or three years, when the "union" became extinct, and the Concord Association continued on its course unharmed. As those concerned in this division have gone to their long account, and if among the saved, as we charitably hope, have had

their mistakes, errors, and prejudices corrected, we leave all the details, surmisings, and hard speeches, to pass into oblivion.

The circular for 1830 is a serious and well-timed admonition to *ministers of the gospel*, on their duties in general, manner of preaching, choice of texts, failings, and mistakes. It is good enough for a theological lecture in the class-room. We surmise it to be the handiwork of the Christian gentleman already named, and who, for a series of years, was Clerk of this body. The minutes of 1834 report the following :

“*Churches*.—Concord, Good Hope, Pisgah, Nebo, Big Lick, Double Springs, Union, Mt. Pleasant, Liberty, Zoar, Sardis, Bethel, Mt. Zion, Mt. Gilead, and First Church, on the Osage—total fifteen.

“*Ministers*.—David Allee, James W. Maxy, Lewis Shelton, John B. Longan, Kemp Scott, John Bowles, Peyton Nowlin, Snelling Johnson, and W. H. Duvall.

“*Licentiates*.—Abner Given, Jesse C. Berkley, Jonathan Graham, M. B. Robinson, M. D. Noland, M. Gouge, and A. Kinjery.”

A sure evidence of progress in spiritual things is increase of the ministry. The same year sixty-one baptisms are reported—total five hundred and fifty-three.

We now pass up the river westward, and take a brief survey of the *Fishing River Association*. This body was organized coeval with the Concord. In 1824 there were nine churches, four ministers, twenty-six baptisms, and two hundred and ninety-one in membership.

In a former article (May number) we noticed an interesting incident in their body, at its annual session of 1824, in raising money to aid the family of a deceased minister. There was less activity, religious enterprise, and self-sacrifice in the ministry and churches in this body, than in the two already noticed. The increase in ministers and churches was chiefly from emigration. We suppose, that, for several years, the late Elder Rodgers, in his itinerant labors at his own expense, was more successful in conversions and baptisms than all the ministers and brethren in this body.

At the session of 1828 fifteen churches appear on the minutes. The churches received since the organization were, New Garden,

Little Sni-a-bar, Six Mile, Pleasant Grove, Beersheba, Salem, First Platte, and Liberty. Total, five hundred and eight members. Elders James Williams, James Edwards, and Benj. W. Riley, came into the country. At the same session the Association made a wonderful discovery! We give it in the language of the minutes:

“In answer to the churches requesting union meetings, we say, that we, as an Association, have no right to appoint or disappoint any meetings of this kind, but wish the churches in future to say when they wish such meetings, and we will request our ministering brethren to attend them; but, for the year 1829, we recommend the holding of four at the following places,” etc.

Though a matter insignificant in itself, we advert to this small matter to illustrate and explain a prominent Baptist principle. In this answer of the Association is the germ of a forest of errors.

These brethren had some vague notions that Baptist Associations had *some power*, derived from the churches, for some purposes and to some extent; but its extent or its limits was quite indefinite. And here we will give a historical fact that we have traced out with no small labor and care. In early times, when Baptists were persecuted in old Virginia, those who called themselves “Regular Baptists” received the sympathy of Presbyterians, who, in their opposition to the laws that sustained “*the church*,” entertained similar views of *religious liberty* as the Baptists did. The ministers of the Regular Baptists knew the Presbyterians had their Presbyteries and Synods, and, as they had Associations, it was natural for them to suppose these bodies had at least some power derived from the churches, like their neighbors. And yet these Baptist Associations, copying the phraseology of the Philadelphia Association—the mother of all such bodies in America—claimed to be only “advisory councils,” but with them (but never in the Philadelphia body) *advice* meant *law*. If a church did not think proper to follow the *advice*, it met the *censure* of the Association. *Law* is followed by *penalty*, but every body may neglect *advice* without censure. We could refer to twenty, yea fifty, cases in which censure, then divisions, and alienations followed the neglect of advice given. These crude, anti-Baptist notions prevailed and spread through Kentucky,

Tennessee, Indiana, Illinois, and to the frontier of Missouri; and hence there has been no small amount of trouble in adjusting the question, how much or little power the churches have delegated to the Association? All the ecclesiastical power a Baptist church possesses is derived from divine authority, through the New Testament, *and cannot be delegated to another body*, without trenching on the authority of the King in Zion.

An association of churches is a human invention, and, so far as history teaches, first commenced in Wales, and were missionary bodies without a particle of ecclesiastical power. Only let the impression prevail that a Baptist Association has not a particle of ecclesiastical power over any body—that it is a voluntary society for all useful, religious purposes, made up of messengers from the churches thus united—that these messengers (who, of course, will express the wishes of their brethren at home, if they are men of wisdom and a right spirit,) can devise measures and do every good and lawful thing that any individual Christian or community of Christians may and can do—and all is well.

The mischief lies in resolutions to *prohibit* or to *require* ministers and members of churches to act in reference to missions and other objects of Christian philanthropy, and has its origin in these fallacious notions of power or right.

In all religious affairs, as in every thing else, there are *essentials* and *non-essentials*. With Baptists, *essentials* include all those things derived from the New Testament, either in the form of precept or example. All the doctrines taught, and practical duties enjoined, are *essential* to some purpose in the kingdom of Christ. Our readers will please not to make the blunder many of our Pedobaptist brethren do, when they use the term “essential” to denote such things only as are essential to the salvation of the soul, and “non-essential” to signify many duties enjoined on the believer. By *non-essentials*, Baptists mean all those things used for religious purposes about which God has made no special revelation—such as building meeting-houses, printing the scriptures, purchasing hymn-books, publishing circular-letters, forming associations of churches, mission societies, etc.

Doubtless our anti-mission brethren were honest in their opinions, and really thought if the mission party gained the ascend-

ency, they would institute rules under the specious name of *advice* requiring them to contribute to objects in which they did not conscientiously believe. Hence there was a strife for power, when all the notions about *power* in such bodies originated in misapprehension. And it would be strange indeed, if, in such strife, there were not some blame, prejudice, and mistakes in all parties.

The minutes of Fishing River Association, for 1833, report twenty-five churches, and nine hundred and nineteen members. The churches admitted from 1828 were Mt. Pleasant, Mt. Gilead, New Hope, Crooked River, Round Grove, Little Blue River, Pleasant Garden, High-Point, Marion, and Black Water. The ordained ministers were James Williams, William Thorp, Enoch Finch, William Turnace, Robert Fristoe, Jacob Powell, Thomas Staton, sr., Henry Hill, N. J. Price, B. W. Riley, John Edwards, James Savage, and Joseph White. *Licentiates*.—John Atkins and Gabriel Fitzhugh. Baptisms reported, thirty-eight. Crooked River reported twelve, which indicates a revival.

Notwithstanding the “discovery” of 1828, that the Association had no “right” to appoint union meetings, the same body, in 1833, appointed seven “yearly meetings” in as many different churches.

About this time the Platte River country was added to the State, by the joint act of Congress and the Legislature of Missouri. The north line of this tract began at the north-west corner of the old boundary, and run due west till it struck the Mississippi River. This addition was triangular in shape, the eastern base being about one hundred and ten miles long from the mouth of the Kansas River. The river and the Kansas country made the hypotenuse on the south-western side, which is nearly two hundred miles in length. This tract of country contained a moderate supply of timber along the streams and in groves, the surface beautifully undulating, and it abounded in springs and fine streams of pure water. The soil is as rich as any farmer can desire, and will produce a succession of crops, without manure, equal to the best portions of upland in the Mississippi Valley. The strip of Indian territory on the south of the Missouri River, including the western tier of counties within the State, had been relinquished by the Indians several years previous. Thus a

desirable country, along the whole western boundary of the State, was opened for emigration. The Platte country, as the Boone's Lick country had been in its day, became the *el dorado* of the Far West, and has now become the most populous and wealthy. More emigrants came from Kentucky than any other State, and, among them, a full proportion of Baptists.

The minutes of 1840 (other Associations having been formed in the upper country and taken off some of the churches) report twenty-six churches, thirteen ordained ministers, two licentiates, and nine hundred and twenty members. Union Church reported eighteen, and Pleasant Grove seventeen baptisms, indicating revivals; all the other churches reported twenty-six baptized. The Association having long before recovered its lost "rights," appointed no less than eleven yearly meetings in as many different churches. This looks like doing some work.

The only thing deserving further notice is the circular-letter, with the caption, "*Search the Scriptures.*" This is followed by a quotation from "F. R. Con., 2 Art." If there is an antiquarian scholar who can decipher this quotation, we humbly solicit his aid. The paragraph reads: "*We believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament (as translated by King James I.) is the word of God, and the only rule of faith and practice.*"

In all the disputations between the most zealous Revisionists in these times and their most resolute opponents, no one has surmised or said that "King James," personally, translated the Scriptures.

The writer of the circular, probably, thought he gave historical facts. He deals also in statistics and figures, but as many mistakes in a pamphlet of twelve pages we never saw before. No lawyer, in his efforts to sustain a case by false issues, ever equalled the one before us. The only *proof* the writer gives is the affliction of that alarming and dangerous disease called the "Big-Head." And, what is to be deeply regretted, the tract is a tissue of slander against many devoted and honored servants of Christ, who, neither the writer nor any member of the Association who voted for it ever saw or ever will see, until they meet them before the Judge of all men. No wonder that spiritual dearth followed this published tirade.

The minutes of 1848 report twenty-two churches, twenty-two baptisms, ten ministers, and one thousand and three members.

Rockspring, O'Fallon Depot P. O., Ills.

P. S.—There are a few ministers, whose names have passed under the eye of the reader, that claim our notice in a future number. One of these is the late Elder John B. Longan, from whose lips we took notes of the facts and dates of his early life and experience of grace, his call to the ministry, and his labors of that office. That memorandum, from our anxiety to preserve it, has been laid aside among valuable papers. It will turn up, we fondly hope, in our researches, and be used in our article. We have a communication from Dr. J. A. Reavis, containing particulars of his last illness, and the triumph of faith in the final struggle.

Can any of our readers give particulars of the late Elder Peter Woods? His name disappears from the minutes of Concord Association between 1825 and 1827. He emigrated from Kentucky to the Boone's Lick country about 1819.

[For the Christian Repository.]

LECTURE ON HEBREWS.*

BY S. BAKER, D. D., WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.

Heb. 4 : 4-9.—“Being made so much better than the angels, as he hath by inheritance obtained a more excellent name than they. For unto which of the angels said he at any time, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee? And again, I will be to him a Father, and he shall be to me a Son? And again, when he bringeth in the first-begotten into the world, he saith, And let all the angels of the Lord worship him. And of the angels, he saith, Who maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire. But unto the Son, *he saith*, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom. Thou hast loved righteousness, and hated iniquity; therefore God, *even* thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.”

The Scriptures represent the angels as spiritual beings, and the highest order of creatures in nature, dignity, and power. Their general name is expressive of their office as God's messengers or

* Continued from May number.

ministers, whom he employs as instruments of his providence to execute his will, either in the way of mercy or judgment; and some of them are represented as having the superintendency of certain kingdoms and empires committed to them.

Many of the Jews had a kind of superstitious, or rather idolatrous, respect for angels, because they had received the law and other intimations of the divine will by their ministry, and were in some measure subject to their administration. They looked upon them as mediators between God and man; and some of them went so far as to pay them a kind of religious homage. The Judaizers, and other heretics among the Jews, seem to have been assiduous in propagating these sentiments, the direct tendency of which was to seduce men from the regards due to Christ, the alone mediator and head of the Church. See Col. 2 : 18, 19. Nay, some of the Jews held, that the angels had been co-workers with God in the creation of the world and formation of man, which vain opinion they grounded on Gen. 1 : 26. It was, therefore, highly necessary that the apostle should particularly insist on Christ's dignity and pre-eminence above the angels, not only as being the Creator of all things, consequently of angels themselves, but as being the risen and exalted Messiah in human nature, to whom angels, authorities, and powers are made subject. To prove this, he produces several passages from the Old Testament Scriptures, which the Hebrews acknowledged to be of divine authority. The first thing he takes notice of, is the more excellent nature which he hath inherited, viz: the Son of God. This name, as it is peculiarly and properly applied to him, definitely imparts Deity. It denotes participation of the Divine nature. It is not a nominal title, nor a mere term of office, but implies both the divine dignity of his person and the power and dominion he possesses as Heir and Lord of all things; so the apostle justly infers from it, that the degree of power and glory to which he is advanced as far transcends that of angels, as the name by which God hath distinguished and owned him is more excellent than any name or title that he ever gave to any of the angels.

Verse 5: "For unto which of the angels begotten thee?" This citation is from Ps. 2 : 7, which is undoubtedly a prophecy concerning the Messiah. We are instructed by Acts 4 : 25, that this

Psalm was written by David, and that it relates to the kingdom of the Messiah. No sufficient reason can be alleged to show that it has any application to David himself, though it is a common opinion that this was its first purpose, and that it applies to the Messiah only in a secondary sense. It is, however, quite evident that several of the expressions contained in it cannot, without great license of interpretation, be referred to any recorded circumstance in David's history; whereas the whole is strictly characteristic of the reign of the Messiah, and is free from every degree of hyperbole when thus understood. The highest authority assures us that David was a prophet. Acts 3 : 20. And we find that several of his Psalms are undeniably descriptive of the kingdom and glory of Christ; and, since nothing is found in the second Psalm that renders it applicable to this transcendent theme, we are authorized to regard it as its exclusive subject. The opinions of Jewish interpreters are not very conclusive on such matters, yet it is not altogether without satisfaction we find that the application of this Psalm to the Messiah was universally adopted by the most ancient of them, and that their modern successors have, by their own confession, applied it to David from an apprehension of its otherwise favoring Christianity. *Vide* Rosenmüller, Arg. Ps. 2.

There are various considerations that show that the second Psalm, from which Paul quotes, must be explained of the dominion and kingdom of the Messiah. 1. Christ himself explains the eighth and ninth verses of this Psalm, of the power which he had received of his Father over the nations, Rev. 2 : 26, 27, and which is also alluded to, ch. 12 : 5, ch. 19 : 15. 2. The inspired apostles have uniformly applied this Psalm to Christ in all the places of the New Testament where they have cited it. See Acts 4 : 25-28, ch. 13 : 33, in our text, and Heb. 5 : 5; and, as they had the promise of the Spirit to guide them into all truth, they must have explained it agreeably to its true intent. 3. This Psalm will apply to no other person but Christ, for when did the Gentiles, with the people of Israel, and their respective rulers, consult and join together against David or Solomon, as they did rally against Christ? Compare verses 1-3, with Acts 4 : 25-29. When did the Lord say to David or Solomon, "Thou art my Son, this

day have I begotten thee," as in verse 7? Nay, we may ask with our apostle, to which of the angels did he ever speak in this manner? Why did he give to David the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession, with absolute power to crush all opposers, as in verses 8, 9? 4. Lastly, when were all the kings and judges of the earth admonished to submit unto David, lest they should perish in his wrath, or were encouraged *to do so by the blessedness of trusting in him*, as in verses 10-12?

The New Testament informs us that all these particulars are verified in Christ, but we shall only take notice of the words here cited. They are part of the Father's decree, determination, or purpose, declared by Christ, or, rather, by the Spirit of Christ speaking in David: "I will declare the decree; the Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee."

Figures, taken from generation and birth, are often used in the Scriptures to denote great changes of condition or character. The Apostle Paul interprets these words of the resurrection of Christ, Acts 13 : 33. He says: "He hath raised up Jesus again, as it is written in the second Psalm, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee." His humiliation was then terminated, and he assumed the regal dignity. He was the Son of God, from "the beginning," but he was shown to be so by this act of divine power. The text before us is prophetic of this great change in the apparent state and condition of our blessed Redeemer, and has certainly no reference to an eternal generation, *which has frequently been argued from it*.

It will, perhaps, be asked, how this name, the *Son of God*, proves him to be superior to angels, since angels, and even men, are termed *sons of God*? Besides, he possessed this name while he was in the form of a servant, and made lower than the angels. How, then, can it prove him superior to them? To this it may be answered—

1. That though angels and men are sometimes called *sons of God*, in respect of their creation and adoption, yet none of them are emphatically and by way of eminence called *the Son—God's own Son—the only begotten Son of God*. This manner of speaking plainly intimates that he is the Son of God in such a high,

peculiar, and distinguished sense as will apply to no other being whatever; no, not to the highest angel, *he being exclusively God's only begotten Son.*

2. Though for a little while he took upon him the form of a servant, and was made lower than the angels, by assuming our flesh in its mortal state, yet this is represented as the voluntary and amazing condescension of him who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, Paul 2 : 5-9; and, therefore, though he was then in a humbled state as to his humanity, yet, as to his person, being God manifest in the flesh, he must have been termed the Son of God in a higher sense than could be applied to angels; for God never conferred such glory and honor on any of the angels as he did on him when he declared, from the excellent glory, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Matt. 3 : 17; 2 Peter 1 : 17. But it must be particularly noticed—

3. That Paul, in citing the passage under consideration, is not speaking of Christ during his humbled state in this world, or in those respects in which he was made for a time lower than angels, but he is speaking of him as raised from the dead, and exalted far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come. Eph. 1 : 21.

His being the Son of God was a controverted point during the days of his flesh; and though he gave sufficient proofs of his being the Son of God, yet his enemies put him to death as a blasphemer for affirming it. Matt. 14 : 61-65; John 19 : 7. This, for a little time, seemed to determine the controversy in their favor, and staggered the faith even of his friends. Matt. 26 : 31; Luke 24 : 11, 20, 21. But by his resurrection from the dead he was declared the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness. Rom. 1 : 4. It was then that this grand truth was fully demonstrated and finally decided, so that the import of his resurrection is the same with the Father's declaration, "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee." It was then that God so highly exalted him, and made him as much superior to the angels as he hath inherited a name more excellent than they.

And again: "I will be to him a Father, and he shall be to me

■ Son." This is another proof that Christ is superior to angels, founded on his distinguished relation to God as his Son. This promise imparts that God would not only be a Father to him, but that he would treat him as such by advancing him to the kingdom as Son and Heir, and by establishing and protecting him in it—a promise which he never made to any of the angels. The words are taken from 2 Sam. 7 : 14, and are part of the covenant of royalty which God made with David. The promise in our text must be explained as having a two-fold sense, viz: a literal sense relating to Solomon as a type, and a spiritual or mystical sense relating to the Messiah as the great antitype, in whom it has its main and literal accomplishment. As Aaron and his sons were types of Christ in his priestly character, so David and Solomon were types of Christ in his kingly character, and what is here said of Solomon, according to the general analogy of typical representations, must be applied, with greater fullness or force of meaning, to the antitype. Christ has all the privileges of a Son, and is heir to the throne of his Father.

4. "And again, when he bringeth in the first-begotten into the world, he saith, And let all the angels of the Lord worship him." Our translators have understood the bringing him into the world to be his incarnation, and so they make the word "again" to connect with "he saith." But the original runs, literally, thus: "And when again he bringeth the First-Begotten into the world, he saith," etc. These words do not refer to the time of Christ's birth, which was celebrated by angels in songs of praise, Luke 2 : 13, 14; for he was not then brought *again* or a second time into the world, nor was he then exalted above angels, but made a little lower than they, Heb. 2 : 9, which does not suit the apostle's argument in this place; but the time referred to is, when God raised him from the dead. To *go hence*, or *go out of the world*, are common expressions for dying, Ps. 29 : 13; 1 Cor. 5 : 10, and so to *bring again into the world*, is to restore to life. And as Christ is here termed the *First-Begotten* or *First-Born*, it points out his pre-eminence, and imports not only his resurrection, but advancement to the kingdom as Lord and heir of all. Accordingly, it is connected with his having in all things the pre-eminence, Col. 1 : 18, and his being the Prince of the kings

of the earth, Rev. 1 : 5. It was, therefore, when God raised him from the dead and exalted him to his throne that he said, "*And let all the angels of God worship him.*" This quotation is found, with verbal accuracy, in Deut. 32 : 43, in the Septuagint, but in no other ancient version now in the original. A very similar text occurs in Ps. 97 : 7, in the Hebrew and all the versions, and the probability is that Paul quotes from this Psalm. Here the words in the Septuagint agree with those quoted, except in the form of the verb. But the difficulty lies in the meaning, which seems to be altogether different from that which the quotation is introduced to sustain. Our English translation gives the true sense of the clause, "Worship him, all ye gods." The whole Psalm evidently describes the universality of the reign of Jehovah, before whom idolatry is to fall, and whose sole divinity all pretended objects of worship are to recognize. There is no difficulty in allowing a direct application to Messiah's kingdom, which is identical with that of Jehovah, and the Jewish writers apply this Psalm to the reign of the Messiah. The difficulty lies in perceiving how the words, "Worship him, all ye gods," immediately subsequent to these,—"*Confounded be all they that serve graven images, that boast themselves of idols,*"—can be understood in any other sense than that just stated. Whereas, they are in the epistle applied to prove that the high and holy angels themselves are required to pay divine adoration to the Messiah. No other view can satisfy a candid inquirer than that which admits the quotation to be made in the way of argument. The Hebrew uses the word *god* or *gods*; the Septuagint employs *angels*, as it does also in some other places, and this is adopted by the author. To make the subject as clear as possible, it may be well to remark, that the Hebrew term which denotes God, whether true or false, is used also figuratively for God's representatives on earth, magistrates, and rightful authorities. But it is especially important to be here considered that it is also employed to denote angels. It may be sufficient to adduce one striking passage from Ps. 8 : 5, "*Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels,*" literally, than *god* or *gods*. But such a literal translation is entirely out of the question, and there can be no reasonable doubt that *angels* is the true meaning. If it be inquired, why is the term *god* used for

angels? the answer may be, that this is merely another instance of the figure which applies it to God's representatives or agents. It may also be, that as angelic beings are in most intimate union with God, and in the enjoyment of his immediate presence in heaven, the same term by which he is himself denominated may also be applied to them, though, of course, in an infinitely inferior sense. The phrase *divine ones* would express both the meaning and the reason. The incarnate Messiah must be exalted and glorified above these angels or *divine ones*, for they are commanded to worship him. He had an original claim to their worship as their Creator, Col. 1 : 19 ; but there is a new and additional ground for it in his being exalted as head over all principalities and powers, Phil. 2 : 9, 11 ; 1 Pet. 3 : 22 ; and this is what the apostle has immediately in view. Angels must recognize and bow to the authority of the incarnate Messiah.

7. And of the angels, he saith : "Who maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire." These words are taken from Ps. 104 : 4, to show that angels are inferior to Christ, from the inferior designations given them, and ministry assigned them. They are termed *his angels* or *messengers*, and *his ministers* or *servants* ; and God is said to make them *spirits*. The original word, both in Hebrew and Greek, signifies either spirits or winds. In favor of our translation it is alleged, that their being made spirits, best agrees with their being immaterial, intelligent beings, and with their being afterwards termed ministering spirits. Verse 14. On the other hand it may be observed, that their being made *winds* agrees best with their being made a *flame of fire* ; that by neither of these expressions is meant the substance or essence of angels, but what they are made *by office* ; and as fire and stormy wind are represented as God's servants fulfilling his word, Ps. 148 : 8 ; and the same thing is affirmed of angels, Ps. 103 : 20, 21 ; so they may here be compared to winds for their swiftness and alacrity in performing their messages, Dan. 9 : 21 ; and to a flame of fire on account of their ardor, power, and efficacy in executing their commission. The meaning in the epistle is evident. God's angels and ministering spirits, although great and glorious beings, are employed by him in the same way as the more ordinary agents of nature, winds and lightnings.

This representation is then set in contradistinction to that subsequently made of the Son. Verse 8, 9. But unto the Son *He saith*: Thy throne, etc. We have here a quotation from Ps. 45: 6, 7. This Psalm is, in the title of it, denominated, "A Song of Loves," and it is supposed by many interpreters to have been composed as a bridal poem, to celebrate the nuptials of Solomon with the daughter of Pharaoh. That it is a bridal song may be conceded; but we may well demur to this account of the personages whose union it is said to celebrate. Paul, in our text, applies verses 6, 7, to the Son of God, and we know of no reason why the entire Psalm should not be applied to the same glorious king. There is in it nothing characteristic of Solomon, whose reign was singularly peaceful; whereas, the king who here appears is described as a warlike prince, going forth to battle, in support of truth, and meekness, and righteousness; a progress that is far from being in unison with the prevailing pursuits of Solomon. The attributes that are given to the king who is the subject of this Psalm, are such as no mortal could appropriate without impious presumption; but which are, in their largest extent, descriptive of Him who is "King of righteousness and King of peace." The royal bride, whom the sacred poet celebrates, was no daughter of Pharaoh, but the mystic fair one who is spoken of in Rev. 21: 9; "Come hither, I will shew thee the bride, the Lamb's wife." "Her name will be remembered in all generations; her will the people praise for ever and ever." In this Psalm the words addressed to the Son are these: "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever." The Son is here called (*Theos*) God. The Hebrew is *Elohim*, a name which is never given to any individual angel, or human ruler, but to the Divine Ruler alone; yet the direct design of the apostle in citing this passage, is to set forth Christ's superiority to angels in respect of power and dominion as the King Messiah, whom God hath exalted, as appears from the different particulars here affirmed of him. See 2 Sam. 7: 13-16; Ps. 89: 36, 37; Isa. 9: 7; Dan. 2: 44. His throne endures for ever.

The next statement relates to the government of King Messiah. In harmony with various prophetic representations, it is described as characterized by righteousness. See Ps. 72: 1-4; Isa. 11: 4,

5, and 32 : 1. He is said to be *anointed*, in allusion to the anointing of the kings and high priests of Israel with the holy oil, when setting them apart to their office ; and it is here termed *the oil of gladness*, because the anointing of kings was a solemnity of great gladness and rejoicing. To anoint with the oil of joy, is figurative of reward and happiness. See Isa. 61 : 3. This is here promised to the Messiah as the result of that perfect righteousness and holiness which essentially belong to him, which prompted him to come into the world in order to vindicate the law and to do and suffer the will of God, and which will ever lead him to conduct the divine reign on the principles of perfect justice and right. "Above thy fellows or associates"—above all other monarchs. "Thy fellows" is equivalent to those who in common with thee possess royal authority, whether in earth or heaven. He by whom he was thus anointed is called his God. "Thy God hath anointed thee." God the Father bestows this reward upon his Son.

[For the Christian Repository.]

THOUGHTS OF THE DEAD.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN, NEW CASTLE, KY.

"The shadows of the tomb are here,
Yet beautiful is earth!
What seest thou, then, where no dim fear,
No haunting dream hath birth?"

Thou hast loved the sunset's glorious glow,
And the splendor of the stars,
When dimly viewed from the world below
Through thy dreary prison's bars.

Now thy spirit's free—it has rushed away
To the unknown lands of light!
And the chilling chains of thy fettering clay
Are left in the cells of night.

I know thou'rt calm, I know thou art blest,
Far off in the shadowy sphere,
With the starry dreams and beautiful rest
That the weary sigh for here.

Yet the world is dark without thy smile,
And my life seems but a void ; [while,
For the lamps are quenched where I bowed ere
And my heart's shrine is destroyed.

The angel of twilight wanders by
With her viewless beauty now—
But *alone* I gaze on the mystic sky,
And my soul sighs—Where art thou ?

Oh, thy lovely lip, and thy brow's young charms,
And thy clear eye's mirrored blue,
Seemed all too bright for Death's icy arms,
And the damp grave's blighting dew.

But I know thou art calm, I know thou art blest,
Far off in the shadowy sphere,
With the starry dreams and beautiful rest
That the weary sigh for here.

Family Visitant.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. S. R. FORD.

WILLIAM WINTERFIELD, THE YOUNG PASTOR.

BY MRS. F. E. GARNETT.

CHAP. V.—THE YOUNG PASTOR'S DOCTRINAL VIEWS A SUBJECT OF DISCUSSION.

How eagerly does presumptuous man often desire to thrust aside the drapery of the future that conceals from his vision mysteries which, if revealed, would utterly incapacitate him to endure the numerous "ills that flesh is heir to." An omniscient Creator has so disposed future events as to conceal them from our finite knowledge, having drawn between them and us an impervious veil, which can only be penetrated by time, the great revealer of all secrets.

William impatiently awaited the final termination of events at Luray, and would fain have caught at one dread glance a view of his future, over which the gloomy pall of sadness was gathering in sombre folds. The star of hope that beamed so radiantly upon his horizon was now obscured by clouds of disappointment, but occasionally its future gleamings would shed their vascillating light upon his pathway, luring him on by their deceptive rays.

Thus was he alternating between hope and fear, unable to decide what course to pursue, tremblingly awaiting the occurrence of some circumstance which might terminate his agonizing suspense. How vividly did each successive scene of life's panorama pass before him, as when, a few months by-gone, he came a solitary stranger to cast in his lot with the people of Luray. Sweet spring was then scattering her gay festoons of richly-variegated flowers o'er the emerald robe which nature had prepared for the earth. Summer soon added her tribute to the scene of floral beauty, and nature seemed reveling amid the delights she had thus prepared for man's enjoyment, when the season of the "sear and yellow leaf" added its golden tint to the gorgeous hues of summer, leaving him undecided relative to the comparative beauty of the successive seasons. But then came winter, with his stern and rigid visage, withering with his icy touch every scene of loveliness; and how typical seems his approach of the darkening destiny of the young pastor, whose history was marked by events so interesting and momentous!

Spring found him buoyant with life; summer witnessed a seeming approach of his hopes to fruition; autumn, with its lowering skies and shivering blasts, found a shadow resting gloomily upon them; and shall winter, dreary, desolate winter, behold them crushed by the blighting hand of disappointment? We will not essay to penetrate the veil of futurity that his fate may be hastily learned, but patiently wait until time slowly withdraws it, revealing all we so anxiously desire to know.

Painful were his reflections in regard to the distracted condition of the church at Luray, and he could not expel from his mind the harrowing thought, that he had been, to some extent, instrumental in engendering the strife. The membership was evidently no longer a unit, but presented that most gloomy spectacle—a divided house.

A respectable minority, composed of the fashionables who preferred display to the harmony of the church, resolved, at the suggestion of Mr. Danvers, to set up the melodeon, employ the opera singer, and have their church-music done up according to the latest style. Not condescending to consult the wishes of those who opposed the measure, they determined to persevere through all obstacles. "They would not regard their objections. Why should they be governed by such an 'old fogie' system. They must progress with the age."

Unkind feelings were excited in the hearts of those most remarkable for piety and uniform mildness; unkind words had been spoken, and there was a great lack of that truly conservative spirit so requisite to effect a reconciliation; clouds of scepticism were fast gathering over the sun of religion, and the shield of faith was becoming dimmed by the rust of suspicion.

William was now fully convinced that an error had been committed in attempting to coerce into measures brethren whose feelings were so at variance with their custom. They were not boisterous in their opposition, did not strenuously insist upon merely carrying a point, but determined to persevere in a firm stand against what they considered an exceedingly inexpedient custom. Their opposition arose not so much from the fact that they disliked the introduction of an instrument, (they did not relish it, however, by any means,) but because they considered it an "entering wedge" to greater innovations. Many of them were men of sterling worth, devoted piety, and acute discrimination, whose observation had proven to them, conclusively, that every departure from the simplicity of primitive worship tended, irretrievably, to that form of godliness, destitute of its power, against which the apostle so forcibly inveighs. They did not oppose a proposed improvement in singing, provided that improvement could be effected by a different instrumentality; but they could not quietly submit to have their children instructed in sacred music by one destitute of moral character, who had figured for years upon the boards of a theater and opera.

William did not approve the entire arrangement in his inner-heart, but had not the moral courage to avow his opposition to a proposal coming from those occupying the high places of earth.

[How humiliating to see Christ's ministers, who should boldly proclaim truth irrespective of the frowns of kings and potentates, making a compromise with fashion, wealth, and pride, prophesying smooth things to those whose fastidious ears they fear to offend; yea, more than this,—winking at the perpetration of absolute iniquity, and failing to reprove the guilty, because, forsooth, they occupy the high places of earth, and their coffers groan beneath the gold accumulated, perchance, by the cunning trick, the sly insinuation, or more bare-faced fraud! Pause, ye who stand on Zion's walls, and propound to yourselves the momentous question, "Am I acting faithfully, with the fear of God before my eyes, giving to each member of my congregation his portion, irrespective of his position in society? Do I fearlessly reprove vice wherever I discover it? Am I laboring for the glory of God and the spiritual advancement of his people? If your heart responds negatively, God is greater, and will certainly condemn you. Act, then, with the solemnities of eternity in contemplation, anticipating the dread tribunal before which you must finally be arraigned. Oh! that the gospel minister would exhibit a greater amount of independence and moral courage, that we might no longer behold the spirit of conformity to the world which now obtains among many of those who fill the sacred desk. Remember, O ye ministers of Christ, that you often preach more effectually by action than by word, and that all your pulpit efforts will be fruitless, unless illustrated by an humble, holy life.]

William's doctrinal sentiments were beginning to excite the inquiries of the investigating members of his congregation. The deacons, after a prayerful consideration of the subject, concluded to confer with him and get a more explicit avowal of his sentiments.

Deacon Grey, of whom little has been said, although usually silent and reserved, was a profound thinker. Being well-informed upon general subjects, he had made the doctrines of the Bible his special study. He read it understandingly, with other works expository of it, arriving at conclusions very deliberately; but when once convinced that the word of God taught a truth, vain were the efforts of man to dislodge him from the position assumed in regard to it.

Mrs. Selwyn, who was an attentive hearer, listened, half startled, to William's comments on the "Parable of the Sower," of which he gave a brief exposition at a recent prayer-meeting. She loved the truth with a perfect attachment, and, when its opposite appeared in the person of one whose teachings might lead astray many who confided in him, she could not be silent, but felt that she must converse freely with him, if, perchance, by her instrumentality, he might be enlightened. For this purpose she invited him out to tea, and, the deacons having communicated to her their anxiety, were included in the invitation.

They met at the time designated. Tea being dispatched, they repaired to the parlor, whose blazing fire and closed curtains gave it an air of comfort and cheerfulness, which caused Deacon Freeman to rub his hands in gleeful

appreciation of the substantial comforts of an old-fashioned log-fire. After the usual preliminaries about the weather, and the health of their respective families, he remarked, familiarly:

"Well, Billy, you have been to B——, have you? Did you get to hear Dr. A——?"

"O yes, I heard him several times, and his sermons were highly instructive."

"Pretty 'top-loftical,' I suppose."

"Not very," replied William, who at once comprehended the homely phrase. "They were altogether doctrinal, not much opportunity for rhetorical flourish, but he exhibited more logical acumen than I supposed him capable of. He's a fine reasoner, I assure you."

"'Doctrinal sermons!' you say. What doctrines did he discuss?"

"The final perseverance of the saints. He made that point the subject of three sermons."

"Well, it's very necessary, I think, for pastors to instruct their people in doctrine occasionally, but, somehow, I did not very well relish the dish you fixed up for us the other night from the Parable of the Sower. Why, it was real milk and cider doctrine. Did you really mean to teach apostacy, or falling from grace, as it is more familiarly called? Perhaps I did not fairly comprehend you."

"What were the peculiar thoughts advanced which did not meet your approbation, Bro. Freeman?"

"Well, you commented upon the action of the sower in committing the seed to the earth; spoke of its reception; the different results following, and, so far, so good; but, in your application of the subject, you make the stony-ground, upon which the seed sprung up quickly, represent the Christian once renewed, and exhibiting the fruits of Christianity, but afterwards making shipwreck of his faith and falling from grace. I don't think this a correct exposition of the parable. What think you, Bro. Grey?"

"I could not agree with Bro. Winterfield, and was pained to hear him advance such sentiments."

"I am certainly very much mistaken, brethren, if the doctrine of apostacy is not clearly taught in this parable. Examine it fairly. The heart of man is represented by soil in which seed are deposited. The sower, in committing them to the earth, comes in contact with stony-ground, in which the seed germinate quickly, spring up beautifully, but finally, from causes assigned, wither and decay, bringing no fruit to perfection. Now, you must observe, that the seed was deposited, found a lodgment, sprung up, but finally fell away. Please note the language of the Saviour in explaining it to the disciples: 'With gladness they received it (the word), but endured only for a time.' Why it's as plain as noonday to me. What else can it so effectually illustrate?"

"It certainly does illustrate the hearer of the word, for Christ tells his dis-

ciples so explicitly; but you have overlooked, entirely, the main point,—the reason the seed perished. Because it was on a rock, and had no depth of soil,—had no root. You know enough about farming, Billy, to know if a man wants to raise a good crop of corn, that he will select the best soil he can find on his farm, plow it deep, deposit the seed, and, with culture, he may make fine corn. He will not be such a blockhead as to put his corn into rocky, sterile soil, for he knows it will bring no fruit. Just so with the seed in the parable. It withered because it had no depth of earth. It was only surface-work. ‘They did not endure,’ because they had no root in themselves. Don’t you see? Mark the difference between this and the seed deposited in good ground. It took root deeply, sprung up, and brought forth fruit. Ah, there’s quite a difference—one only *sprung up*, the other *brought forth fruit*. A very striking illustration of some professors of religion, who appear to receive the word with joy, make a fine start, a loud profession, run well for a while, but, when temptations come, prove that the root of the matter was not in them. But here is the good ground hearer, who, perhaps, receives the word without much ado, yet the soil has been thoroughly broken up, and the seed has found a permanent lodgment. It germinates more slowly, may-be, than that in the stony ground, but the root is permanently fixed, and anon you see rich clusters of fruit blushing upon its branches. Now, if you please, do not quote this parable again to prove apostacy, for, really, it shows weakness in you.”

“Well, I will not contend, as there are numerous passages of Scripture, and illustrations also, that teach it more explicitly.”

“So you assert. Now for the proof. You have been hinting around this subject some time; we now want you to bring forth your strong reasons, if you have any. I’m no debater myself, but Bro. Grey is posted—he’ll be six to your half dozen; and I can slip in a word edge-ways once in a while.”

“Will you please state distinctly your position with regard to this doctrine, Bro. Winterfield,” said Deacon Grey.

“I believe, Bro. Grey, that the Bible expressly teaches that individuals may become Christians as we generally understand the phrase, but by disobedience may lose the favor of God and be finally lost. Why, the doctrine is as old as Adam himself. Behold him, and his lovely, innocent bride, in the garden of Eden. They were created pure and upright, and surrounded by every thing calculated to inspire love and excite obedience, but lo! they fell from their state of innocence, and became transgressors of God’s law.”

“But you doubtless remember, Bro. Winterfield, that Adam did not live under a similar dispensation to this in which we live, nor was he in the new covenant previous to the fall, but was under a covenant of works whose specifications were, Do and live. Being created innocent, he must remain upright by obedience. Viewing the subject from this point, you at once perceive the want of analogy in his case and that of a redeemed soul purified by the blood of Christ.”

“Well surely, Bro. Gray, if a being created upright, and pronounced by

God himself very good, could be susceptible of such a great moral change, his degenerate successors, who inherit from him a corrupt nature, would be peculiarly liable to perpetrate acts of disobedience."

"Very true, Bro. Winterfield, I readily admit that we inherit from our fallen progenitors a sinful nature, but this has nothing to do with the question at issue. No one will dispute this position, I presume. But are we not included in the new covenant of grace, differing materially from that under which Adam lived? And does not that covenant include within its boundary all who rely implicitly upon Christ as their Saviour? The specification is, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' No conditions but faith in him."

"Do I understand you to imply, Bro. Grey, that the man who believes shall be saved, no matter what his moral character may be? This is certainly the plain inference."

"By no means. You did not permit me to close the sentence as regards moral conduct. The man who truly believes will exhibit the fruits of holiness. He will possess a good moral character. His good works are the indisputable evidences that he has genuine faith; as the Apostle James expresses it, 'Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works.'"

"One thought just here, Bro. Grey. You have doubtless known persons professing faith in Christ, who evinced by their good works that they were really in Christ, but subsequently they return to their old habits and become as wicked as ever. I now remember a case of recent date that came under your observation. I allude to Dr. Bernard. I have seldom known an individual who gave more incontestible evidences of piety—walked uprightly in every respect. Why the church had an idea of giving him license to preach. But see how he turned out—a perfect apostate; fell from grace."

"Stop there, Bro. Grey, and let me slip a word in. I am truly glad you mentioned Bernard's case, Billy—a fine specimen of your doctrine, truly. But it's about of a piece with the balance of them. I happen to know something about this case though. Talk about Bernard being converted. Why, the week after he was baptized, I was passing Joe Spark's saloon, about ten at night, and he called me in, saying: 'Come here, Mr. Freeman, and see how your newly-made Baptist wears his dignity.' I followed him to a private room, the door being a little ajar, and there sat Bro. Bernard at a card-table, with three other fellows, a bottle in the midst, and they presuming to take the name of the pure and holy God in profanation upon their polluted lips. The next night, Bro. Bernard conducted the prayer-meeting, and no one made a more eloquent and touching prayer. Ah! there's many a wolf in sheep's clothing trying to deceive."

"You certainly acted very unfaithfully, Bro. Freeman, in not reporting him to the church immediately."

"Well, I had reasons, not necessary to mention, for not doing so, and it all turned out just right at last."

"This is an extreme case, Bro. Freeman, as you must admit, and I can

refer you to others, who, for years, lived humble, pious lives, as far as we could judge from their external deportment, but finally went into sin, giving no subsequent evidences of reclamation. What think you of such cases? We judge the tree by its fruit."

"Such cases are very rare. I can safely say that I have never known such an one. I have known persons who went to church with long faces, and made long prayers, who were pretty correct in their conduct as far as the surface, but after awhile the cloven-foot would peep out, and you would discover them as they always were, long-faced hypocrites, whited sepulchers. I can't now remember one instance of an humble, pious, God-fearing man falling from grace, and I have watched men pretty closely, Billy, that's a part of my business. I will take a case though, such as you have described. One who was *apparently* pious, and fell, and I just believe that the root of the matter was never in him, or *he would have endured to the end*. Why, it's the easiest matter in the world for a man to assume the garb of Christianity, it's so loosely worn by most of those professing to be Christians. Religion is quite fashionable, too, these days. A man is scarcely considered one of the *ton* unless he belongs to the church, rents his pew, has it nicely cushioned off, and sports his gilt-edged bible and hymn-book. All this is easily accomplished, and he may make heavy contributions to the missionary-box, and charity fund; may walk pretty straight in the general; and all this outside show, this whited sepulcherism is swallowed down by the people, although he may be sadly deficient in personal piety. He's a man of influence, you must wink at his little foibles by all means. But he falls from grace, and such a shock as the cause receives! But mind you, he had no depth of earth. The seed was deposited on a rock with but little soil; sprung up quickly, but brought no fruit to perfection. Remember, the promise is only to those who endure to the end, and when they are truly the children of God by adoption, they will endure. You perceive that the Saviour says nothing about the seed perishing which was sown in good ground; it brought fruit to perfection. Why, it appears to me that he could not have selected an illustration which would have proven more clearly the doctrine of perseverance. O, you must give this parable up; it will not sustain your doctrine."

"You will doubtless admit, Bro. Freeman, that there are numbers of passages in which the doctrine is taught, if not in this parable."

"No, sir. I won't admit any such a thing, not a bit of it. Why, it undermines the very foundations of God's power, and throws the whole matter of salvation upon man's shoulders. No such milk and cider doctrine as that for me. Give me a plan by which God is glorified."

"And do you think He is glorified in saving man, irrespective of his moral character?"

"No, sir. Nor will he save him without a moral character of the right stamp; but true faith, which is His gift, will impart to man the right kind of a moral character. If he believes to the saving of his soul, he will walk

uprightly. He may sometimes do wrong, for even the apostle Paul lamented a disposition that sometimes influenced him to do evil, but I tell you a Christian will not live in the habitual practice of sin, nor do I believe that a man, when truly converted, as we understand the term, will lose his religion and be finally lost. He does not record a man's name in the book of life, get angry because of his imperfections, and scratch it off again. Not a bit of it. He does not blot up the 'Book' in that way."

"Here is another thought, Bro. Winterfield," said Deacon Grey. "God has promised to His children an inheritance, sealed and made sure to them by the blood of the ever acting covenant. An earthly parent may intend to bestow upon his child an inheritance, but the child by disobedience may excite his anger and be disinherited. Not so our Heavenly Father. He is God, and changes not; and as sure as His throne endureth, so sure will he bestow the inheritance upon those who are in the covenant by faith. 'He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust, and like as a father fitteth his children, so the Lord fitteth those that fear him.' I bless God that we have an high priest who can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, having been tempted at all points, like as we are, yet without sin."

"You here represent God as pitying, and bearing with His erring children. Can you tell me how far they may depart by disobedience and still not transcend the limits of His mercy and forbearance?"

"No, I cannot fix the boundaries of His mercy, but I can tell you how far a child of God will not go in disobedience. He will not transcend the limits of God's mercy if he is truly a Christian; because he is kept by God himself, and does not dare to test His mercy in any such a way."

"To return to your argument based upon the Christian's heirship, I agree with you that God's promises are immutable, but we disagree as to the condition upon which they are predicated. He certainly will bestow the inheritance upon those for whom He designed it, but did He not intend it for those who obey Him? He surely will not bestow it upon the disobedient.

"Of course He will not bestow it upon the disobedient. Faith is the condition of heirship; that faith works by love, and purifies the heart. The emotions of the heart influence the conduct, and here you have a connected chain of cause and effect. The individual enjoying this faith represents precisely the character upon which God will bestow the inheritance."

"And you think he will never lose this faith?"

"Never! It is not at all times in lively exercise, and then he may lose, to some extent, the fervor of devotion; may backslide, and do, as the Apostle said, the evil that he would not."

"Let me ask you a question just here, Bro. Grey. Suppose while in this back-slidden state he should die, will he not be lost?"

"By no means. His faith has not failed him utterly. It is only beclouded. He is still the heir. The inheritance is his. There is a principle within, which will not let him sin so as to lose his inheritance."

"I ask you again, Bro. Gray, how far may a Christian go in sin and still not lose his inheritance."

"The question answers itself, my brother. A Christian indeed, now mark the language, a Christian, not a professor, cannot go into extremes of sin, and why? because 'his seed remaineth in him.' The vitalizing principle is there, and it will keep him, not from stumbling, but from falling." You know, Bro. Winterfield, if you are a christian, that there is in your heart a continual warfare, as the Apostle expresses it, between 'the flesh and the spirit.' The introduction of spiritual life has not exterminated the old man of sin. No sooner is the divine principle implanted than the warfare commences. 'The carnal mind is enmity against God, is not subject to His law, neither indeed can be.' When, therefore, this illuminating principle is introduced, the christian at once discovers his carnality, mourns over it, and strives to subdue it, but like the Hydra, he may conquer at one point, but other difficulties are developed. Hence the warfare. But will the carnal man triumph over the spiritual? By no means. God has promised to keep his children. How? By His power. Then if the enemy of souls has power to palsy the arm of Omnipotence, we will be lost, but not until this is accomplished. But how long has He promised to keep us? A year? Ten years? Unto salvation! Blest be his holy name, we depend on no uncertain power, but the puissant arm of God Almighty."

"It does appear to me, Bro. Grey, that this doctrine is calculated to do a great amount of harm. I dare not preach it."

"How, Bro. Winterfield?"

"Why to say the least of it, it encourages to slothfulness and indifference, and even to disobedience. A man is safe any how, no matter what he does. The inheritance is so secured to him that his disobedience cannot wrest it from him."

"Well it may have this tendency with nominal professors, but not so with true christians. I think if a man is truly a child of God, you may give him the privilege, if I may so call it, of enjoying all of earth's pleasures, and participating in its follies, in a word give him loose rein to do as he may please, with the consciousness, it all will be no barrier to his entrance into heaven, and he still has no desire to engage in them. Do you understand me? I mean that the christian is not merely trying to escape perdition and get to heaven, but it is his meat and his drink to do his Master's will. The divine principle within prompts to obedience, not merely to escape punishment and discharge duty, but because he loves his Father, and desires to obey Him. Show me the man who would go into sin because he could do it with impunity, and I will show you one who loves sin, whose heart has never been renewed by the Spirit of God, and would commit sin in the face of any doctrine that might be proclaimed. The great mistake, Bro. Winterfield, is that the foundation is not permanently laid in the first place. Get that all right, the man soundly converted, the affections of his heart changed, a principle introduced

which will crucify the old man with his affections and lusts, get all who profess religion thus regenerated and you will hear no more of falling from grace. 'Tis not the christians that fall, but the professors. It's a nice point to be a christian, Bro. Winterfield. 'Not every one that saith Lord, Lord, shall inherit eternal life.' You remember that five of the virgins had no oil in their lamps. Ah! I fear that too many in the present day merely carry the lamp of profession without the oil of divine grace."

"Do I understand you to imply that all who fall away are merely professors of religion, and not really christians?"

"That is my opinion, and I think the word of God justifies the conclusion.

"Then quite a large number of persons are self-deceived."

"'Tis a melancholy fact which calls for much prayer and self-examination. Our Saviour said that many would seek to enter, but would not be able. Hear His reply to those who claimed admittance for their good works. 'Then shall they say in that day, Lord have we not prophesied in thy name, and done many wonderful works.' 'Then will I say to them I never knew you, depart from me ye workers of iniquity.' Men may profess Christ, run well for awhile, but if the root of the matter is not in them they will not endure, and if they do not endure, it is proof conclusive that it is not in them. But we have consumed quite an amount of time in giving our opinions, let us have some arguments in favor of apostacy. You believe the bible teaches it, I wish you, if you please, to produce your scriptural reasons in support of this opinion."

"We will examine a few of the most prominent, Bro. Grey. Turn to Ezekiel 18 : 24 ; 'But when the righteous turneth away from his righteousness, and committeth iniquity, and doeth according to all the abominations that the wicked man doeth, shall he live? All his righteousness that he hath done shall not be mentioned; in his trespass that he hath trespassed, and in his sin that he hath sinned, in them shall he die.' You perceive from this very pointed, and explicit language that the righteous man can turn away from his righteousness and be lost. Why if there were but this passage in proof, it is enough."

"It makes that impression upon the superficial reader, I am aware, but examine it more closely with the circumstances connected. It is very evident that the sacred writer meant self-righteousness."

"Pardon me, Bro. Grey, but I must interrupt you. Can it be possible he meant self-righteousness, when the word of God abounds in denunciations against it. What! God threaten to punish a man for turning away from self-righteousness. Preposterous! Your cause is a bad one if you are forced to sustain it by such argument."

"Permit me to explain without further interruption, if you please. The prophet was speaking of the Israelites, who lived under the ceremonial law, a perfect system of self-righteousness. That law of works required them to do and live. Their salvation was predicated upon that condition, if therefore,

they failed to comply with the conditions they could not hope for salvation. How materially different from the gospel dispensation under which christians now live; don't you see the point? But we must discontinue our discussion. We will resume it to-morrow night if it meet your approbation.

(To be Continued.)

GRACE TRUMAN,
OR
LOVE AND PRINCIPLE.

BY MRS. S. R. FORD.

CHAP. XV.—THE SABBATH MORNING BAPTISM.

“One of those days to mortals given
To win our souls from earth to heaven.”

LONG before the appointed hour, a crowd had assembled at the place designated for the administration of the ordinance. Some present were to witness it for the first time. There had not been a baptism in Weston for many a day; never since a traveling Methodist preacher had baptized old Mr. Curd, who, though he could hopelessly fall from grace, as he supposed, yet could not satisfy his conscience with any thing short of immersion. To all it was a novel scene, which the position of the candidates served to heighten in interest. And men and women, old and young, masters and servants, had all turned out, each one anxiously desirous to obtain a situation from which the ceremony could be observed.

It was a beautiful spot, the one selected for the baptism. The creek, having passed over a dam a few yards above, spread out at this point in a smooth, tranquil sheet, whose crystal waters, like a mirror, sent back from its unruffled surface the glorious light of heaven. On the further side from the village, there stretched back from the bank of the stream a little meadow, now clad in its garment of russet and green, while all along the edge of the water there stood gigantic old sycamores, whose leafless branches still bent caressingly over the child of their bosom, though they could no longer give her protection from the noon-day sun. Their infancy had looked on a race long since gone! their age was now to witness, for the first time, the celebration of a simple rite which had its origin in the far-off wilderness of Judea, and which had been preserved, by the faithful followers of their Master, through the fall of nations and the decay of empires, through trials, and persecution, and blood. Surely not one jot or tittle shall pass away till all be fulfilled.

On the one side, next the village, there was a gradual descent to within a

few yards of the edge of the water, where the bank extended itself into a smooth, level plat, from the dam above, to the little foot-bridge a few hundred yards below. Nature seemed to have designed that spot for the administration of the most beautiful and solemn ordinance of the word of God, so admirably was it adapted to the purpose.

The day, too, was a lovely one. Earth, air, and sky, all conspired to throw an additional charm around the impending rite. The sun looked down from the blue heavens above upon the quiet scene below with a smile of glorious effulgence; the air, wearing that peculiar softness of November, tempered, while it diffused his brightness and his glory. Earth seemed wrapped in holy repose, such as we imagine enshrouded Eden during the sabbath of sinless rest, ere the taste of the forbidden fruit "brought death and all our woe."

"And will you not go to see me baptized, father?" asked Fannie, tremulously, of the old man, as he sat in the corner, with downcast eyes, and that dark, dreadful frown crowning his brow. She was all ready to step into the carriage.

He looked at her a moment, as if surprised at her question. "Go to see you baptized, Fannie! No, that I won't. I can see no daughter of mine dipped!"

She leaned over him and kissed his darkened brow, while the silent tears coursed each other down her sorrowful cheeks.

"For thee, my Saviour, for thee!" she exclaimed to herself, as, with breaking heart, she turned away. Her mother gently took her hand, and led her to the carriage, which stood ready at the door. Mr. Lewis was awaiting them. He gazed on his cousin with an expression of the deepest sympathy; and, whispering in her ear, "Fear not, Fannie; he will be with you," handed her into the carriage, and, seating himself by her side, they drove to the water.

The minister, with Mr. Holmes and Grace, Annie and her brother, together with most of the little band, stood on the brow of the declivity, awaiting them. Mr. Holmes's countenance beamed with joy and love. His heart was filled that confidence and hope which lift the soul above the present life, and give to it visions of the unseen glory. His faith was "the substance of things hoped for," the sure evidence of things not seen.

As the little company wended their way down the slope, they sung that stirring song—

"In all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

"Through duty, and through trials, too,
I'll go at his command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
For Immanuel's land.

“And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be :
‘Hinder me not; come, welcome death,
I’ll gladly go with thee.’”

The effect upon the audience was magical. It was hushed to the profoundest silence. Those who had come from motives of curiosity were melted to tears; those who had come to laugh and jeer, were seized, as if under conviction for sin; a feeling of awe pervaded the whole assembly. The Spirit of God was in their midst, and they could not, they wished not to deride and mock. Old and young; men in the noontide of strength and vigor, indifferent and unmoved about their soul’s salvation; young men in life’s spring-time, regardless of any duty to God; matrons and maidens, all were overcome by the impressiveness of the solemn scene; and tears found their way to eyes that seldom wept.

Still the little band moved on with slow and solemn step; still their notes of praise rung out on the hushed air.

Fannie leaned upon the arm of Mr. Lewis. Her heart was sad, bowed even nigh to breaking, for on it rested the weight of her father’s sore displeasure. Mr. Lewis, whose soul was fixed upon the promises of Jehovah, who felt all the comfort, all the bliss of faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and all the happiness of entire obedience to his commands—whose every feature bespoke the peace and joy of “believing,” endeavored to re-assure her as they passed on; but “a wounded spirit, who can bear?”

Her soul was racked beneath the conflict of contending emotions; she felt that she was giving up all of earthly happiness. She was acting in direct opposition to her father’s expressed will; and that father, bowed down by the grief of her disobedience, had positively refused to see her baptized. She was severing herself from all of her early associations. Those she had known from her childhood days, whose hearts had treasured her with a sister’s love, would now turn from her cold and indifferent; and there was one far dearer to her than all other friends—one to whom she had given her highest, holiest, earthly love, and she was now about to meet the doom of separation from him—from all she loved. She wondered if he would be there, or would he stay away, and thus manifest his disapprobation of her course. She prayed, O, so fervently, that God would direct his steps thither, and there convince him, by his own mighty power, of the obligation that yet rested upon him as a follower of the blessed Redeemer. “Grant me this, O my Father! I ask no more; lead him in the paths of all righteousness for thy name’s sake.”

She leaned heavily on the arm of her cousin for support. She was almost ready to sink beneath the burden of her sorrows. Her mother followed behind her; her deep sobbings fell upon her ear during the intervals between the words of the song, and pierced her bosom to its deepest depths.

Mrs. Holmes clung to her daughter with that love which only a mother’s heart can feel under such trying circumstances. She did not disapprove the

act her daughter was about to perform; she thought only of the painful, fearful consequences to her affectionate nature. How dark, O how very dark did the future appear as it arrayed itself before her. She fully comprehended her daughter's situation; she knew what must be the effects of blighted hope on a heart so young, so pure, so trusting; and she knew, too, that to all this sorrow would be added that of her father's unmitigated disapprobation. If that father had but come to see his daughter baptized, it would have been some consolation; but he would not. The mother's heart, as well as the daughter's, was well-nigh breaking. Her faith was dimmed to darkness; she saw the picture in its deepest shadow, and could not realize that light *could ever* gild its blackness.

As they approached the stream, the crowd parted on either side, and they passed through to the water's edge. As the last words of the song died away, there was a stillness as of the grave. Lifting up his trembling hands on high, the aged man offered up a short, beseeching prayer to God for his blessing on what was now to be done in his name, that grace might be given to those who were there to testify to the world their love to Christ and their willingness to follow him in all of his commands; to grant to them that "perfect love which casteth out all fear."

And with his went up from the stricken heart at his side, earnest supplication, "Be with me, O my God, be with me! Give me strength to do thy will! O take not thy presence from me in this my hour of need! I do it all for thee—in obedience to thy command! I leave father and mother, kindred and friends, all—all to follow thee! O leave me not, nor forsake me! still my strength and helper be! Support me! O support me!"

And there came a voice as if from heaven, saying, "Fear not, lo! I am with you; follow me. I will be thy guide and support; I bled that *thou* mightst live; I poured out my soul in death for *thy* redemption. Canst thou not trust me? Look up, look up, and see me on the cross bleeding, dying, that *thou* mightst be saved. Have I not said, every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life. I have kept thee thus far, and can I not preserve thee to the end?"

She *could* trust; she did trust! And, as the prayer closed, she threw aside her vail, and those around her saw her face beaming, as it had been the face of an angel. All fear, all doubt, was gone. "She knew in whom she had trusted."

Giving her bonnet to Annie Gray, who stood by her side, she took the arm of her brother, and followed the minister and Mr. Lewis into the water. As she stood, her hair thrown back from her calm brow, and her hands folded on her peaceful bosom, while a smile of ineffable sweetness and truth lighted up her placid face, she presented a picture of unearthly loveliness. And never, in coming time, did that vision pass from the remembrance of those that saw her. There was one beholder who perceived it in all its intensity and power

it had burned itself in upon his heart in ever-enduring characters, and often, in after years, did he revert to it with feelings akin to adoration.

On a slight eminence, and a little way above the stream, and apart from the crowd, there stood a man, his form enveloped in a cloak, and his hat shading his face. No one observed him, for all eyes were directed to the group in the water. But there he stood *alone*, with folded arms and downcast look, while the big tears followed each other down his sorrowful cheeks.

"There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these are one. And there are three that bear witness on earth, the Spirit, and the water, and the blood, and these three agree in one,

"And in obedience to the command of my Lord and Saviour, and after his example, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen."

A moment, and Mr. Lewis arose from the liquid grave, to walk in newness of life.

Fannie stood with closed eyes, while her brother submitted to the ordinance which publicly testified his death to sin, and his resurrection to a life of faith and holiness. Her heart was communing with her Saviour; she was tasting of that bliss which the soul feels when God, from off the mercy-seat, reveals himself to man.

Her lips moved, but no sound was heard. When it came her turn to be "buried with Christ in baptism," she cast an earnest, searching glance upon the crowd; then, closing her eyes, she was "planted in the likeness of the Saviour's death," that she might "be also in the likeness of his resurrection."

As she arose, she said, so as to be heard by all near, "I thank thee, O my God, that thou hast given me strength to do thy will; praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name."

As she reached the bank, she was caught in the arms of her mother, who, with tears of joy, pressed her to her heart. "Bless de Lord! bless de Lord!" was heard above the voice of the surrounding weeping, and old Aunt Peggy was seen making her way to where the group stood, exclaiming, as she went, "Bless de Lord! bless de Lord!" She shook the hand of each, while her happy old face was bathed in tears, and her soul too full of joy for aught save praise to God for his great mercy. And, as she passed through the crowd, shaking the hand of all she met, her overflowing heart gushed forth in thanksgiving and love.

One and another came forward to extend to them the hand of Christian fellowship and welcome into the church of Christ on earth. The benediction was pronounced, and the little company ascended the hill, singing, as they went—

"Jesus, mighty King in Sion,
Thou alone our guide shalt be;
Thy commission we rely on—
We would follow none but thee.

“As an emblem of thy passion,
 And thy viet’ry o’er the grave,
 We, who know thy great salvation,
 Are baptized beneath the wave.

“Fearless of the world’s despising,
 We the ancient path pursue;
 Buried with our Lord, and rising
 To a life divinely new.”

During the meeting, which continued through the following week, others were brought into the fold of the great Shepherd, and became members of his visible kingdom. And often, in after years, when the little handful had become a mighty people, and success and prosperity crowned the efforts of their loved pastor, Mr. Lewis, did they assemble at this spot to witness the ordinance of baptism at his hands, but never, *never*, again did their hearts so overflow with praise and thanksgiving, as on that beautiful Sabbath morning when he and the reclaimed husband, and the faithful heroine, were united to their feeble band.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY, OR VISIBLE RELIGION.

Christians are the lights of the world. I will, therefore, consider the nature and quality of light.

There is nothing more useful in all the universe of God than light. In the absence of light, the world would be in darkness. And but for the light of the Son of Righteousness, our moral world would still be in darkness. All Christians are light in the Lord. Eph. 5 : 8, 9, 10: “For ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord: walk as children of light; (for the fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness, and righteousness, and truth;) proving what is acceptable unto the Lord.” And from the relations they sustain to Christ and the church, they must shine as lights in the world. Christ, while he was in the world, was the light of the world, and so calls himself. John 8 : 12: “Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.” Matt. 4 : 16: “The people which sat in darkness, saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death, light is sprung up.” The light of Christ was not confined alone to the Jews, but to the Gentiles also. Luke 2 : 32: “A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.” John 9 : 5: “As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world.”

In these and many other passages light is permanently applied to Christ. Because he is in the moral world what the sun is in the natural world. The sun, in the natural world, is the great dispenser of light and heat. It revives

and warms both animate and inanimate nature. It animates and sustains both the animal and vegetable kingdoms. It throws its pencils, rays, and beams of light on every dark spot of earth. So our Lord Jesus Christ, by his precepts, and his example, and by his holy life, imparts life and light to our moral world. He throws back darkness and pours a flood of light upon our moral world, and incircles the brow of man with a halo of glory.

Christ imparted light to the apostles and early Christians. Then they were truly styled the "light of the world." The church was then most emphatically the great light-house of the moral world. It is very questionable with me whether it now has that amount of life and light which it had in the days of Christ and the apostles. All Christians were then styled lights, and the light of the world. They then reflected their light on this dark and benighted world. They were as a candle "on a candlestick," "a city that is set on a hill cannot be hid." Such they should be now. They should reflect their light; they should radiate it upon all around them. If they do not, they are not Christians after the pattern given in the New Testament. They have never been moulded in that form of doctrine taught by Christ and his apostles. They are still in darkness and without the light of Christ and the gospel. If they are Christians, they are light in the Lord, and, as such, they are commanded to let their light shine before others: "Let your light so shine before men," etc. Christians are the embodied light of Christ. How exemplary should they be! They should remember their publicity—that the eyes of an impenitent world are turned towards them; the eyes of this vain, vexatious, restless, and running-to-hell world is upon them. The most trifling, yea, the meanest individual, becomes public so soon as he makes a profession of religion and takes up the cross of Christ. Their conduct and actions are scanned and scrutinized by all those with whom they mix, either in private or in public life—every word construed into one of piety or impiety. All their actions watched as with the eye of a hawk. Therefore, Christians should be careful not to engage in those things which will injure their influence or standing in the church. They should remember that some actions are more public than others, and in these must be essentially guarded. We must be careful in our conversation. We should converse chiefly about Jesus and the cross; make religion the theme of conversation. I would earnestly exhort all Christians to cultivate a skill in conversation—to improve their conversational powers; let religion, Christ, and the cross be the topic of discourse; to say less about your neighbors, the world, politics, fashions, and vain amusements, and more about Christ and him crucified—religion, the highest consideration of man; and in nothing glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. Let our walk be consistent, and our conversation be about heaven and eternal things. Let our piety be unquestionable. If it does not carry conviction to others, we should begin to doubt its genuineness; "For faith without works is dead."

Let me ask Christians how far they have come up in making their religion visible? as the Bible is not the road, but points out the way, so good works are not the road to heaven, but the evidence we are in it.

G. W. R.

[For the Christian Repository.]

OBITUARY.

BY MRS. F. E. GARNETT.

"She, being dead, yet speaketh."

Speaketh! How? Not in words of tender endearment, as in the regretted by-gones over which thou art now weeping, nor yet in accents of encouragement as when her energetic spirit urged thee onward to vigorous effort; nor with gentle chidings, as when, in wayward mood, thou didst wound the sweet spirit that ever with meekness endured thy freaks of petulence; neither in tones of solemn warning, as when her ever-watchful eye descried danger or temptation in the veiled future—yet, *husband*, she speaks to thee. From the silent charnel-house of death thy much-loved wife, CYNTHIA T. LEE, speaks loudly to thee. She bids thee remember that the vows of God are upon thee; that thou hast said to the world, "I am a follower of Christ, my Redeemer, and am seeking a city, a heavenly inheritance, incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away." Oh! she bids thee be ever on thy guard, lest thy garments be stained by the contaminating influence of earth. She bids thee think of the solemn judgment-scenes, that are rapidly approximating, in which thou, her husband, must be an active participator, and warns thee to have on thy "wedding garment," "oil in thy lamp," and be ready to "meet the bridegroom at his coming."

And to you, her children, how tender, earnest, and solemn is the warning that comes up from the sepulchral stillness of yon green mound, which closes over the loving heart of a beloved mother. She bids you "remember your Creator in the days of your youth," and dedicate the vigor of your lives and the first pure, out-gushings of your young hearts to Him. She speaks to you of the snares that lie concealed beneath the flowers you pause to pluck along life's pathway, and warns you of the thorns that pierce even while you are inhaling their fragrance. In the last struggle with the "King of Terrors" she beckoned you to her death-couch, and, with that tenderness that only a mother feels, confided you to the guardian care of Him who has promised to be the orphan's friend. God has taken care of you poor, motherless ones, and that mother calls upon you now, from the silent recesses of the tomb, to prepare to meet Him in judgment.

Husband, children, she admonishes you to "view the ground where you must shortly lie." And oh! she speaks of a mansion, a glorious Eden-home, where flowers, unfading, bloom, and joys, unceasing, flow, and bids you meet her there. She was an humble, faithful Christian on earth, and now she tunes an angel's harp, and invites you to unite with her in voicing the praises of "Him who redeemed you and gave Himself for you," "she, being dead, yet speaketh." Will you not hearken to her?

STRAY LEAVES.

BY MRS. A. O. SMITH.

Through all the vicissitudes of life I have ever trusted in thee, my God. Amidst affluence, and surrounded by friends, I forgot not life was as a dew-drop exhaling in the morning sun. Earth was made not an abiding-place for man, but a preparatory school for a higher one. Let us be delighted and studious in the lesson which is to be recited to our august teacher. Before that tribunal no prompting can be heard. As we behold our image in a faultless mirror, exposed we stand before our omnipotent Judge.

As two to two is clearly demonstrated, our account must be rendered to one who can make no miscalculation. Truth is omnipotent and immutable. The earth is very beautiful, and spreads out beneath our feet enameled in bright flowers and sparkling streams; breezes come to us from far-off climes laden with fragrance; gentle showers cool the parched earth, and murmuring waters invite the ear to delicious repose. For these blessings let us be thankful, but not forgetful, there is a better world prepared for man made perfect.

The yawning abyss—the desert wastes of earth—the unfathomable and treacherous deep—all proclaim, in potent language, the indignation of a God. Who can doubt it, as the vivid lightning plays athwart the darkened firmament, and deep-rolling thunder shakes the earth below? when the great deep rolls in waves mountain-high, and the hurricane's breath levels the mighty forest? But the rainbow of promise, on the bosom of the storm-riven cloud, bids us be cheerful, and tells of a more glorious home in store for the children of God.

It is impossible for man to conceive the pristine beauty of the creation. Beyond the wildest fancy of the poet must the embodiment of the conception of a God have been, and we cease to wonder that the devil envying this immaculate architecture, sought and succeeded in defacing its perfection.

Behold the goodness of God! For man's sake he curses the earth, and offers him a better home. But, with sinful tenacity, he clings to his mother-earth, for the serpent's breath has poisoned him too. O, polluted earth! a deluge of water failed to wash away the stain. Emerging from thy forty days' bath, seeking an emblem of purity by which to assure man of safety on thy bosom, once more he becomes thy lord. But alas! sin found a resting-place too in the ark. Coiling his convoluted folds in some corner, unsuspected by the pilot, he lay concealed, and, in his supernatural subtlety, planning his egress.

Thus often we deem our hearts purged from uncleanness, but sin, in a latent form, only awaits an opportunity to show his gigantic proportions. Satan again accompanied man in his pilgrimage. Long continuing is God's love and mercy. Moved with compassion, He sends divinity itself to arrest man's hell-bound course. But so enveloped is the human race in ignorance and superstition, they recognize not its source, deny and crucify him.

Oh! woeful must now have been thy doom but for mercy and faith. Mercy upholds our tottering limbs, and faith, with unerring finger, points to the better home beyond this world.

Louisville, June, 1856.

MOMENTS WITH MASTER MINDS.

In spite of all that the villain of a school-master has done for the ruin of our sublimer thoughts, which are the thoughts of our infancy, we still believe in no such nonsense as a limited atmosphere. Whatever we may swear with our false feigning lips, in our faithful hearts we still believe, and must forever believe, in fields of air traversing the total gulf between earth and the central heavens. Still, in the confidence of children that tread without fear every chamber in their father's house, and to whom no door is closed, we in that sabbatic vision which sometimes is revealed for an hour, of a clear moonlight night, ascend with easy steps from the sorrow-stricken fields of earth upwards to the sandals of God.—*De Quincey.*

Hell is paved with good intentions.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

The noble mind may be clouded by adversity, but cannot be wholly concealed: for true merit shines by a light of its own, and, glimmering through the rents and crannies of indigence, is perceived, respected, and honored by the generous and truly great.—*Cervantes.*

Oh the grave!—the grave! It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering beneath his feet.—*Irving.*

Many men think they have a command of language, when language has a command of them.—*Bacon.*

Words are the money of fools, but the counters of wise men.—*Hobbs.*

To divest oneself of some prejudices would be like removing the skin from the ends of the fingers that we might feel the better.—*Greville.*

He that will not reason is a bigot, he that cannot reason is a fool, and he that dares not reason is a slave.—*Drummond.*

God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make no heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am, no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling, if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakspeare to

open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.—*Channing.*

Among those people where great passions speak but at intervals, natural feelings are much more often heard. In more elevated ranks they are absolutely smothered, and under the guise of feeling it is nought save interest or vanity that speaks.—*Rousseau.*

Literature is the voice of the age and the state. The character, energy, and resources of the country are reflected and imaged forth in its great minds. They are the organs of time; they speak not their own language, they scarcely think their own thoughts; but under an impulse like the prophetic enthusiasm of old, they must feel and utter the sentiments which society inspires. From the moment in the destiny of nations, that they descend from their culminating point, and begin to decline, from that moment the voice of creative genius is hushed, and, at best, the age of criticism, learning, and imitation succeeds. The freedom and genius of a country are invariably gathered into a common tomb.—*Everett.*

All mankind love a lover. Though the celestial rapture falling out of heaven seized only upon those of tender age, and although we can seldom see after thirty a beauty overpowering all analysis or comparison, and putting us quite beside ourselves, yet the remembrance of these visions outlasts all other remembrances, and is a wreath of flowers on the oldest brows. No man ever forgot the visitation of that power to his heart and brain which created all things new—which was the dawn in him of music, poetry, and art—which made the face of nature radiant with purple light—the morning and the night varied enchantments.—*Emerson.*

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

JULY 1, 1857.

FRANCIS WAYLAND.—The following letter, unexpectedly received, we have taken the liberty to lay before our readers:

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 8, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR:— * * * * * I rejoice that so valuable a religious magazine is published in the Southwest, and so well adapted for general and for Baptist reading. The articles seem to me to be of unusual merit, and the best evidence of it is, that Mrs. Ford's contribution, the story of Grace Truman, is having so wide a circulation. I have heard it spoken of no where but with very high appreciation. Suffer me to congratulate her on her eminent success. Your Repository deserves a large circulation, and I am happy to learn that it has it. * * * * *

Yours, truly,

F. WAYLAND.

ELDER W. JOHNSON, OF GHENT.—We understand that an unfair attack was made, some time since, on this brother in the Cincinnati Christian Review, by B. Franklin. Among other things, it was stated that Elder Johnson was a member of no church. A defense of Elder Johnson against any such insinuations we deem totally unnecessary. We can inform Benj. Franklin, and all others, that the Baptists fully endorse William Johnson, of Ghent, as a man, a Christian, and a Baptist minister. In purity of life and doctrine he stands above suspicion, one of our best and ablest men. We know him, personally and thoroughly, and knowing the Baptists of Kentucky, can speak for him and them in this matter. We demand of Mr. Franklin to withdraw his insinuations, or sustain them. If he will do neither, he will cover himself with odium.

GRACE TRUMAN TRIUMPHANT.—One of the oldest pastors in the State writes us:—"Tell Sister Ford that two Presbyterian ladies in this city have read Grace Truman, and convinced by its arguments, have come out Baptists."

THE BAPTIST PASTORS, CITY OF NEW YORK.—At a recent meeting discussed the character and merits of Grace Truman, and it was decided that the book ought to be placed in every Baptist family, and that its appearance at this time was providential, as it would check the tendency to open communion.

BATTLE OF FREEDOM.—By S. H. Ford. The first edition of three thousand copies of this little work were sold within a few months from its issue; of the second edition about two hundred copies only are left. The writer is not willing to comply with divers requests to republish it. The few on hand are the last of them. Who wants them? 150 pages, price 50 cents.

DANVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.—We had the pleasure of witnessing the commencement exercises of this young and growing institution. Some two years since we passed through Danville, and in that beautiful little city with its renowned Center College, we learned to our surprise, that there was but one small female school there, of some twenty scholars, and it about to close. We returned again a year since, and learned that an effort was about to be made to establish a first class female seminary. But success seemed doubtful. The Baptist Church there—what could it do toward purchasing property and carrying on a large school? But, invited to deliver an address there the past month, what was our surprise to find a large dwelling, with beautiful grounds, owned by the Baptists of Danville, and a Female Seminary equal to any we are acquainted with in the State. Of the school and its exercises we can hardly speak too highly. Bro. Pomroy is among the first of scholars and teachers in the land. We urge upon the Baptists of Boyle, Lincoln, Mercer, Washington, and the whole of the South District Association, to support by their influence and patronage this noble institution.

SIN AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST.—A small tract. Price 60 cents per dozen.

DR. NATHAN L. RICE is out in a full column on Grace Truman. It troubles him. Thanks to Bro. Crowell for his able defense of the book.

ELDER G. W. ROBERTSON.—It is already known to our readers that this brother has agreed to share with us in the labors of carrying on the Christian Repository. Two reasons influenced me in seeking his assistance: The rapid and still continuing increase of subscribers, have proven too much for one person to manage. I wish to devote myself more to writing, and less to the business matters of the paper; and assistance was absolutely necessary. But, principally, Bro. Robertson is a Kentuckian, and well acquainted with the South and its wants, and better adapted than any man of my acquaintance to make the Repository all it should be—the best and most widely-circulated monthly in the world. Of the character and abilities of Bro. Robertson, I need add nothing. He is known all over the State, and his connection with the Repository and Book Concern is, to all who know him, the sure pledge of the success of these enterprises.

S. H. F.

TEN THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS.—Shall we have them? We ardently expect this number of bona fide subscribers by the first of January next. Can the South show the world a monthly thus sustained? Six months more will tell.

SOUTHERN BAPTIST REVIEW.—What minister can do without this able Quarterly? No one, did he but know of its worth. Nashville, Tenn.: Graves, Marks & Co., Two Dollars per year.

SPURGEON'S NEXT SERMON.—Just received. It is worth being stereotyped in gold. It shall appear next month.

HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.—First chapter crowded out; appear next month. Also, History of Kentucky Baptists; Life of John Harding, with a portrait; and an Illustrated Scriptural Story.

RE-BAPTISM.—We have been requested to give our convictions concerning Re-Baptism, including the disputed passage recorded in Acts. Absence from the city, with a supply of most excellent contributions, are our excuse for not doing it ere this. We differ from most of our brethren on this subject, and shall give it a careful investigation.

ROGER WILLIAMS AND THE FIRST CHURCH, RHODE ISLAND.—Elder Willis White has, through the Recorder, asked us to give our authority for stating that Roger William's Church was not the First Church, etc., and if not, which was the first. Perhaps my friend and brother White would differ with me as to the meaning of a Church, and also as to what constitutes any one a member of a church. Was there a Gospel Church in America before Roger Williams joined one? If there was, what gospel church was he united to in his baptism? But I shall answer Bro. White at length in the August number of the Repository.

GRACE TRUMAN.—It will be seen that the 15th chapter is published in this number. But this is the 21st chapter in the book. Six chapters in the early part of the volume never appeared in the Repository.

CHILD'S DEPARTMENT.—This new feature shall be introduced next issue.

Brethren and sisters, send us up new subscribers.

KENTUCKY BAPTIST BOOK CONCERN, By FORD, ROBERTSON & Co.

The absolute want of a Central Book Depository and Publishing House in Kentucky has long been felt. It is felt still. The undersigned have mutually agreed to combine whatever experience, energy, and capital they possess, and with God's blessing meet this acknowledged want. Their acquaintance with the Baptist denomination throughout Kentucky, with both ministers and members, and the sympathy and co-operation hitherto received, leads us to rely most implicitly on our brethren for that generous aid which will ensure us success.

Brethren; is this—the dissemination of Baptist literature—a laudable work? Is not a book concern here in the center of the State needed? Should there not be facilities created for supplying every preacher with Baptist books to scatter among his people? We know your answer. Shall we have your aid, your effective co-operation. We believe we shall, and shall go to work accordingly.

We are ready to supply orders for the following works:

Grace Truman. Seven thousand copies of this work were sold in six weeks after its publication.—\$1 00

Theodosea Earnest. One of the most attractive denominational books extant.—2 vols., \$1 00.

Little Iron Wheel. The most complete expose of Methodism. By J. R. Grave.—300 pages, 30 cents.

South's Reasons for leaving the Methodist Conference.—10 cents.

Bowen's Central Africa.—\$1 00

Jeter's Review of Campbellism.—\$1 00

All the works published by Graves & Marks, and Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., sold at publisher's prices.

To be published soon:

The Water Wall, or Evils of open Communion. Price 10 cents. Also other works which we will announce next month.

OUR HOUSE is on the corner of First and Market streets. We expect to open a large book-store in the immediate vicinity of our printing office in a few days. Brethren, send your orders. This is the only Baptist book establishment in Kentucky.

FORD, ROBERTSON & CO.

CORRESPONDENTS.—We have a large number of communications on hand. We return no manuscripts. If they are not published they are invariably burnt. Will our correspondents remember this. If you value your manuscript keep a copy of it. The communications from Ghent never reached us, or if they did were mislaid before we saw them.

APPOINTMENTS FOR JULY.—New Liberty, 1st Lord's day; Fork Dix river 3d; Crab Orchard 4th.

The Christian Repository.

NO. LXVIII.—AUGUST, 1857.

WHERE DID THE BAPTISTS COME FROM?

MILESTONE V.

“History is composed of innumerable biographies.” At least it should be. We love to tread the path beaten out by human footsteps, and lit up by imperishable deeds. Men and their acts are the way-marks which make the road familiar; the travelers and their foot prints give all its interest to the moss grown pathway.

From the Baptists of England, who were scourged and driven forth into the wintry fields to die, we ascend a step higher. Let us travel back the path they came. We shall let Dr. Wall, in his very opposition to Baptists, tell:

“William of Newburg, who lived then in England, describes some of these men by the name of Publicani, and by their being Gascoigners; and says, about thirty of them came out of Germany into England under Henry II, about 1170, and being examined of their faith, they denied and detested holy baptism, the eucharist, and marriage. Foxe, out of *Historia Gisburnensis*, mentions the same men: and that the chief of them were Gerhardus and Dulcinus Navarensis. He gives no account of any opinion they had against baptism. But Holinshead says, they derogated from the sacraments such grace as the church by her authority had then ascribed to them.”*

Gascony was in the South of France, not far from the Pyrenees, those mountain walls which divide France from Spain. Here this same historian, Newburg, says: “These heretics were as numerous as the sands of the sea.” They were called sometimes

* Wall, his *Infant Baptism*, vol. ii, p. 264.

As quotations from a multitude of authors confuse, I shall confine myself principally to Wall, Oxford edition, 1835.

Albigenses, and sometimes Waldenses ; this latter word meaning, simply, *dwellers in valleys*. Of these French Baptists, who passed from Gascony to England, Wall says : “ But the more exact accounts, and particularly Mr. Limborch’s history of the inquisition, do distinguish the Waldenses from the Albigenses, both as to their tenets and their places of abode. And it is, I think, only among the latter that any anti-pedobaptists were found. As FRANCE WAS THE FIRST COUNTRY in christendom where dipping of children was left off, so there FIRST ANTI-PEDOBAPTISM BEGAN.” * Or more truly, according to this admission of a champion of infant baptist, in France, whose emperor gave power to the beast, the superstition of infant sprinkling was first introduced and “ dipping left off,” and, consequently, there the followers of Christ first displayed their uncompromising opposition to the corrupting rite. Yes, where sprinkling was first introduced, anti-pedobaptists are first found. When was that ? Not in apostolic days. Wall admits it was in beautiful, degraded France. When was it ? Date it when you may, and then date the determined opposition to it in the land that gave it birth. And these Albigenses, then so numerous in Gascony, were Baptists. But Wall shall speak again :

“ First, one Evervinus of the diocese of Cologne, a little before the year 1140, writes to St. Bernard a letter, (which is lately brought to light by F. Mabillon, *Analect*, tom. iii.), giving him an account of two sorts of heretics lately discovered in that country. One sort were, by his description, perfect Manichees. Of the other sort, he says :

“ ‘ They condemn the sacraments, except baptism only ; and this only in those who are come to age, who they say are baptized by Christ himself, whoever be the minister of the sacraments. They do not believe infant baptism, alleging that place of the gospel : *he that believeth and is baptized*, &c. All marriage they call fornication, except that which is between two virgins,’ &c.

“ Then at the year 1146, Peter, abbot of Clugny, writing against one Peter Buis, and one Henry his disciple, and their associates, charges them with six errors : the first of which was their denial of infant baptism. The other five were :

* Wall, his *Infant Baptism*, vol. ii., p. 239.

“‘2. That churches ought not to be built; and if built, ought to be pulled down.’

“If we were to credit all the reports that come now from France, the Cevennois would seem to be of this opinion, by their destroying so many churches; but I hope that those reports are not true.† * * * *

“He also says, that they were reported to ‘renounce all the Old Testament, and all the New, except the four gospels.’ But this he was not sure of: and would not impute it to them, for fear he might slander them. So it appears that he did not certainly know what they held. Yet, to make his proofs unquestionable, he first proves the truth of the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles, by their agreement with the gospels: and then the Old Testament by the New. And then out of the whole proceeds to refute their tenets, bestowing a chapter on each. The first of them was, as I said, against infant baptism; and is thus expressed.

“The first proposition of the new heretics. They say:

“‘Christ sending his disciples to preach, says in the gospel: *Go ye out into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not, shall be damned.* From these words of our Saviour it is plain that none can be saved unless he believe and be baptized; that is, have both Christian faith and baptism.

“‘It is therefore an idle and vain thing for you to wash persons with water, at such a time when you may indeed cleanse their skin from dirt in a human manner, but not purge their souls from sin. But we do stay till the proper time of faith; and when a person is capable to know his God, and believe in him; then we do (not, as you charge us, re-baptize him, but) baptize him.’

“This is, as to the practice, perfectly agreeable with the modern anti-pedobaptists; but, as Cassander observes, it is upon quite contrary grounds. For the anti-pedobaptists now do generally hold, that all that die infants, baptized or not, of Christian or of heathen parents, are saved: and so it is needless to baptize them; whereas these held that, baptized or not, they could not be saved; and so it was to no purpose to baptize them. And this writer does accordingly spend most of the chapter, which is in answer to this tenet of theirs, in proving that infants, as well as grown men, are capable of the kingdom.

† These are Wall's own words.

“‘Abate,’ says he, ‘of that overmuch severity which you have taken upon you, ——— and do not exclude infants from the kingdom of heaven; of whom Christ says, *Of such is the kingdom of heaven.*’

“It is to be noted,” continues Wall, “that this author speaks of this opinion as then lately set on foot; and says, it might have seemed not to need or deserve any confutation, ‘were it not that it had now continued twenty years. That the first seeds of it were sown by Peter de Bruis’ (who was living, when the book was written, but put to death before it was published, of which mention is made in the preface). It was first vented in the mountainous country of Dauphine, and had had there some followers; from whence, being in good measure expelled, it had got footing in Gascoigne, and the parts about Tholouse, being propagated by Henry, who was a disciple and successor of the said Peter.

“This writer aggravates this charge of novelty by urging, that if baptism, given in infancy, be null and void, as they pretend—

“‘Then all the world has been blind hitherto, and by baptizing infants for above a thousand years, has given but a mock baptism, and made but fantastical Christians, &c. And whereas, all France, Spain, Germany, Italy, and all Europe, has had never a person now for three hundred or almost five hundred years baptized otherwise than in infancy, it has had never a Christian in it.’”

If any more proof were needed it is abundant. These men were Baptists. The Jesuit Gretzer, after describing this ancient sect, says: “This is a picture of the heretics of our own day, especially the ANABAPTISTS.” “To say honestly what I think,” writes the celebrated Limborch, “of all the modern sects, the Dutch Baptists most resemble the Albigenses and Waldenses.” “The Baptists are not entirely in error,” says Mosheim, “when they boast their descent from the Waldenses, Petrobrussians, and other ancient sects, who are usually considered witnesses for the truth in the time of general darkness and superstition.”

No, we are not entirely in error, even according to our ancient and present foes. “Witnesses for the truth in the times of general darkness,” our elder brethren have ever been. Noble brotherhood; poor, simple, down-trodden were ye, but boldly amid gloom and blood ye stood forth, witnesses for the truth. Baptists, they

have an ancestry around whom associations cluster, eclipsing the triumphs of all earth's chivalry. Baptists—oh! that the earnest, death-defying devotion of their fore fathers still were theirs.

The Baptists who came from the regions of the Pyrenees to England, were called Wickliffeites and Lollerds. We have traced them to Gascony, where they were called by the names already given from Wall—Henricians, Petrobrussians, and Arnoldists. Of these men we shall now speak.

HENRY.

In the beautiful city of Lausanne, surrounded by the towering Alps, the sheltering homes of God's hidden ones, an Italian hermit learned the simple truths of the gospel. The idleness of the hermit was at once exchanged for the armor and the toil of an ambassador of Christ. To the dwellers in those valleys he broke the bread of life, and over those mountain peaks he passed, bringing glad tidings to beautiful, yet darkened France. From Mans, from Poitiers, from Bordeaux, he was successfully banished, after what victories or defeats we know not. Of marshal valor, of deeds of chivalry performed on those same spots, we have many a glowing record. What would we not give to know the words and acts of this simple gospel preacher as he passed through those proud old cities, with their grim castles and splendid cathedrals, and glorious recollections of heraldry and conquest, looming up in the gothic twilight of that age. But like the apostolic record, which notes the entrance of Paul into Phillipi, where the beauties of Grecian art, column, and statue, and temple, robed in the autumnal charms of a vicious loveliness, surrounded him on every side, one fact only has importance sufficient for enduring record. "There they preached the gospel." So of Henry. More than this we know not. "He passed through these cities exercising his ministerial function with the utmost applause of the people, and disclaiming with vehemence and fervor against the superstitions they had introduced into the Christian Church." * "We have no satisfactory account," adds Mosheim, "of the doctrines of this man, we merely know that he censured the baptism of infants, and the corrupt manners of the clergy." But we have

* Mosheim, p. 289.

■ satisfactory account of his doctrines, given even by Mosheim himself; and more especially by Wall. Henry was ■ Baptist, believing in the spirituality of Christ's kingdom, the supreme authority of Christ as King, and the immersion of true believers.

In the old and melancholy city of Toulouse, where four thousand heretics were burnt during a century, the hero hermit, Henry, lifted his voice, "cried aloud, and spared not." Toulouse, from whose cathedral summits are seen the mingling streams of the Cevennes and the Tarn, sweeping on through the beautiful vale of the Garonne; and in the obscure distance the Pyrenees rearing their silvered heads to heaven, as though inviting to their mountain fastnesses the shorn lambs of Christ's fold;—Toulouse, in the darkness and stillness of its death-sleep, was suddenly convulsed by the embodied power and wisdom of God—the gospel.

The clergy woke to the danger of their craft. His opposition to their human dogmas, their splendid buildings, their vestments, instrumental music—the whole train of priestly wrappings, brought down their vengeance on the daring innovator. The great *Saint Bernard*, we have seen, thundered out his maledictions, and poor Henry, driven from Toulouse, fled to the mountains, was pursued, and brought before a council at Rheims. This was in 1158. The Pope presided at the council. Henry was condemned, and sent to a dungeon, where he was left to perish.

The record of Henry is thus briefly made up from his last hours and his last words. No voice comes now to us, but all is dark and silent. Yet through the dim past his form towers, his memory lives, and his name is inscribed on the victor roll of heaven. Only a few steps farther up that dark path, in sight and hearing, stands another monument inscribed with a noble hero's name—PETER DE BRUIS. That inscription is thus transcribed by Mosheim:

* "Peter de Bruis, made the most laudable attempts to reform the abuses and to remove the superstitions that disfigured the beautiful simplicity of the Gospel; but, after having engaged in his cause a great number of followers, during a laborious ministry of twenty years, he was burned at St. Giles', in the year 1130, by an enraged populace, instigated by the clergy, whose traffic was in danger from the enterprising spirit of this reformer. The

whole system of doctrine, which this unhappy martyr, whose zeal was not without a considerable mixture of fanaticism, taught to the *Petrobrussians*, his disciples, is not known; it is however certain, that the five following tenets made a part of his system: 1. That no persons were to be baptized before they had the full use of their reason; 2. That it was an idle superstition to build churches for the service of God, who will accept a sincere worship wherever it is offered; and that therefore such churches as had already been erected were to be destroyed; 3. That the crucifixes, as instruments of superstition, deserved the same fate; 4. That the real body and blood of Christ were not exhibited in the eucharist, but were merely represented in that holy ordinance by figures and symbols; 5. And lastly, that the oblations, prayers, and good works of the living, could in no respect be advantageous to the dead."

And still another imperishable column in that same path is ARNOLD OF BRESCIA. Arnold, early in life, traveled from his native Italy into France, and became a pupil of the celebrated Abelard. In France he imbibed the spirit of soul-freedom, and received into his heart the light of the Gospel. He returned to his native city in the habit of a monk; began to preach that Gospel in the streets of Brescia. The people were melted and roused beneath his fiery appeals. The clergy were alarmed, and in the council of Lateran condemned him to perpetual silence. This was in 1139. Arnold fled to the wilderness, and in the valley of the Alps found shelter among kindred spirits. He was soon found proclaiming the truth in the canton of Zurich, where Zwingli afterwards appeared. Conspiracies were formed against him. The whole power of Rome was directed to his overthrow and ruin.

We cannot contemplate the lion courage of Luther at Worms, without emotions of enthusiastic admiration. The admiration is just. And yet an intrepidity fully equal to it, if not superior, is seldom mentioned. A lone man, in a still darker age, unsupported by the presence and sympathy of princes as Luther was, Arnold breasted and defied the whole thunder storm of Rome. Driven from his shelter, he passed the Alps, and planted himself in the midst of his foes—entered Rome itself, and with the sublime example of his master before him, as

"A gate of steel
Fronting the sun receives and renders back
His figure and his heat——."

He flashed the light of truth in burning eloquence over the seven hills.*

Freedom triumphed for the hour. Rome woke from the slumber and slavery of ages. "But the fervor of the people is less permanent than the resentment of the priest." The powers of the clergy were again concentrated and directed against the preacher. The heresy of Arnold was considered two-fold. "He dared," says Gibbon, "to quote the language of Christ, 'My kingdom is not of this world'—that the church was a distinct as spiritual assembly of baptized believers; and, as a consequence, the heinous crime was laid to his charge of REJECTING INFANT BAPTISM.†" He was a Baptist. For holding just what Baptists now hold, and for no other charge, "he was arrested, condemned, crucified, and then burnt, and his ashes thrown into the Tiber."

Well has Dr. Brewster said, It is impossible not to admire the genius and persevering intrepidity of Arnold. To distinguish truth from error in an age of darkness, and to detect the causes of spiritual corruption in the thickest atmosphere of ignorance and superstition, evinced a mind of more than ordinary strength. To struggle against superstition entrenched in power, to plant the standard of revolution on the very heart of her empire, and keep possession of her capital a number of years, could scarcely be expected from an individual who had no power but that of his eloquence, and no assistance but that which he derived from the justice of his cause. Yet such were the individual exertions of Arnold, which posterity will appreciate as one of the noblest legacies which former ages have bequeathed. Religious freedom: it was not announced first by Roger Williams, nor Milton, nor the Baptists of Germany. "THE TRUMPET OF LIBERTY," says Gibbon, "was FIRST SOUNDED BY ARNOLD OF BRESCIA." That trumpet has been sounded by *every* true Baptist in *every* age. In its defense have they ever suffered; yet in its defense they have ever rallied. In its defense, the bleeding body of Arnold was immolated on a burning pile.

But his memory lives, and even in Rome will his name yet become a watch-word of victory. The time will yet be, when over

*Gibbon, vol. iii., p. 366.

†Præter hæc de sacramento ulterius et Baptismo parvulorum.

the spot where the flame consumed him will some monument record his greatness and his virtue, when the power which has trampled on human rights, and has rioted in human blood, with all its corrupting inventions, shall have sunk like the apocalyptic mill-stone in the deep, and no traces remain of the ruin it has wrought.

We pass from these heroes of "the faith once delivered to the saints." The Arnoldists, the Henricians, and Petrobrussians we have found, and by their enemies showed them to be Baptists. Did they originate with these men whose names were transfixed to them? We shall pause in our journey, for we have found they were Baptists; and their presence marks another milestone in the march of time. Again shall we ask, **WHERE DID THESE BAPTISTS COME FROM?**

GOD'S PEOPLE IN THE FURNACE.

A Sermon,

BY REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

"I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction."—Isaiah x., 48.

WHEN traveling through the country, you have often noticed that in different spots the old rocks peep out from under the soil, as if they would let us know what earth's bones are made of, and what are the solid foundations of this globe. So in searching through the Scriptures you will find here instruction, here admonition, here rebuke, and here comfort, but very frequently you will discover the old doctrines, like old rocks, rising amid other matters; and when you little expect it, you will find election, redemption, justification, effectual calling, final perseverance or covenant security introduced, just to let us see what the solid foundations of the gospel are, and what are those deep and mysterious truths on which the entire gospel system must rest. So in this text, for instance, when there seemed in the chapter but little need of the mention of the doctrine of God's choosing his people, on a sudden the Holy Spirit moves the prophet's lips and bids him utter this sentiment, "I have chosen thee;" I have chosen thee by my eternal, sovereign, distinguishing grace; I have chosen thee in covenant purposes; I have chosen thee according to my electing love; "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." Well, it is a good thing that they are mentioned sometimes when we little expect it; for these are things which we are apt to forget. The tendency of the many in the present age is to slight all doctrinal knowledge, and to say,

“We care not whether a thing be true or not.” This age is a superficial one. Few ministers plough deeper than the top soil; there are very few who come into the inward matter of the gospel, and deal with the stable things on which our faith must rest; and therefore we bless and adore the Holy Spirit that he so frequently pens these glorious truths to make us recollect that there is such a thing as election after all. “I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.” However, I am not going to dwell upon that, but after making one or two preliminary observations, I shall proceed to discuss the subject of the furnace of affliction, being the place where God’s chosen ones are continually found.

And the first observation I shall make will be this: *all persons in the furnace of affliction are not chosen.* The text says, “I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction,” and it implies that there may be, and there doubtless are, some in the furnace who are not chosen. How many persons there are who suppose that because they are tried, afflicted, and tempted, therefore they are the children of God, whereas they are no such thing. It is a great truth that every child of God is afflicted; but it is a lie that every afflicted man is a child of God. Every child of God will have some trial or other; but every man who has a trial is not necessarily an heir of heaven. The child of God may be in poverty—he frequently is; but we must not infer that therefore, necessarily, every man who is poor is a child of God, for many such are depraved and ruined, blaspheming against God and going far into iniquity. Many a child of God loses his property; but we are not therefore to conclude that every bankrupt, or every insolvent is a vessel of mercy; indeed, there is often some suspicion that he is not. A child of God may have his crops blasted, and mildew seize his fields, but that does not prove his election, for multitudes who never were chosen of God have had the mildew and the blast as well as he. He may be calumniated, and his character may be slandered, but that may be the case with the wickedest worldling also; for there have been men far from religious who yet have been slandered—in politics, or in literature. No tribulation ever proves us to be children of God, except it be sanctified by grace, but affliction is the common lot of all men—man is born to it, even as the sparks fly upward; and you must not infer, because you happen to be troubled, because you are poor, or sick, or tried in your minds, that therefore you are a child of God. If you do imagine so, you are building on a false foundation; you have taken a wrong thought, and you are not right in the matter at all. I would, this morning, if possible, disturb some of you who may have been laying a healing plaster to your souls, when you have no right to do so. I would show you if I could, very plainly, that after all your suffering, you may yet, through much tribulation, enter the kingdom of hell. There is such a thing as through trial going to the pit of perdition, for the road of the wicked is not always easy, nor are the paths of sin ever pleasant. There are trials in the pathway of the ungodly, there are troubles which they have to suffer which are quite as acute as those of the children of God. Oh! trust not in your troubles; fix your hearts on Jesus; make him the only ob-

ject of your trust, and let the only test be this, "Am I one with Christ? Am I leaning upon him?" If so, whether I am tried or not, I am a child of God: but let me be ever so much tried, "though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing." Many an afflicted man has not been a child of God. Many of you no doubt can recollect persons in your life-time whose afflictions made them worse instead of better; and of a great many men it may be said, as Aaron said, "Behold I put gold into the furnace, and out of it came this calf." Many a calf comes out of the furnace. Many a man is put into the furnace and comes out worse than he was before—he comes out a calf. Men passed through the fire in the days of the kings of Israel—when they passed through the fire to Moloch; but Moloch's fire did not purify or benefit them; on the contrary, it made them worse; it made them dedicated to a false god. We are told also in the Word of God, how a certain class of people are put into the furnace and get no good by it, and are not the children of God. But, lest any should doubt what I have said, let them turn to the passage in the 22d chapter of Ezekiel, 17th and 18th verses, "And the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, son of man, the house of Israel is to me become dross: all they are brass, and tin, and iron, and lead, in the midst of the furnace; they are even the dross of silver. Therefore thus saith the Lord God; Because ye are all become dross, behold, therefore, I will gather you into the midst of Jerusalem. As they gather silver, and brass, and iron, and lead, and tin, into the midst of the furnace, to blow the fire upon it, to melt it; so will I gather you in mine anger and in my fury, and I will leave you there, and melt you." So you see there are some who feel the furnace who are none of the Lord's, some to whom there is no promise of deliverance, some who have no hope that thereby they are becoming more and more pure, and more fit for heaven; but, on the contrary, God leaves them there as dross is left to be utterly consumed; they have on earth the foretaste of hell, and the brand of the demon is set upon them in their afflictions even here. Let that thought be taken to heart by any who are building their salvation on false grounds. Afflictions are no proof of sonship, though sonship always ensures affliction.

But the second preliminary remark I would make is on *the immutability of God's love to his people*. "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." I chose thee before thou wast here; yea, I chose thee before thou hadst a being, and when all creatures lay before me in the pure mass of creatureship, and I could create or not create as I pleased, I chose and created thee a vessel of mercy appointed unto eternal life: and when thou, in common with the whole race, hadst fallen, though I might have crushed thee with them, and sent thee down to hell, I chose thee in thy fallen condition, and I provided for thy redemption: in the fullness of time I sent my Son, who fulfilled my law and made it honorable. I chose thee at thy birth when an helpless infant thou didst sleep upon thy mother's breast. I chose thee when thou didst grow up in childhood with all thy follies and thy sins. Determined to save thee, I watched o'er thy path when, Satan's blind slave, thou didst sport with death.

I chose thee when in manhood thou didst sin against me with a high hand ; when thy unbridled lusts dashed thee on madly towards hell. I chose thee, then, when thou was a blasphemer and a swearer, and very far from me. I chose thee, then, even when thou wast dead in trespasses and sins : I loved thee, and still thy name was kept in my book. The hour appointed came :—I redeemed thee from thy sin ; I made thee love ; I spake to thee, and made thee leave thy sins and become my child ; and I chose thee then over again. Since that hour, how often hast thou forgotten me ! but I have never forgotten thee. Thou hast wandered from me ; thou hast rebelled against me ; yea, thy words have been exceeding hot against me, and thou hast robbed me of mine honor ; but I chose thee even then ; and now that I put thee in the furnace, thinkest thou that my love is changed ? Am I a summer friend, fleeing from thee in the winter ? Am I one who loves thee in prosperity, and dost cast thee off in adversity ? Nay ; hearken to these my words, thou furnace-trying one, “ I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.” Think not, then, when you are in trouble, that God has cast you off. Think he has cast you off, if you never have any trials and troubles ; but when in the furnace, say, “ Did he not tell me this beforehand,”

“ Temptation or pain ?—he told me no less ;
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.”

O blessed reflection ! let it comfort us : his love does not change ; it cannot be made to alter ; the furnace cannot scorch us, not a single hair of our head can perish ; we are as safe in the fire as we are out of it ; he loves us as much in the depths of tribulation as he does in the heights of our joy and exultation. Oh ! thou who art beloved of friends, “ when thy father and mother forsake thee, the Lord will take thee up.” Thou who canst say, “ He that ate bread with me hath lifted up his heel against me ;” “ though all men forsake thee,” saith Jehovah, “ yet will not I.” O Zion, say not thou art forgotten of God ; hear him when he speaks : “ Can a woman forget her sucking child that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb ? Yea, they may forget, yet will I never forget thee.” “ I have graven thee upon my hand ; thy walls are continually before me.” Rejoice, then, O Christian, in the second thought, that God’s love does not fail in the furnace, but is hot as the furnace, and hotter still.

And now to the subject, which is this—*God’s people in the furnace*. And in discussing it, we shall first of all endeavor to prove the fact, that *if you want God’s people you will find them in the furnace* ; secondly, we will try to show *the reasons why there is a furnace* ; thirdly, *the benefits of the furnace* ; fourthly, *comforts in the furnace*. And may God help us in so doing !

I. First, then, I state the fact, that *if you want God’s people you must generally look for them in the furnace*. Look at the world in its primeval age, when Adam and Eve are expelled from the garden. Behold, they have be-

gotten two sons, Cain and Abel; which of them is the child of God? Yonder one who lies there smitten by the club, a lifeless corpse; he who has just been in the furnace of his brother's enmity and persecution—that is the heir of heaven. A few hundred years roll on, and where is the child of God? There is one man whose ears are continually vexed with the conversation of the wicked, and who walks with God, even Enoch, and he is the child of God. Descend further still till you come to the days of Noah. You will find the man who is laughed at, hissed at, hooted as a fool, a simpleton, an idiot, building a ship on dry land, standing in the furnace of slander and laughter: that is Noah, the elect of God. Go on still through history; let the names of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob pass before you, and you may write upon all of them: “these were God’s tried people.” Then go down to the time when Israel went into Egypt. Do you ask me to find out God’s people? I take you not to the palaces of Pharaoh; I do not ask you to walk through the stately halls of Memphis, or go to hundred-gated Thebes; I take you to none of the places decked with the splendor, the glories, and dignity of monarchs; but I take you to the brick kilns of Egypt. See yonder slaves smarting beneath the lash, whose cry of oppression goes up to heaven. The tale of their bricks is doubled, and they have no straw wherewith to fashion them. These are the people of God. They are in the furnace. As we follow on in the paths of history, where were God’s family next? They were in the furnace of the wilderness, suffering privation and pain. The fiery serpent hissed upon them; the sun scorched them, their feet were weary, they lacked water, and bread failed them, and were only supplied by miracle. They were in no desirable position; but amidst them—for all are not Israel that are of Israel—were the chosen ones, those who were most in the furnace. Joshua the son of Nun, and Caleb the son of Jepunneh, against whom the people took up stones to stone them: these were the sons of God; these were distinguished above their fellows as being elect out of the chosen nation. Still turn over the blessed pages; pass through Judges and come to the time of Saul, and where was God’s servant then? Where is the man whom the king delighteth to honor? where is the man after God’s own heart? He is in the furnace—wandering in the caves of Engedi, climbing the goat tracks, hunted like the partridge by a remorseless foe. And after his days where were the saints? Not in the halls of Jezebel, nor sitting at the table of Ahab. Behold, they are hidden by fifties in the cave, and fed by bread and water. Behold yon man upon the mountain top, wrapping his shaggy garment round him; at one time his dwelling is by the rippling brook, where ravens bring him bread and flesh; at another time a widow is his host, whose only possessions are a little oil and a handful of meal—in the furnace Elijah stands, the remnant of God’s chosen people. Take history through; there is no need for me to follow it up, otherwise I might tell you of the days of Maccabes, when God’s children were put to death without number, by all manner of tortures till then unheard of. I might tell you of the days of Christ, and point to the despised fishermen, to

the laughed at, and persecuted apostles. I might go on through the days of popery, and point to those who died upon the mountains or suffered in the plains. The march of the army of God may be tracked by their ashes left behind them. The course of the ship of glory may be traced by the white sheen of sufferings left on the sea of time. Like as a comet when it flashes in its glory, leaveth a blaze behind it for a moment, so hath the church left behind it blazing fires of persecution and trouble. The path of the just is scarred on earth's breast, the monuments of the Church are the sepulchres of her martyrs. Earth has been ploughed with deep furrows wherever they have lived. You will not find the saints of God where you do not find the furnace burning round about them. I suppose it shall be so until the latest age. Until that time shall come when we shall sit under our own vine and our own fig-tree, none making us afraid or daring to attempt it, we must still expect to suffer. Were we not slandered, were we not the butt of ridicule, we would not think ourselves the children of God. We glory that we stand prominent in the day of battle; we thank our enemies for all their shafts, for each one bears upon it proofs of our Father's love. We thank our foeman for every stab, for it only cuts our armor and rattles on our mail, never reaching the heart. We thank them for every slander they have forged, and for every lie they have manufactured, for we know in whom we have believed, and know that these things cannot separate us from his love; yea, we take this as a mark of our being called, that we, as the sons of God, can suffer persecution for righteousness' sake.

It is a fact, I say, that you will find religion in the furnace. If I were asked to find religion in London, I protest the last place I should think of going to look for it would be in yon huge structure that exceeds a palace in glory, where you see men decked out in all the toys which the old harlot of Bablyon herself once did love. But I should go to an humbler place than that. I should not go to a place where they had the government to assist them, and the great and noble of the land to back them up; but I should generally go among the poor, among the despised, where the furnace blazed the hottest; there I should expect to find saints—but not among the respectable and fashionable churches of our land. This is is a fact, then, that God's people are often in the furnace.

II. And now, secondly, *the reason for this*; Why is it that God's children get there? Why does God see fit to put them in the furnace?

1. The first reason I have is this—that *it is the stamp of the covenant*. You know there are certain documents which in order to be legal must have a government stamp upon them. If they have not this stamp, they may be written, but they will not be at all legal and cannot be pleaded in a court of law. Now we are told what the stamp of the covenant is. There are two stamps, and for your information allow me to refer you to the Book of Genesis, xv., 17; and there you will see what they are. When Abraham was lying down at night, a horror of darkness came upon him, and God made a covenant with

him, and it is said, "And it came to pass, that when the sun went down and it was dark, behold a smoking furnace and a burning lamp that passed between the pieces." These two things were the stamps that made the covenant secure: "a burning lamp"—the light for God's people, light for their darkness, light to guide them all the way to heaven; and beside the lamp, "a smoking furnace." Shall I then wish you to rend the smoking furnace off? Do I wish to get rid of it? No; for that would invalidate the whole. Therefore will I cheerfully bear it, since it is absolutely necessary to render that covenant valid.

2. Another reason is this—that *all precious things have to be tried*. You never saw a precious thing yet which did not have a trial. The diamond must be cut; and hard cutting that poor jewel has, were it capable of feeling pain, nothing would be more fretted and worried about, than that diamond. Gold, too, must be tried; it cannot be used as it is dug up from the mine, or in grains as it is found in the rivers; it must pass through the crucible and have the dross taken away. Silver must be tried. In fact, all things that are of any value must endure the fire. It is the law of nature. Solomon tells us so in the 17th chapter of Proverbs, the 3d verse. He says, "The fining pot is for silver, and the furnace for gold." If you were nothing but tin, there would be no need of the "fining pot" for you; but it is simply because you are valuable that you must be tried. It was one of the laws of God, written in the book of Numbers, 31st chapter, 23d verse—"Everything that may abide the fire, ye shall make go through the fire, and it shall be clean." It is a law of nature, it is a law of grace, that everything that can abide the fire—everything that is precious—must be tried. Be sure of this—that which will not stand trial is not worth having. Would I choose to preach in this house if I thought it would not stand the trial of a large congregation, but might one of these days totter and break down? Would any one forming a railway, construct a bridge that would not stand the trial, otherwise we should think them of no value. That which I can trust one hour, but find it break the next, when I want it most, is of little use to me. But because ye are of value, saints, because ye are gold, therefore ye must be tried. From the very fact that ye are valuable, ye must be made to pass through the furnace.

3. Another thought is this—the *Christian is said to be a sacrifice to God*. Now every sacrifice must be burned with fire. Even when they offered the green ears before the harvest, it is said the green ears must be dried with fire. They killed the bullock and laid it on the altar, but it was no sacrifice till they burned it. They slew the lamb, they laid the wood; but there was no sacrifice in the killing of the lamb till it was burned. Know ye not, brethren, we are offerings to God, and that we are a living sacrifice unto Jesus Christ. But how could we be a sacrifice if we were not burned? If we never had the fire of trouble put about us, if we never were kindled, we should lie there without smoke, without flame, unacceptable to God. But because ye are his sacrifice, therefore ye must be burned; fire must penetrate you, and you must be offered a whole burnt offering, holy and acceptable unto God.

4. Another reason why we must be put in the furnace is, because *else we should not be at all like Jesus Christ*. If you read that beautiful description of Jesus Christ in the book of Revelation, you will find it says, that "his feet were like fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace." The feet of Jesus Christ represent his humanity, the head, the divinity. The head of his Deity suffered not: as God he could not suffer, but "his feet were like brass, as if they burned in a furnace." How can we be like Christ, unless our feet, too, are burned in the furnace? If he walked through the flames, must not we do the same?—that "in all things he might be like unto his brethren." We are, we know, to be like Christ in that august appearance when he shall come to be admired of all his saints; we are to be like him when we shall see him as he is; and shall we fear to be like him here? Will we not tread where our Saviour trod? There is his footstep, shall not our foot fill the same place? There is his track, will we not willingly say—

"His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view?"

Yes! Onward Christian! The captain of your salvation hath gone through the dark valley before you—therefore onward! Onward with boldness! Onward with courage! Onward with hope! that ye may be like your Saviour, by participation in his sufferings.

III. And now *what are the benefits of the furnace?* for we are quite sure that all these reasons are not sufficient for God's trying his people unless there is some benefit to be derived from it. Very simply and briefly, then, one benefit to be derived from the furnace is, that *it purifies us*. I was very kindly shown by some of the magistrates of Glasgow over one of the largest ship building works I had ever seen. I saw them cast certain articles while I was present. I noticed them put the metal in the crucible, and after subjecting it to an intense heat, I saw them pour it out like water into the moulds, but first they removed the impurities from the top; but the scum would never have come on the top if it had not been for the fire. They could not extract the dross if it had not been put in the furnace and melted. That is the benefit of the furnace to God's people; it melts, and tries, and purifies them. They get rid of their dross, and if we can but get rid of that, we may be willing to suffer all the misery in the world. The man who is very badly diseased, may stop a long while before he is willing that the doctor's knife shall be used upon him; but when death comes to his bedside, he will say at last—"anything, physician! anything, surgeon! if you can but get this disease away—cut as deep as you please." I confess I have the greatest antipathy to pain; but, nevertheless, a greater pain will make one bear a less one to relieve it. And as sin is pain to God's people, as it is a weary torment, they will be willing, if necessary, to have their right hand cut off, or their right eye plucked out, rather than having two eyes or two hands, to be cast into hell fire. The furnace is a good place for you, Christian: it benefits you, it helps you to be—

come more like Christ, and it is fitting you for heaven. The more furnace work you have, the sooner you will get home, for God will not keep you very long out of heaven when you are fit for it. When all the dross is burned, and the tin is gone, he will say—"Bring hither that wedge of gold; I do not keep my pure gold on earth, I will put it away with my crown jewels in the secret place of my tabernacle of heaven."

2. Another benefit of the furnace is, that *it makes us more ready to be moulded*. Let a blacksmith take a piece of cold iron, lay it on the anvil, and bring down his hammer with tremendous force to fashion it. There he is at work. Ah! Mr. Blacksmith, you will have many a hard day's work before you will make anything out of that bar of iron. "But," says he, "I mean to smite hard, to strike true, and morning, noon, and night, this hammer shall be always ringing on the anvil, and on the iron." Ah! so it may, Mr. Blacksmith, but there will be naught come of it. You may smite it eternally while it is cold, and you shall be a fool for your pains; the best thing you could do would be to place it in the furnace, then you might weld it; then you could melt it entirely, and pour it into a mould, and it would take any shape you pleased. What could our manufacturers do if they could not melt the metal they use? They could not make half the various things we see around us, if they were not able to liquify the metal, and afterwards mould it. There could be no good men in the world if it were not for trouble. We could none of us be made useful if we could not be tried in the fire. Take me as I am, a rough piece of metal, very rough, stern, and hard. You may tutor me in my childhood, and use the rod; you may train me in my manhood, and set the pains of the magistrate and the fear of the law before my eyes; but you will make a very sorry fellow of me, with all your hitting and knocking. But if God takes me in hand, and puts me in the furnace of affliction, and melts me down by trial, then he can fashion me like unto his own glorious image, that I may at last be gathered with him above. The furnace makes us fusible. We can better be poured out and moulded, and delivered unto the doctrines, when we have been somewhat tried.

3. Then the furnace is very useful to God's people because *they get more light there than anywhere else*. If you travel in the neighborhood of Birmingham, or in other manufacturing districts, you will be interested at night by the glare of light which is cast by all those furnaces. It is labor's own honorable illumination. This may be an idea apart from the subject; but I believe there is no place where we learn so much, and have so much light cast upon Scripture, as we do in the furnace. Read a truth in hope, read it in peace, read it in prosperity, and you will not make anything of it. Be put inside the furnace, (and nobody knows what a bright blaze is there who has not been there), and you will be then able to spell all hard words, and understand more than you ever could without it.

4. One more use of the furnace—and I give this for the benefit of those who hate God's people—is, that *it is useful for bringing plagues on our enemies*.

Do you not remember the passage in Exodus, where "the Lord said unto Moses and unto Aaron, take to you handfuls of ashes of the furnace, and let Moses sprinkle it toward the heaven in the sight of Pharaoh. And it shall become small dust in all the land of Egypt, and shall be a boil breaking forth with blains upon man, and upon beast." There is nothing that so plagues the enemies of Israel, as "handfuls of ashes of the furnace" that we are able to cast upon them. The devil is never more devoid of wisdom than when he meddles with God's people, and tries to run down God's minister. "*Run him down!*" Sir, you run him up! You will never hurt him by all you can say against him, for "handfuls of the dust of the furnace" will be scattered abroad to bring plagues upon the ungodly throughout the land. Did any Christian ever suffer yet by persecution—*really* suffer by it? Does he ever *really* lose by it? No: it is quite the reverse. We gain by it. You remember the case of the burning fiery furnace of Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego, and Nebuchadnezzar's dealings. You remember he commanded that the furnace should be heated seven times hotter than usual; and he told his brave men, his strongest ones, to take these three men bound and cast them into the furnace. There they go! They have thrown three men bound into the fire; but before they have time to turn back, it is said, the heat of the flames slew those men that cast them into the furnace. Nebuchadnezzar said himself, "Did we not cast three bound into the furnace? Behold, I see four men loose walking in the midst of the fire, and the fourth is like the Son of God." Now, just mark these points. Nebuchadnezzar made a great blunder, and heated the fire too hot. That is just what our enemies often do. If they would just speak the truth about us, and only tell our imperfections, they would then have enough to do. But, in their endeavors to cast down God's servants, they heat the fire rather too hot; they make what they say smells, as Rowland Hill said, too much like a lie—therefore nobody believes them; and, instead of doing any hurt, it just kills the men who would have cast us into the fire. I have noticed sometimes when there comes out a desperate article against any particular man, suppose the man is right, the person who writes the article is always damaged by it, but not the man who is thrown into the fire. It does the slandered man good. All that has ever been said of me, as one of God's servants, has done me good; it has just burned the bonds of my obscurity, and given me liberty to speak to thousands. Moreover, to throw the Christian into the furnace, is to put him into Christ's parlor, for lo! Jesus Christ is walking with him! Spare yourselves the trouble, O ye enemies; if ye wish to hurt us, spare yourselves the labor. You think that is the furnace. It is not: it is the gate of heaven. Jesus Christ is there; and will you be so foolish as to put us just where we like to be? Oh! kind enemies, thus to render us threefold blessed. But, were ye wise, ye would say, "Let it alone. If the thing be of God, it will stand; if it be not of God, it will utterly fall." God's enemies receive more damage from "the ashes of the furnace" than in any other way. They are shots that kill wherever they go. Persecution damages

our enemies; it cannot hurt us. Let them still go on; let them still fight; all their arrows fall back upon themselves. And as for aught of evil that is done against us, it is but small and light compared with the damage that is done to their own cause. This, then, is another blessing concerning the furnace—it hurts our enemies, though it does not hurt us.

IV. And now, to wind up, let us consider *the comforts of the furnace*. Christian men may say, "It is all well to tell us what good the furnace does; but we want some comfort in it." Well, then, beloved, the first thing I will give you is the comfort of the text itself—**ELECTION**. Comfort thyself, thou tried one, with this thought: God saith, "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." The fire is hot, but he has chosen me; the furnace burns, but he has chosen me; these coals are hot, the place I love not, but he has chosen me. Ah! it comes like a soft gale, assuaging the fury of the flame. It is like some gentle wind fanning the cheeks; yea, this one thought arrays us in fire-proof armor, against which the heat hath no power. Let affliction come—God has chosen me. Poverty, thou mayest come in at the door—God is in the house already, and he has chosen me. Sickness, thou mayest come, but I will have this by my side for a balsam—God has chosen me. Whatever it is, I know that he has chosen me.

2. The next comfort is, *that you have the Son of Man with you in the furnace*. In that silent bedchamber of yours, there sitteth by your side one whom thou hast not seen, but whom thou lovest; and oftentimes, when thou knowest it not, he makes all thy bed in thy affliction, and smoothes thy pillow for thee. Thou art in poverty; but in that lonely house of thine that hath naught to cover its bare walls, where thou sleepest on a miserable pallet, dost thou know that the Lord of life and glory is a frequent visitor; he often treads those bare floors, and, putting his hands upon those walls, he consecrates them! Wert thou in a palace he might not come there. He loves to come into these desolate places that he may visit thee. The Son of Man is with thee, Christian. Thou canst not see him, but thou mayest feel the pressure of his hands. Dost thou not hear his voice? It is the valley of the shadow of death: thou seest nothing; but he says, "Fear not, I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am God." It is like that noble speech of Cæsar's—"Fear not, thou carriest Cæsar and all his fortune." Fear not, Christian! thou carriest Jesus in the same boat with thee, and all his fortune! He is with thee in the same fire. The same fire that scorches thee, scorches him. That which could destroy thee could destroy him, for thou art a portion of the fulness of him that fills all in all. Wilt thou not take hold of Jesus, then, and say,

"Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes."

Feeling that you are safe in his hands, will you not laugh even death to scorn, and triumph over the sting of the grave, because Jesus Christ is with you?

Now, dear friends, there is another great furnace beside the one I have been talking of. There is a very great furnace, "the pile thereof" of wood and

much smoke, the breath of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone, shall kindle it." There is a furnace so hot, that when the ungodly are cast into it, they shall be as the crackling of thorns under a pot. There is a burn so exceedingly fierce, that all those tormented in its flames spend their time in "weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth." There is a furnace "where the worm dieth not, and where the fire is not quenched." Where it is, I know not. Methinks it is not down here in the bowels of the earth. It were a sad thought that earth hath hell within her own bowels, but that it is somewhere in the universe the Eternal has declared. Men and women! ye who love not God, a few more years will set you on a journey through the vast unknown to find out where this place is. Should ye die Godless and Christless, a strong hand will seize you on your deathbed, and irresistibly you will be borne along through the vast expanse of ether, unknowing whither you are tending, but with the dread thought that you are in the hand of a demon, who, with an iron hand, is bearing you most swiftly on. Down he plungeth thee! Ah! what a fall were that my friends! to find yourselves there in that desperate land of torments! May you never know it! Words cannot tell you of it now. I can but just call up a few dread horrible emotions; I can but picture it in a few short rough words: may you never know it! Would ye wish to escape: there is but one door. Would ye be saved: there is but one way. Would ye find entrance into heaven and escape from hell: there is but one road. The road is this—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." To believe is to trust in Jesus. As an old divine used to say, "Faith is recumbency on Christ." But it is too hard a word. He meant, faith is lying down on Christ. As a child lieth on its mother's arms, so is faith; as the seaman trusteth to his bark, so is faith; as the old man leaneth on his staff, so is faith; as I may trust, there is faith. Faith is to trust. Trust in Jesus, he will ne'er deceive you:

"Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude,
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good."

Thus may you escape that furnace of fire into which the wicked must be cast. God bless you all, for his name's sake.

PRAYER.—Bowed knees and beautiful words cannot make prayer; but earnest desires from a heart bowed by love, inspired by God's Holy Spirit, and thirsting for God, the living God, will do it, anywhere, or in any place, at any time.—*Dr. Cumming.*

MORMONISM—ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.

AMONG the startling events and occurrences of this teeming age, stands strangely prominent the rise, progress, and apparent permanence of the wildest and most corrupting superstition that the page of history records. That the wilds of Arabia, or the benighted Europe of the dark ages, should have given birth to the fanaticism of the Islam, or the superstition of the monkery, might have been expected; but that the same age that chained the elements, that spanned the ocean, that multiplied God's book by the million, and scattered it through every field of human habitation, should also have produced the naked, horrible, yet mighty monster of Mormonism,* at whose filthy shrine millions bow—this is the climax of wonders in this wonderful era.

Deseret—a mystic word, taken from the Book of Mormon, signifying the “Land of the Honey-Bee”—like the superstition of its settlers, is the greatest wonder of North America. Completely walled in by lofty mountains, some of which are perpetually robed in snow, its streams and rivers flow into its own bosom, forming lakes of various dimensions, from which the complacent waters escape only by evaporation, or disappear in sandy deserts. If the design of the Mormon rulers, in selecting the Great Basin as the seat of their power, was to isolate their people from the rest of the world, they certainly made a happy choice. The Mormon capital is almost unapproachable. In a severe winter it is entirely inaccessible; the mountain-passes, gorged with snow, defy human perseverance.†

Thus walled in from the Gentile world, and protected in their mountain-citadel from the influence of civilization or law, stands the New Jerusalem of the LATTER Day Saints—a gloomy monument of human credulity and depravity. Its origin we will now trace.

In 1815 a man, named Smith, moved from Windsor, Vermont, to Palmyra, New York, and thence to Manchester, in the same State. He was a laboring man, who also traded in wooden

* Mormonos, in Greek, means a hideous monster.

† Ferris's *Utah and the Mormons*, p. 41.

bowls and other "Yankee Notions." He, and his family, were "notorious for breach of contracts and the repudiation of their honest debts." He had seven boys, among them Joseph, jr. "He was ten years old when the family first settled in Palmyra, and, as represented by those hostile to his subsequent pretensions, he grew up among bad associates, totally averse to any thing in the shape of regular industry, and a ready adept in the art of 'living by one's wits.' His physiognomy indicated sensuality and cunning, in which latter trait his mind was unusually versatile. He affected great mystery in his movements; pretended to the gift of discovering hidden treasures, and the possession of seer-stones by which they could be found; traveled about the country, appearing and disappearing in a mysterious manner; possessed a plausible and wordy jargon, by which many minds are easily captivated; and, in various ways, cheated and robbed sundry simpletons, who were persuaded to credit his pretensions. Nor did he confine his attention to any single branch of the business of deception, but allowed himself to be drawn into the vortex of a pseudo-religious revival, and became quite as wordy in the vocabulary of hypocritical cant."*

It has been said that two dishonest men will recognize each other's characteristics on their first meeting. Be this as it may, Joseph Smith, jr., in his wanderings, met with one Sidney Rigdon, and at once the two congenial spirits were allied. Together they "possessed the requisite *capitæ*" for starting a religious imposture. Smith had cunning, plausibility, mysterious antiquities dug from the earth—was, in fact, a successful "humbug." Rigdon had been a New Light preacher; was a printer, with some literary pretensions, and, above all, had possession of what Smith conjured into the Golden Bible or Book of Mormon. Of this a short account is necessary.

A graduate of Dartmouth College, named Solomon Spalding, in 1809, had written out a romance purporting to be a translation of an ancient manuscript found by him. He had been a clergyman, and to make the story as consistent as possible, he adopted the style of the Scriptures. The aim of the work was to show that America was peopled by the lost tribe of Israel. He

* Ferris, p. 53.

entitled his work "The Manuscript Found." He described the departure of Lehi and his four sons, Laman, Lemuel, Sam, and Nephi, with their families, from Jerusalem. Besides these, the names of Mormon, Moroni, Mosiah, Helaman, and others occur, all being the forefathers of the present Indians. Spalding frequently read his book to his neighbors to solicit their opinions of it, and, finally, placed it in the hands of a publisher at Pittsburg, where Rigdon worked. He became so fascinated as to copy the work, as he afterwards admitted, and, eventually, the manuscript was lost. A clear idea of this work can be formed from the affidavit of Mr. Henry Lake, given at Conneaut, in 1833, and which is corroborated by an abundance of other testimony. He affirms:

"I left the State of New York in the year of 1810, and arrived in this place about the first of January following. Soon after my arrival I formed a copartnership with Solomon Spalding * * *. He frequently read to me from a manuscript which he was writing, and which he entitled the 'Manuscript Found,' which he represented as being found in this town. I spent many hours in hearing him read said writings; and became acquainted with their contents. He wished me to assist him in getting it printed, alleging that a book of that kind would meet with a rapid sale. This book represented the American Indians as the lost tribes; gave an account of their leaving Jerusalem, their contentions and wars, which were many and great. One time, when he was reading to me the tragic account of Laban, I pointed out to him what I considered an inconsistency, which he promised to correct; but, by referring to the Book of Mormon, I find, to my surprise, it stands there, just as he read it to me then. Some months ago I borrowed a Golden Bible, * * * * had not read twenty minutes before I was astonished to find the same passages in it that Spalding had read to me, more than twenty years before, from his 'Manuscript Found.' Since then I have more fully examined the Golden Bible, and have no hesitation in saying that the historical part of it is principally, if not wholly, taken from the 'Manuscript Found.' I well recollect telling Mr. Spalding that the too frequent use of the words, 'Now it came to pass,' 'And it came to pass,' rendered it ridiculous. Spalding left here in 1812, and I furnished him with the means to carry him to Pittsburg, where he said he would get the book printed and pay me. But I never heard any thing more from him, or of his writings, till I saw them in the Book of Mormon." *

* Gunnison's Mormons or Latter-Day Saints, p. 93.

With these materials Smith and Rigdon arranged their artful plans. Smith, doubtless, seeing Rigdon's copy of Spalding's manuscript, and struck with the splendid idea of a Golden Bible, traced out and got possession of the original papers, which, after the death of the author, were returned as useless to his widow.

The story of Smith's discovery of the Mormon book is thus told by his followers: He was in a retired place, engaged in prayer, when two glorious persons appeared to him and informed him that his "sins were forgiven him; and that, as all denominations were in error, the true doctrine and the fullness of the gospel should, at a future time, be revealed to him." Some time after this he had another vision, in which an angel appeared and announced to him that he was to be the chosen instrument to inaugurate the new dispensation; that the Indians, remnants of the Israelites, had "their prophets and inspired writings; that these writings were deposited in a certain place; that they contained revelations concerning the last days; and that he, if he *proved faithful*, was the chosen instrument to translate them." The following day "the angel appeared unto him, and, having been informed by the previous visions of the night concerning the place where the records were deposited, he was instructed to go immediately and view them." The prophet at once repaired to a hill some four miles from Palmyra, and dug down on the west side of it till he came to a stone box so firmly cemented together that moisture could not enter so as to injure its precious contents. These contents were the promised records. After various negotiations with the angel, at which, he says, the devil, "surrounded with an innumerable train of associates," was present, Joseph obtained possession of the plates on the 22d of September, 1827. The following is a description of these documents by the notorious Orson Pratt:

"These records were engraved on plates which had the appearance of gold. Each plate was not far from seven inches in width and length, being not quite as thick as common tin. They were filled on both sides with engravings in Egyptian characters, and bound together in a volume as the leaves of a book, and fastened at one edge with three rings running through the whole. This volume was something near six inches in thickness, a part of which was sealed. The characters or letters upon the unsealed

part were small and beautifully engraved. The whole book exhibited many marks of antiquity in its construction, as well as much skill in the art of engraving. With the records was found 'a curious instrument, called by the ancients the Urim and Thummim, which consisted of two transparent stones, clear as crystal, set in the two rims of a bow. This was in use in ancient times by persons called seers. It was an instrument, by the use of which they received revelation of things distant or of things past or future.' *

All being thus secured, the translating began. Smith being a poor penman, one Oliver Cowdry, who afterward became one of the witnesses to the verity of the book, was employed as amanuensis. Smith would station himself behind a screen, with the seer-stone—his "Urim and Thummim," as he profanely called them—in his hat. Looking upon these, he read off sentence after sentence. During the translation, they affirmed "John the Baptist appeared to them, and ordained them into the Aaronic priesthood, commanding them to baptize each other, which they did."

Some of the family of Smith's father professed conversion to the new faith, and a man by the name of Harris, who had been a Quaker, Baptist, Methodist, and Presbyterian, was so entrapped as to advance money to publish the book.

At length the Golden Bible was issued in 1830, and the following is the brief description of it by Pratt, the Mormon apostle :

"Soon the news of his discoveries spread abroad throughout all those parts. False reports, misrepresentations, and base slanders, flew as if upon the wings of the wind in every direction. The house was frequently beset by mobs and evil designing persons. Several times he was shot at, and very narrowly escaped. Every device was used to get the plates away from him. And, being continually in danger of his life from a gang of abandoned wretches, he at length concluded to leave the place and go to Pennsylvania; and, accordingly, packed up his goods, putting the plates into a barrel of beans, and proceeded upon his journey. He had not gone far before he was overtaken by an officer with a search-warrant, who flattered himself with the idea that he should surely obtain the plates. After searching very diligently, he was sadly disappointed at not finding them. Mr. Smith then drove on, but, before he got to his journey's end, he was again overtaken by an officer on the same business, and, after ransacking

* Ferris, pp. 58, 59.

the wagon very carefully, he went his way as much chagrined as the first at not being able to discover the object of his research. Without any further molestation, he pursued his journey until he came into the northern part of Pennsylvania, near the Susquehanna River, in which part his father-in-law resided." *

The three first witnesses of the verity of the book were Harris, and Cowdry, and Whitmer. Of the character of these men we will give Mormon testimony. Smith, afterwards, in the "Elder's Journal," says: "There are negroes who wear white skins as well as black ones, such as Martin, Harris, and others, *but they are so far beneath contempt that a notice of them would be too great a sacrifice for a gentleman to make.*"

From a statement made by Sidney Rigdon, while the *saints* were in Independence, Mo., in 1838, it appears that "Oliver Cowdry and David Whitmer were connected with a gang of counterfeiters, thieves, liars, and black-legs, of the deepest dye, to deceive, cheat, and defraud the saints."

Such is the character given by the Mormon leaders of the three witnesses to the verity of their revelations. S. H. F.

(To be Continued.)

[For the Christian Repository.]

REMINISCENCES OF REV. JOHN KERR.

BY J. B. JETER, D. D.

AMONG the noble Baptist ministers of Virginia, of the current century, was the venerable brother whose name heads this article. In personal appearance, he was a man among a thousand. He was cast in nature's noblest mould. In stature, he was above the medium height, his body was compactly formed, and, while I knew him, slightly inclining to corpulency; and his head, artistic genius might copy, but could not excel. His features were regular and handsome, except that his nose was large and aquiline. His eye was keen, his countenance was radiant with genius and benevolence, and his voice was sonorous, flexible, and strong. In

* Ferris, pp. 60, 61.

his latter years he wore his hair neatly platted and tucked on the top of his head to conceal his baldness. Placed in an assembly of a thousand men, the curious spectator would have been apt to ask, "Who is that?" and to receive the reply, "That is old Father Kerr."

I first saw him at the Dover Association, in Essex County, Va., in the year 1825. I had heard of him from my boyhood, and was anxious to see him, and hear him preach. Another distinguished visitor made his appearance at the same meeting. Mr. Alexander Campbell, then in the vigor of his years, enjoying the prestige acquired by his recently published debate with Rev. W. L. M'Calla, was present, and the "observed of all observers." On Sunday three sermons were preached, as was then the custom at Associations in Virginia, without any intermission. The first discourse was delivered by Elder John Bryce, now of Kentucky. He was followed by Mr. Campbell in a "preachment" two hours in length, founded on the apostolic commission in Matthew, and intended, as well as I can now remember, to develop the preacher's views of the proper methods of diffusing ■ knowledge of the gospel throughout the world. Mr. Kerr followed with ■ sermon, of which I remember but little, except that it was declamatory, impassioned, riveted the attention of the congregation, and produced a deep and pervading effect. I was disappointed in the discourse. It did not equal the lofty estimation which I had been led to form of the preaching of the renowned Kerr. The truth is, my mind, then very immature, was pre-occupied by the novel, ingenious, and bewildering speculations of Mr. Campbell. Afterwards, however, and through many years, I had frequent opportunities of hearing Kerr preach, and making ■ just estimate of his pulpit gifts. No minister's talents should be judged by a single sermon. Such ■ judgment would have been most unjust in application to Kerr. It was only on great occasions—at Associational meetings—before large assemblies in the open air—that his fine preaching powers were fully brought out, and not invariably on such occasions.

The sermons of Elder Kerr were always discursive, frequently tedious, and sometimes spiritless. As an expounder of the Scriptures, he was loose and fanciful. His habits were never studious,

and, consequently, he was dependent on very limited reading, on casual meditation, and on a ready and inventive genius for the matter of his sermons. Petty criticism could find ample employment in pointing out the numerous defects of his discourses, in style, arrangement, logic, and taste. A pity it was that so much of real excellence should have been marred by blemishes, which, by early culture or diligent study, might have been avoided. These defects seemed trifling to men of sense, who loved the truth for its own sake, and rejoiced in any agency for good which God was pleased to employ; but there were minor critics who could perceive no excellence in a preacher, that, according to an early habit and prevalent practice, would say "sot" instead of "sat." In doctrinal views, Bro. Kerr was, what may be termed, a moderate Calvinist. He delighted to exalt the grace of God, but he never did it at the expense of holiness. It was in a clear, vivid, pointed, touching, powerful, overwhelming exhibition of the fundamental facts and truths of the Christian system, that he excelled. If human depravity, guilt, and wickedness were to be depicted—the glory of the Redeemer was to be displayed—the privileges of the Christian were to be unfolded, and the invisible realities of eternity were to be impressed on the hearts of a promiscuous and careless audience—I have never known the minister who could excel him in the work. Some of his pulpit efforts positively seemed to me to be supernatural. I sometimes heard him when his discourse resembled a storm that once overtook me, as I was traveling by night in a stage-coach through the State of Illinois, in which, for more than an hour, there was an incessant glare of lightning, accompanied by thunderings like the roar of ten thousand pieces of artillery.

But I purpose to state some facts, which, better than mere description, will give the reader a conception of his pulpit powers.

In the year 1828, if I remember rightly, the Dover Association met with the Grafton Church in York County. The preaching was conducted in a shady grove near the meeting-house. On Sunday the first sermon was preached by Rev. Andrew Broaddus. It was a beautiful and instructive discourse, conceived and uttered in the happiest vein of the gifted speaker. He was followed by Rev. B. B. Semple, in a sermon, plain, earnest, and faithful, as

his sermons always were. Kerr rose to deliver the third consecutive sermon under most discouraging circumstances. A strong eastern wind was howling through the sere leaves of an autumnal forest. The vast assembly, numbering probably three thousand persons, wearied by the length of the services, and ineffectual efforts to hear the speakers, had become inattentive and disorderly. The noble person and commanding mien of Kerr instantly attracted attention. His voice, clear, strong, and musical, fell on the ears of the vast, scattered throng. Instantly all was hushed, and the multitude became one dense mass of listeners. His text was Isa. 6 : 1-4. The sermon was an exceedingly fanciful exposition of the text; but it contained much evangelical truth, abounded in glowing imagery, and was delivered with intense energy and pathos. While he was speaking, the raging storm was forgotten. It was soon apparent that the vast assembly was under the fascination of the charmer. The crowd became constantly more dense and excited. When the speaker closed his discourse of two hours length, the congregation were on their feet, ranged in a compact semi-circle in front of the stand, and almost every face was bathed in tears. One gentleman, who was on the out-skirt of the congregation when the sermon was commenced, found himself, at its close, standing under the pulpit, gazing intently into the preacher's face, without the slightest recollection of having changed his position. No man could have seen that assembly, spell-bound by the eloquence of Kerr, without acknowledging that he was a master.

I will state another case. Probably in the year 1833, Bro. Kerr attended a Baptist camp-meeting in Northumberland Co., Va. There was at the meeting a young gentleman, from an adjoining county, who was very frivolous, and whose conversation contributed much to divert the thoughts of many young persons from the subject of religion. Among his acquaintances was a pious and intelligent lady. She proposed to him that he should go at night and occupy a seat near the preacher's stand to hear Mr. Kerr preach. At first he declined the proposal, but when she bantered him with being afraid to hear, he acceded to it. It was arranged that he should go forward at the evening service to hear Kerr's sermon. The preacher was informed of the young man's

engagement. At the appointed hour the service began. There sat the thoughtless visitor, resolved to demonstrate to his surrounding and giddy companions that he could hear the sermon without emotion. It was ordered that Kerr should not preach that night, but close the service with an exhortation. He was in fine tune for the service, just fifty years old, and in vigorous health. His discourse was addressed specially to young men. Skillfully he brought his arguments and appeals to bear on the understanding, the conscience, and the heart. When one train of thought failed of its effect, he tried another, and still another. The young hero was, at first, wholly inattentive—soon, however, his attention was arrested, fixed, absorbed. It was apparent that he had come under the enhancing power of the speaker. Seeing his advantage, he poured forth an overwhelming torrent of pathetic eloquence, and the young man, dropping his head, burst into tears and sobs, to the dismay of those whose consciences had been shielded by his frivolity. I question whether the history of pulpit eloquence can furnish a more striking instance of its power. Here was a strong man, giddy and irreligious, setting himself forward as a specimen of insensibility, compelled to weep bitterly in the presence of his boon companions, by the constraining power of simple eloquence. It is proper to say, however, that the impression, so far as I know, was evanescent and unprofitable.

It is not easy to say from what qualities the preaching of Mr. Kerr derived its chief power. It is certain that logic, originality, and depth of thought, a pure taste and an elegant style, were but feeble elements of this power. His fine personal appearance, the compass, force, and melody of his voice, the fertility and brilliance of his imagination, the point and vigor of his style, the earnestness of his soul, beaming through his countenance, the grace and energy of his gestures, and the constantly increasing clearness, beauty, and pathos of his discourse, imparted to his sermons a most subduing and resistless influence. Nor let it be supposed that this influence was limited to the ignorant and excitable. The strongest minds were moved by his appeals. Men of the greatest intelligence and self-possession were afraid to hear him, lest they should betray their weakness by their tears.

Mr. Kerr was eminently successful in winning souls. As a

settled pastor, he measurably failed ; but as an itinerant, he was unequalled in his day. Wherever he went, his congregations were immense ; and wherever he preached, his labors were crowned with a blessing. I do not think I speak extravagantly when I affirm that thousands were converted to Christ through his agency. Though more than a dozen years have passed since the death of this estimable minister, multitudes may now be found, among the most valued members of the churches, who were called into the kingdom of Christ by the persuasive power of his faithful ministry.

The body of Bro. Kerr reposes in the town of Yanceyville, Caswell Co., N. C. There, near the place of his nativity, among his relatives and early friends, and where he commenced his ministry, I preached his funeral sermon, in the year 1843, to a large congregation, whose deep emotions evinced how much they loved and venerated him, and deplored his death. "They that turn many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

[For the Christian Repository.]

PRESBYTERIANISM NOT REPUBLICAN.

PRESBYTERIANS, in America, are accustomed to speak of their system of church government as republican in its form and elements. Says Dr. Miller, under the sanction of the Presbyterian Board of Publication, in his work on Presbyterianism, p. 63 :

"It (Presbyterian church government) establishes, in all our ecclesiastical bodies, that strict, republican, *representative* system of government, which has been ever found to lie at the foundation of all practical freedom, both political and religious."

In "the form of government . . . ratified by the General Assembly, in May, 1821," chap. 5, it is said that, "Ruling elders are properly the representatives of the people, chosen by them for the purpose of exercising government and discipline in conjunction with pastors or ministers."

These positions are taken before the world with all the authority

which a large and respectable denomination can give them. It is certainly worth while to examine pretensions so made, and by such a body of men. Truth is perfection, and the more you look at it, the more transparent and beautiful it appears. Presbyterians, believing what they profess, will be glad to have their principles kept before the world in their purest elements. We may, therefore, with a free hand, lift the drapery from about this "strict, republican, *representative* government," and see what it really is.

Webster defines a *republic* to be, "a state in which the exercise of the sovereign power is lodged in representatives elected by the people." Worcester defines it, "a state governed by representatives chosen by the people." Either is sufficiently accurate.

A *representative* is an agent, deputy, or substitute, who supplies the place of another or others, being invested with his or their authority; and, in matters which concern them, he is supposed to be bound by their instructions.

A representative is, therefore, responsible to the individual or body which he represents. And he is the representative of that individual or body to which he is responsible, and which is responsible for him, though he may have received his appointment from some other individual or body. The appointee is not always the representative of the appointer. Judges, though elected by the people in some of our States, are not the representatives of the people, and cannot be from the very nature of the office. *Whatever, then, may be the circumstances of appointment or election, representation is always determined by the direction of responsibility and appeal.* This is a fixed principle in the science of government. The history of our American Republic is one unbroken chain of testimony to the fact.

Now apply the principles of a republican government to the Presbyterian church organization. Dr. Miller, on page 95 of the work previously quoted, gives us, in a few words, the principal features in this system:

"Her (the Presbyterian church) mode of conducting discipline in each church by a bench of elders, acting as the representatives of the members at large; and by courts of review and control, admitting of appeals, where parties feel aggrieved, and binding all

the particular churches together in one body, walking by the same rules of truth and order, and subject to the same uniform constitutional authority, are among her peculiar advantages."

I am not responsible for the Doctor's grammar.

The *elders*, who are said to govern the church, are called the *representatives* of the membership at large. They must be so to make the system republican. But are they representatives of the membership at large, or of the membership at all? They are elected by the membership, and so, sometimes, are our judges elected by the people, but they are not representatives. Are ruling elders, as such, responsible to the congregation or membership? They are not—but to the Presbytery. Are appeals made from the session or bench of elders to the membership? They are not—but are made to the Presbytery. Can the congregation have any control or redress by removing them from office, and electing others, after a fixed term of service? They cannot, for the office is perpetual; no person can be deposed from it. It must be evident, that the relations between the ruling elders and the congregation dissipates even that shadow of representation which appeared in their election. It might rather be maintained, that, if ruling elders are representatives of any thing, they represent the Presbytery instead of the congregation. They are under the "review and control" of the Presbytery—they are responsible to that body—the appeal is made from them to it. But the word "representative" has a different sense here from that it has in a republican government. In the sense it has here, however, the Synod is, as a body, the representative of the General Assembly, the Presbytery of the Synod, and the session, as a body, is the representative of the Presbytery. And this is all the representation known in the Presbyterian system of church government. Certainly there is not much republicanism in this.

Further: No Christian church government, holding the Bible to be God's complete revelation, and denying the right to change the laws laid down in it, or to substitute new ones in their stead, can be republican in any proper sense of that term. If so, the Presbyterian system, whatever else may be said of it, is not republican.

Churches are only the parts of a kingdom. Christ is king. He has framed the constitution and proclaimed the laws by which his kingdom and churches are to be governed. He has left nothing for the subjects of his kingdom to do but obey, except as they represent him. Each congregation of his disciples, organized according to his laws, is his representative—is his body—representing him, not in the capacity of law-giver, but executive.

A legislature may be a representative body, but a judiciary or executive cannot be. The church is only a judiciary and executive, deciding upon and executing the laws of Christ. Does the Presbyterian organization claim to do more than this? From its session to its General Assembly, it is a series of courts, and nothing more. It, therefore, has not and cannot have the first element of republicanism in it. Representation, for the same reason, in a republican sense—*i. e.*, a popular representation—is equally impossible.

Or does the Presbyterian church hold itself to be a law-making power, as well as an executive? If so, then the Confession of Faith, and all her Doctors, so far as this part of the argument is concerned, may speak of representation and republicanism.

But if the Presbyterian church is a constitution-framing and law-making power, and the rules and basis of government found in the Confession of Faith are to be regarded as the result of its exercise, then, still, I say, the principle of republicanism has been wanting throughout, because this constitution has never been submitted to the membership for their adoption. It was framed by the clergy, and, like the laws of Christ our King, simply demanded respect and obedience, without asking the consent of those to be governed by it. This was taking the chair of royalty.

But the idea of such a republican movement never entered the minds of the reverend authors of that work. Presbyterianism is only republican in republican America. In Scotland or England such a view is not presented, if Dr. Dick may be regarded as a fair exponent. He says:

“I now proceed to consider the second principle of Independency, which is, That all power is vested in the church collective, or in the body of the faithful; that to them the keys of the kingdom of heaven are committed; and that those who exercise any

authority in the church, in the character of rulers, derive it from the people. In opposition to this principle, Presbyterians maintain, That the power of governing the church belongs exclusively to certain office-bearers, who claim their authority from Jesus Christ, and are accountable to him alone for the exercise of it. . . .

“The constitution of a church differs from that of a civil society. A voluntary society is formed by the free consent of the members. Each of them has certain rights which he is desirous to secure, and enlarge by the co-operation of others; and he, therefore, unites with them upon such terms as seem best calculated to promote the common design. They proceed in concert to compose a code of laws, and to manage the affairs of the society. In such cases, power necessarily emanates from the people. . . . Here, the society is before the rulers, but with respect to the church, the rulers were before the society; and no reasoning, therefore, from the one case, is fairly applicable to the other.”

This is doubtless the true theory of Presbyterian church polity. But where is its republicanism? Where is “that strict, republican, *representative* system of government,” of which Dr. Miller has written and boasted so much, and of which Presbyterians in America boast so loudly? Where is “that strict, republican, *representative* system,” which the Presbyterian Board of Publication is publishing from Maine to Texas? So different is it from what it is represented to be, that, Dr. Dick says, there is no analogy between the two—“no reasoning from the one case is fairly applicable to the other.”

Are Presbyterian clergymen ignorant of this? Are ruling elders ignorant of it? Some of them may be deceived. Many may be deceived by the fact, that ruling elders are elected by the membership. But I apprehend few would feel themselves complimented in the oversight of such a fallacy. Certainly no jurist, skilled in the science of government, will allow, for a moment, that the Presbyterian system of church government is either republican or representative. And, further, will any discriminating clergyman or ruling elder in that denomination take the position and give the proof and principles by which such republicanism and representation may be maintained? If not, then in all honesty they must cease to so publish it to the world and to their congregations.

But it matters not whether a system of church government is democratic, republican, aristocratic, or monarchical, if it is in

accordance with the model presented in the Scriptures of truth. This Presbyterians claim for their system—if rightly, then it is the one by which all Christians should be governed. This, then, becomes the more important question, and must have our attention. B. *

A CHURCH WITHOUT A CREED.

THE following conversation recently transpired between a lay member of a church *with* a creed, and two distinguished clergymen of a church *without* a creed :

Elder A.—"Do you not believe, Bro. L., that human creeds are doing more to retard the progress of Christianity in the world, than all the sects are doing to promote it?"

Layman.—"I believe that creeds may be contrary to the Scriptures, and that, in so far as they misrepresent the teachings of God's word, they are productive of evil. But every church ought certainly to have a creed."

Elder B.—"If all Christians would take the Bible, and the Bible alone, for their creed, we should soon see such a union of good men as would silence the infidel, and convert the world to the faith of the gospel."

Layman.—"We all profess to receive the Scriptures as our rule of faith and practice; but all of us, perhaps, fail, to some extent, in our interpretation of the Bible. You profess to receive the Bible, I believe, as your creed."

Elder A.—"We not only *profess* to do this, but we *do* it. There's the difference between us and most other organizations which claim to be gospel churches."

Layman.—"Excuse me if I express a doubt of the correctness of your affirmation on this point—not that I call in question your sincerity. Let me suppose a case. A member of your congregation comes forward, in accordance with your invitation at the close of your sermon to-night, as a candidate for baptism; and when you propound to him the usual interrogation, 'Do you believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God?' he replies, 'I receive the Bible as my creed, believing it, after a careful examination

of its contents, to be the word of God.' Would you baptize him upon such a confession?"

Elder B., (hesitating.)—"Well if he believed the Bible to be the word of God, he would not refuse to answer affirmatively the question I had propounded, for that is a part of the Bible."

Layman.—"Probably not. But suppose he should insist, that, as the Bible alone is the only proper creed, and that he reserved to himself the right of interpreting it, what would you do?—Would you baptize him?"

Elder A.—"I am inclined to think, Bro. B., that you would do right to baptize him—though I am not quite certain."

Elder B.—"I think I should decline baptizing him if he declined making the good confession. Had the eunuch refused to affirm his belief of the proposition, 'Jesus Christ is the Son of God,' would Philip have immersed him?"

Elder A.—"It is *always* right to follow Scripture example, and, for this reason, I think, on the whole, that baptism should not be administered to one who refuses to follow the example laid down in the New Testament for our guidance."

Layman.—"I think it very clear, then, that while you *profess* to take the Bible for *your* creed, you are unwilling that candidates for admission into your church should come in with the same creed, until they shall have affirmed their belief in a single proposition contained in that creed."

Elder B.—"Admit it. But is not this proposition Scripture—literally, not constructively?"

Layman.—"The words referred to are certainly found in King James' version of the Bible; but the Universalist, the Unitarian, and the Catholic could all cordially assent to the truth that 'Jesus Christ is the Son of God,' yet you believe that they all are in error. But you must baptize them, and receive them into your churches, if they come with the 'good confession,' and receive immersion thereupon from your hands."

Elder A.—"It is highly improbable that Universalists, Unitarians, and Catholics would seek admission into our churches; but if they should, and should be received, we are not responsible for it if we follow *the* Scriptures as our guide."

Layman.—"I have understood that a Universalist preacher

was baptized and received into one of your churches, avowing, at the time, that he did not believe in future punishment."

Elder A.—"That is true. He was so received; but it was understood that he was not to *preach* universalism from our pulpits. He was at liberty to hold the doctrine as an *opinion*."

Layman.—"Without stopping to question the propriety of your refusing to let your preachers proclaim from the pulpit what they honestly believe to be the truth, I must reject, as unscriptural, any creed that thus opens the doors of a church to those who reject what you and I both regard as solemn and important truths—so important that you feel it to be your duty, as a minister of the gospel, to promulgate them from the pulpit and through the press. I have another objection to your creed."

Elder B.—"And what is that?"

Layman.—"It is that your 'good confession' is no creed at all, in any proper sense of the word creed."

Elder B.—"That depends upon the import of the term. How do you define it?"

Layman.—"I understand the term *creed* to signify something believed."

Elder B.—"Very well; and when I *believe* that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, is not the proposition believed a creed?"

Layman.—"If the thing believed is *expressed* by the terms of the proposition, it may be clearly expressed by other terms, or by circumlocation; for words are simply *signs* of ideas, and unless every term of a proposition convey to the mind a definite idea, the proposition is unintelligible. A single ambiguous term destroys the perspicuity of the expression; and, as no definite idea is conveyed to the mind by the expression, it is destitute of one of the essential characteristics of a proposition. Am I correct?"

Elder A.—"I don't object to your definition of a proposition—it is logically correct. But what application do you propose to make of your definition to the proposition, 'Jesus Christ is the Son of God?'"

Layman.—"Make the application yourself, by informing me what idea is conveyed by the term 'Son' in your 'creed.' Has it there its ordinary signification? Does it denote one descended from another, called, in reference to him, *father*, and necessarily antecedent to him in being?"

Elder A.—"It cannot have in this proposition its literal or common meaning; for Christ claimed equality with the Father, which he could not have done had the Father existed before him and been the cause of his being—or had he created the Son."

Layman.—"Well, how will you define the term? What other term, or what combination of terms, will define the word 'Son?'"

Elder A.—"The term 'Son' denotes the divinity of Jesus Christ, and hence his equality with the Father; just as the same term, applied to yourself, denotes your humanity, because it implies your membership in the human family, of which your father was a member."

Layman.—"Your Unitarian brother would disagree with you. He would say that the term 'son,' when applied to man, is never understood to imply equality; that all men are not, either in knowledge, wisdom, power, intellectual or physical, or in any of the attributes of humanity, equal; and, moreover, that your illustration favors the heathen notion of a succession of Gods coming into existence one after another. He rejects both your logic and your illustration. He makes one creed, and you another very unlike his, from the same passage of Scripture."

Elder A.—"You mistake, I think, in supposing the Unitarian argues the inferiority of the Son to the Father from the passage in question. He relies upon other Scripture principally."

Layman.—"So do you; for you just now affirmed that Jesus Christ could not be inferior to God the Father, *because* he claimed equality with him. But the portions of Scripture which you would quote when arguing with a Unitarian, are not to be found in the only confession of faith which you require of candidates for admission into your churches."

Elder B.—"Will you tell us what *you* consider the import of the term 'Son' in the passage before us?"

Layman.—"As the subject of inquiry is, not what construction I may put upon this or any other passage of Scripture, but whether you have a creed or not, you must excuse me, for the present, from presenting my views in the premises. You have already conceded that a mere form of words is not a proposition—that a single ambiguous term renders it unintelligible. You must, therefore, assign to this term 'Son' a definite meaning before you can, consistently, require me to believe that Jesus Christ is the

Son of God, when I apply to you for baptism, with a view to uniting with your church. If I unite formally with you, there will be no real union between us, if there exists not a union of *faith*, of belief. But if I believe, with the Unitarian, as many of your members do, that Christ was a mere man, while you believe him to be God manifest in the flesh; and if I believe there is no future punishment, while you believe that future, endless punishment is one of the most important truths revealed to us in the word of God—where is that *union* between us for which you so zealously and so eloquently plead? You insist that the Christian church is based upon the divinity of Christ, and yet you receive into and retain in your church men who reject the doctrine of Christ's divinity as unscriptural and absurd. Am I correct in this statement?"

Elder A.—"I admit that a man may honestly make the confession we require, and yet not be able to perceive that the divinity of Christ is clearly taught in the Scriptures. I admit, also, that we would not exclude a member for Unitarian or Universalist opinions—"

Layman.—"Nor for denying the inspiration of the Scriptures? Dr. —, you well know, publicly avows his disbelief of the inspiration of the sacred writers; and he has long been a prominent and influential member of the *Christian* church in this town.

Elder B.—"Do not your churches profess to adopt the Bible as their creed? And would they not, as do ours, require something more of a candidate for baptism than a simple declaration that he, too, receives the Bible as his creed?"

Layman.—"Our churches regard the Bible as the only rule of faith and practice; but they do not adopt it as their creed, leaving it to be interpreted in a dozen different ways. Their creeds, or confessions of faith, embrace what they deem to be the essential doctrines of the Bible, expressed in intelligible phraseology; and when a candidate presents himself for admission, he is examined for the purpose of ascertaining whether his faith harmonizes with that of the church of which he proposes to become a member. If he were to affirm, in all sincerity, that 'Jesus Christ is the Son of God,' and yet reject the doctrine of his divinity—or should he believe that the Bible teaches the doctrine of universal salvation, we should refuse to receive him. No Baptist minister would

baptize *such* a 'believer.' *Our* creed rejects all such applicants; *yours*—a mere form of words, without any definite meaning—receives them. You make war upon Universalism and Unitarianism as most dangerous heresies; but you invite their advocates to unite with you, on condition that they will make the 'good confession,' be immersed, and adopt your name. You may boast of 'one baptism,' but 'one Lord and one faith' you have not; and, without a creed, you never will have."

Elder A.—"There is certainly some appearance of plausibility in your objections to our confession of faith; but, if Philip could receive it from the eunuch, why may not we receive it from those who apply to us for baptism?"

Layman.—"If the eunuch did not attach a *definite* meaning to the words 'Son of God,' he was not baptized upon a confession of his faith; for *faith* is *belief*. If the eunuch believed any thing respecting the character of Christ, you certainly ought to have the same belief if you profess to adopt his creed. But you object to any creed which either affirms or denies the equality of the Son with the Father, while you very well know that the words, 'Son of God,' applied to Christ, are claimed by many of your own members as teaching his essential inferiority. Excuse me if I insist that your 'good confession' is no creed at all to *you*, unless you can explain its import—which you cannot do, without assigning to the term 'Son' a definite meaning."

Elder A.—"Do you not believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God?"

Layman.—"I do, sir; but I attach a definite meaning to each of those words, or I could not say I believed the proposition enunciated by them."

Elder B.—"And what is that meaning?—what does the word 'Son' mean?"

Layman.—"As the question under discussion is, Have you a creed? and, if so, What is it? *you* must answer that question. When you shall have done this, I shall have no objection to giving you my views of the signification of the word."

Elder A.—"Bro. B. I think you will be obliged to answer the question. If it can't be done, we are without a creed."

Layman.—"Take time for reflection; I will see you again."

Family Visitant.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. S. R. FORD.

WILLIAM WINTERFIELD, THE YOUNG PASTOR.

BY MRS. F. E. GARNETT.

CHAP. VI.—THE DISCUSSION CONTINUED.

“I must dissent from your exposition of Ezekiel xviii., 26, Bro. Grey,” said William, after they were again seated in Mrs. Selwyn’s comfortable setting-room for a continuance of the discussion of *final* apostacy. “If I comprehended your meaning, you evidently conveyed the idea that self-righteousness was there referred to. Self-righteousness, properly, means a reliance upon our own merit; and you, doubtless, remember the language of the Saviour to the self-righteous Scribes and Pharisees, in which He denounces, in round terms, their dependence upon their own works. God is not the author of confusion and inconsistencies. He would not denounce a self-righteous man in one sentence, and threaten to punish with eternal death those who turn away from their self-righteousness in another. You must abandon this position without delay.”

“Permit me to explain a moment, Bro. Winterfield. Your definition of self-righteousness is correct, and I did not intend to convey the idea that naturally suggests itself there. Self-reliance or Pharisaic dependence upon our own works is not the thought, but personal obedience. You perceive that the language is addressed to the Israelites. Quite a number of sins are prohibited, and many acts of obedience enjoined: ‘These do, and live.’ ‘Omit them, and you die.’ Upon this condition, then, their salvation is predicated, as you see;—upon personal righteousness, which, under the ceremonial law, consisted in the observance of certain rites and ceremonies specifically designated. No mention of the righteousness of Christ, which saves the sinner under the gospel dispensation. The cases are not at all analagous, as you must perceive, and are not, therefore, comparable. An apostate, Bro. Winterfield, was never really a righteous man in the scriptural signification of that term. He may have had the denomination—the external marks; may have thought himself one, but the sequel demonstrates to the contrary. He turns away from his righteousness; not the righteousness of Christ, which, never having been imputed to him, he cannot properly be called ■

righteous man. If Christ be really formed in the man, a principle of life is introduced which cannot be exterminated, God's word being true."

"I understand, from your argument, that you do not admit the analogy of Old and New Testament characters. If you do not consider Old Testament saints appropriate illustrations of final apostacy, we will turn, then, to the New. I presume there will be no difference of opinion relative to their similarity. We will read, if you please, from the twelfth chapter of Matthew, 43d, 44th, and 45th verses: 'When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest and finding none. Then saith he, I will return into my house from whence I came out; and when he is come, he findeth it empty, swept, and garnished. Then goeth he, and taketh with him seven other spirits, more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there: and the last state of that man is worse than the first.' Is not this an unequivocal announcement of the doctrine of final apostacy. It needs no comment, but carries with it its own demonstration."

"Well, now, see here, Billy," interrupted Deacon Grey, who winced under his pastor's defense of error, and, in spite of Mrs. Selwyn's pleasant shake of the head inviting him to silence, would "slip in a word edge-ways,"—"you will have to screw and twist those verses clear out of their proper connection to make them prove final apostacy, and I have some curiosity to witness the twisting process; so go ahead."

"I don't admit the necessity of resorting to any such process, Bro. Freeman; the verses in their natural, legitimate position prove it without explanation."

"Let us examine these verses in their contextual relation, Bro. Winterfield," said Deacon Grey, replacing his spectacles, and glancing over the chapter. "Please read from the 38th verse, and you will perceive that our Lord is addressing the Scribes and Pharisees, who came seeking a sign from him. He brings forward several illustrations to prove the wickedness and perversity of the Jews as a nation. The Ninevites were one, the Queen of the South another. 'These,' said he, 'shall rise up in judgment against this generation, and shall condemn it.' Why? Because they enjoyed such exalted privileges and still repented not. (No characteristics of a Christian here.) Then follows the illustration of the unclean spirit which goes out, and returns, bringing with him others more unclean. You remember that one was brought to him possessed of a devil, blind, and dumb, and Christ healed him. Hence the illustration. Will you please observe the application the Saviour makes of the illustration. He makes it clearly represent the Jewish church and nation,—'So shall it be with this wicked generation.' After the captivity in Babylon, they began to reform, but soon corrupted themselves again. True, they did not relapse into actual idolatry, but fell into all manner of profaneness and impiety, and added to this a willful contempt of Christ and his gospel. Subsequent events prove that the last estate of the Jews was worse than the first, as their destruction by the Romans fully verifies."

"I admit, Bro. Grey, that this is prophetic of the rejection of the Jews, and their implacable enmity to the gospel to the present time; but is it not also applicable to individuals?"

"Yes, to a certain class of individuals; but not the truly converted man who makes Christ his foundation."

"To whom, then, do you think it applicable?"

"To those who fear the word of God, are convinced of its truth, and begin a partial reformation. The unclean spirit retires, but Christ is not welcomed by faith to dwell in the heart. The evil spirit was not expelled by Christ, as you see, but retired voluntarily, and he had not taken up his abode in the heart of the man, or it would not have found entrance. It still lurks around, anxious to return to its old habitation, and, finding it empty, swept from convictions and good resolutions, and garnished or ready furnished for the reception and entertainment of unclean spirits, it returns and brings with it others. Is there any similarity in his case and that of a man washed and purified, whose heart is a suitable temple for the in-dwelling of the Holy Spirit?—None, none, my brother."

"Let me tell you, Bro. Grey, its about such a case as Bernard's—a little washing of the outside of the cup and platter—a little whited sepulchreism—but inside he is full of dead men's bones or foul passions and sinful desires. Bless your soul, Billy, get the man once cleansed, Christ formed in him the hope of glory, and the wicked one can't thrust him out and take possession. No, never! The arm of Christ is omnipotent, and Satan must quail before its power."

"I confess, brethren, that this is a different phase of the subject to any heretofore presented, and is worthy of consideration."

"Well, Billy, as we have driven you from these strongholds, I trust that the light of divine truth will expel all error from your mind."

"I do most sincerely wish and pray that it may be so. If I am in error, I am truly anxious to be enlightened. But the next case in point is that of Peter. You will certainly admit that he was a Christian and fell—denied his Lord—cursed and swore. This was perpetrating wickedness upon the whole-sale for an apostle."

"I can make no such admission, with the word of God for my guide, Bro. Winterfield. O, no! The case of Peter is as clear as the sun at noon. He denied his Lord, it is true; but did he totally and finally fall? By no means. Peter possessed an ardent, sanguine temperament, was ever ready with expressions of fidelity and attachment, and, withal, very self-confident. You remember, upon a previous occasion, when he attempted to walk on the sea, his faith failed, and he exclaimed, 'Lord save, or I perish.' Thus he exhibited his predominant characteristic. Christ put forth his hand and saved him. In Luke xxii., 31, we have another exhibition of it: 'And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat. But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith may fail not.' And he

said, 'Lord, I am ready to go with thee, both into prison and to death.' See how self-confident. How necessary that he should be made sensible of his weakness! The Lord answered him: 'I tell the Peter, the cock shall not crow this day before that thou shalt thrice deny that thou knowest me.' Notice the connected chain of circumstances which drew him to the painful termination of the matter. He followed those who bore his Master away to the palace of the high-priest. But when there, a new difficulty presents itself. How was he to obtain admission? John furnishes this link in the chain by obtaining entrance for him. He is there, denies his Lord and Master, after vowing that he would go with him to prison, and to death."

"Well, Bro. Grey, you have only proven what I believed, that Peter fell from grace. I am much obliged to you for your argument in my favor."

"Stop there now, Billy," said Deacon Freeman; "do you call that final, total apostacy—Peter doing just what Christ intended he should do to prove to him his weakness?"

"I don't object to that version of it either, Bro. Freeman. Peter was liable to fall. Christ knew it, and he determined to prove it to him, don't you see?"

"Yes, I see it all, and a little more too. I hear the Lord tell Peter that 'Satan desired to have him, that he might sift him as wheat. But,'—O, if it were not for that *but* you might get along; but the stilts of final apostacy upon which you are strutting are not long enough to clamber over that. Now listen—'But I have prayed for thee that thy faith may fail not.'"

"Pardon me for interrupting you, Bro. Freeman—but why did Christ pray that Peter's faith might not fail, if there was no danger of its failing?"

"Because he was pledged to keep him; and this was one item in the process—the great danger of Peter's faith failing if left to himself. Christ would not thus leave him; but then, as now, interceded for him and all his saints."

"What have you proven by showing that Christ prayed that his faith might not fail? Peter denied him after all."

"Proven! Why a great deal. I have proven, that, although Peter sinned, he was still in a state of faith, consequently a Christian."

"I don't see how you have proven him in faith. It is not conclusive to my mind by any means."

"Permit me to direct you to this point, Bro. Winterfield," said Deacon G. "Christ prayed to the Father that Peter's faith fail not, and does not the Father always hear and answer the Son?"

"I presume he does, sir. Christ himself says that the Father ever hears him."

"Then, my dear sir, the conclusion is inevitable. Peter's faith did not fail because Christ prayed that it should not. The Father ever hears the Son, therefore Peter did not finally and totally apostatize. Poor Peter acted very badly, though, in denying his Master. We all do wrong repeatedly, and, in numerous ways, tacitly deny him, yet the faith which saves is not extinguished; it is not, perhaps, in as full exercise, but still it anchors fast to the cross of Christ our Redeemer."

"Well, Billy, as we have disposed of Peter's case, you will bring up Judas's next, I suppose. It's a wonder you did not mention him before, as he is first in the order of apostates."

"I do not consider Judas's a case of final apostacy, as it is very evident that he was a traitor at heart from the beginning. Christ himself said, in relation to him, 'Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil.' We are also informed that Judas was chosen from the beginning to accomplish this very work. But here is the case of Simon Magus, that demands some attention."

"What about Simon, Billy?"

"In the 8th chap. of Acts, 13th verse, you will read this language: 'Then Simon himself believed also; and, when he was baptized, he continued with Philip, and wondered, beholding the miracles and signs which were done.' Subsequently, when, by the laying on of hands, the Holy Ghost was imparted, he offered money to the apostles to purchase this power. Upon which Peter said to him, 'Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter; for thy heart is not right in the sight of God. Repent, therefore, of this thy wickedness, and pray God, if, perhaps, the thought of thine heart be forgiven thee. For I perceive that thou art in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity.' You see that Simon believed, was baptized, and was, afterwards, pronounced in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity. Does not that resemble final apostacy?"

"But you have not yet proven that Simon was a Christian, Billy."

"Why, is it not written that he believed and was baptized?"

"Yes, but still he is not proven a Christian."

"Why you have contended all the time that faith brings men into covenant relation with Christ."

"Yes, I have, and do still; but the sequel proves that he had not faith."

"The inspired penman says he believed."

"Yes, and the inspired penman said also that the devils believe, but they gave no evidence of the existence of genuine faith."

"Why, Bro. Freeman, are you presuming to fly in the face of divine authority and deny that Simon had faith, when it is recorded that he believed?"

"No, sir, not a bit of it. I believe just what is written. Simon was convinced that Philip preached a true doctrine, because he saw it confirmed by real miracles. And he was a pretty good judge, too, seeing, as he did, the difference between them and the trickery he had been playing off. He, therefore, became a convert in show and profession for a time, and even went so far as to be baptized and admitted as believers were. He remained with Philip, courted his acquaintance, and it is not the least wonderful, seeing he had been engaged in sorcery, and expected no doubt to make it profitable. Indeed the sequel proves it most conclusively, as he offered them money to purchase this gift. The answer of Peter settles the question of Simon's Christianity for ever: 'Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter; for thy heart

is not right in the sight of the Lord.' And again: 'I perceive that thou art in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity.' Now is not that a bad show for a Christian?"

"You perceive, Bro. Winterfield," remarked Deacon Grey, "that Simon did not request them to lay their hands on him that he might receive the Holy Ghost himself, and thus obtain the spirit and disposition of a Christian, but desired the ability to impart the gift to others, that he might have the honor of an apostle. It proved, conclusively, that he did not enter into the true spirit of the matter, but, like Balaam, desired the rewards of divination, as he assuredly would not have offered money for this power if he had not hoped to get money by it. It showed also that he had much self-conceit, and that his heart had never been truly humbled. Such a wretch as he had been previous to his baptism, should have asked, like the prodigal, to be as one of the hired servants; but, as soon as he is admitted into the family, he must be one of the stewards of the household, and be entrusted with a power which Philip himself did not possess, but the apostles only. Now is not Simon's character fairly proven here from his crime? Such an error could not have been committed in a state of grace. Simon must have been under the power of a worldly or carnal mind, hence Philip tells him, plainly, that his heart is not right in the sight of God. This act, Bro. Winterfield, was but the offspring of a depraved heart, which had never been renewed by grace divine."

"We will, if you please, brethren," remarked Mr. Winterfield, "examine some pointed passages in the epistles, which so plainly teach this doctrine that he who runs may read."

"Well, give us your strongest, Billy."

"Hebrews, iv., 1: 'Let us therefore fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it.' Does not this imply a possibility that we may not at last enter into rest, even though there is a promise?"

"What do you suppose the apostle means here by 'entering into rest,' Bro. Winterfield?"

"The final repose of saints in heaven, I infer."

"From the reading of the second and third verses, we would suppose that he meant entering into a covenant relation to Christ, and a state of communication with God, through Christ, and growing up therein. In the third verse he says: 'For we which have believed, do enter into rest.' In the preceding chapter he speaks of those with whom Moses was grieved, whose carcasses fell in the wilderness. They could not enter in because of unbelief. Now let us, therefore, fear—"

"Let me interrupt you here, Bro. Grey. The apostle is addressing those who are in a covenant relation to Christ. He cannot, therefore, mean that."

"I have no objection to your interpretation, Bro. Winterfield. Please read the sixth and eleventh verses: 'Seeing, therefore, it remaineth that some

must enter therein, and they to whom it was first preached entered not in because of unbelief. Let us labor, therefore, to enter into that rest, lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief.' It is evident, as you perceive from the reading of these verses, that the apostle referred to the unbelieving Jews who rejected the Saviour. They to whom it was first preached entered not in because of unbelief. But it remaineth that some must enter in. Let us be careful, then, lest we fall after the same example of unbelief. Notice the point: Unbelief excludes, faith secures the rest to us. If, then, we have faith, we must enter in. There is a promise for all who rely implicitly on Christ, and we can only fall short of entering because of unbelief. Believers are in Christ, and, unless this relation be dissolved, I see no place for final apostasy."

"Your conclusions are correct from the premises, but you have lost sight of the first verse: 'Let us, therefore, fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it.' This implies, at least, a possibility that we may come short of it—does it not?"

"By no means. It implies to the contrary. Notice the verbiage. The exhortation is not 'be careful, lest you come short of it,' but 'should seem to come short of it.'"

"In the sixth chapter, fourth, fifth, and sixth verses, we have final apostasy broad as life, Bro. Grey, and you can't dispute it."

"So you have found it, at last, have you, Billy? Well you have tried hard, my boy. But read those verses; let us hear what is couched in them, as you appear to think them convincing."

"'For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame.'"

"I see here, on the margin, Bro. Winterfield, some comments on these verses, which, with your consent, I will read, as they are very explicit."

"Read them, Bro. Grey, most assuredly."

"The apostle shows how far persons may go in religion, and, after all, fall away and perish for ever. They may be enlightened. Some of the ancients understood this of their being baptized, but is rather to be understood of national knowledge and common illumination, of which persons may have a great deal, and yet come short of heaven, as Balaam.' Num. xxiv., 3. They may taste of the heavenly gift—feel something of the efficacy of the Holy Spirit in his operations, causing them to feel something of religion—and yet, like persons in market, who taste of what they will not come up to the price of, and so but take a taste and leave it. They may be made partakers of the Holy Ghost—that is, of his extraordinary and miraculous gifts—may have cast out devils in the name of Christ, and done many other mighty works. Such gifts, in the apostolic age, were sometimes bestowed on those who had no true

saving faith. They may have tasted of the word of God—may have some relish for gospel doctrines—may hear the word with pleasure, remember it, talk well of it, and yet never be cast into the form and mould of it—never have it dwell richly in them. They may have tasted of the powers of the world to come—may have been under strong impressions concerning heaven and hell—have felt some desire of going to heaven, and dread of going to hell. These lengths hypocrites may go, and, after all, turn apostates. And, observe, it is not here said of them they were truly converted or justified. There is more in true saving-grace than in all that is here said of apostates. This, therefore, is no proof of the final apostasy of true saints. These, indeed, may sin frequently, and foully, but yet not totally, and finally fall from God. The fact that an individual apostatizes is no evidence of his having been a child of God by adoption; but, on the contrary, proves conclusively that he was never what he professed to be. You must certainly admit, Bro. Winterfield, that individuals may go through the process here described—may have knowledge, convictions, hopes, fears, joys, and seasons of apparent earnestness and deep concern about eternal things, but are never truly humbled, or become spiritually-minded. Religion is not their element, is not their delight; they love the world better than the cross of Christ, and thus prove that the love of the Father is not in them. Don't you think this may occur?"

"Very possible, Bro. Grey."

"Will you please read the concluding verses of that chapter, Bro. Winterfield, and observe, carefully, the language as you read."

"Wherein God, willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath, that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us; which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail, whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, made an high-priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec."

"These verses need no comment, but a single inquiry, Who are they to whom God has given such full security of happiness? Are they not heirs of the promise by inheritance, by virtue of their union with him by faith? They are represented as joint-heirs with Christ, and can their title be invalidated if his remain good? Surely not."

"What think you of the thirty-eighth verse of the tenth chapter, Bro. Grey? 'Now the just shall live by faith; but if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him.' Is not apostasy taught here?"

"By no means. It does not affirm that the just will or can draw back. Read it carefully if any man can draw back. But, see here, the thirty-ninth verse makes it all clear and plain: 'But we are not of them who draw back unto perdition, but of them who believe to the saving of the soul.' You now see the distinction—two characters, explicitly described; and this distinction is maintained throughout the entire New Testament, which, if you will

observe, in reading, will prevent much confusion and misapprehension of God's word."

"The next proof to which I will direct your attention, Bro. Grey, is found in 2 Peter, i., 8, 9, 10. The apostle exhorts to the cultivation of Christian graces in the preceding verses, and, in the ninth, he says: 'But he that lacketh these things is blind, and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins.'"

"I believe every sentence in that verse, Bro. Winterfield. When Christians neglect the cultivation of their Christian graces, all these things may be asserted of them. There is, therefore, no issue between us here."

"Well, what think you of the succeeding verse—'Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure; for, if ye do these things, ye shall never fall?'"

"I indorse every word of that also. Christians should labor to make their calling and election sure—not labor to procure it, though, it is already freely bestowed by grace—but labor to evince to the world that they are children of God; exhibit the graces of the Spirit above enumerated, that they may thus have in their own hearts and consciences the convincing evidence that they are heirs of God."

"If ye do these things, ye shall never fall.' Does not that imply, Bro. Grey, that if they do them not they will fall?"

"Not necessarily. It merely asserts the fact that they will not fall if they perform certain things mentioned. If, however, you can prove that Christians are required to keep themselves, I will yield the point. You will not make the attempt, I presume, in the face of the scriptural assertion that we 'are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.' I am willing, however, that you should have the benefit of all that you suppose the text implies, and does it prove final apostasy? By no means. It merely proves if Christians do not properly cultivate their Christian graces, they will lose, to some extent, their zeal, energy, and interest in the divine life; will apostatize, but not fall finally, totally. O, no! nothing of the kind is couched in this language."

"Turn to the second chapter of 2 Peter, Bro. Grey, and you will find this language, as clear and explicit as words can make it: 'For if after they have escaped the pollutions of the world through the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, they are again entangled therein, and overcome, the latter end is worse with them than the beginning. For it had better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than, after they have known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered to them. But it is happened unto them, according to the true proverb, The dog is turned to his own vomit again; and, The sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire.'"

"Well that caps the climax, don't it, Billy?"

"It is conclusive to my mind, certainly; and I think it unnecessary to introduce other proof-texts, as these are the strongest to be found, and sufficiently explicit to set the matter at rest forever."

"Do you suppose, Bro. Winterfield, that these verses refer to Christians or regenerated persons?"

"I presume they do, Bro. Grey."

"Why, don't you perceive, plainly, that he is speaking of false witnesses, unregenerated men, who work all manner of wickedness?"

"Yes, I admit that these were their previous characteristics; but the apostle speaks of their having escaped the pollutions of the world through the knowledge of Jesus, and being again entangled in them."

"True enough—their minds were enlightened to some extent. They saw the error of their false teaching, perceived also that their wickedness had been very great, and, perchance, commenced a partial reformation; but it was certainly only partial, for it is asserted of them that they were again entangled in their corruptions, and their latter end proved worse than the beginning. But the twenty-first verse settles the matter conclusively: 'For it had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than, after they have known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them.' There you have conclusive evidence that they were only enlightened, only convinced that their system was false, and the gospel true. But even after they are thus convinced, they turn away from the holy commandment—do not embrace the gospel—are not converted, only convinced, to some extent, of their error; and how much worse for them to return to their former course of wickedness, now that they are better informed—sinning wilfully against light and knowledge."

"But the twenty-second verse, Bro. Grey, what will you do with that? It appears to me to be very much in the way of this interpretation."

"Not at all. Let us read it again: 'But it is happened unto them according to the old proverb, The dog is turned to his own vomit again; and, The sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire.' This merely illustrates the thought contained in the preceding verse. The dog and sow, the most disgusting and loathsome of animals, are only mentioned to illustrate those who, after conviction, professed repentance and external reformation, but soon returned to their former wickedness because their carnal hearts loved it. Their natures were never changed, as the illustration clearly proves. No, not a bit of it, Billy. If the sow was washed, she was a sow still, and went straight back to her natural bed in the mire. But suppose she had been changed in disposition, and received the nature and propensities of the sheep, (the emblem of the regenerated,) you might throw it into the mire, but, bless your soul, it would get out as fast as possible; it would not wallow in it with pleasure, because it is contrary to its nature. Don't you see how illustrative it is of the partially reformed man? They had only escaped, for a time, the pollutions of the world, but had not been made partakers of the divine nature. The Christian is born again—is made a new creature; Christ dwells in him by his Spirit, and makes all things new; sin is not his natural element—he does not turn to it with pleasure, but often weeps, that, through

the imperfections of the flesh, he is led to act inconsistently. The apostle tells us that whosoever is born of God cannot sin, because his seed remaineth in him."

"I understand from that application of this quotation that Christians are perfect—do not sin."

"No; I have already stated that they are imperfect, and this brings clearly to view the admirable adaptation of the plan of salvation. The righteousness of Christ, like a spotless mantle, covers all their imperfections; and they are accepted not upon their own merits, but his. The only question, then, to decide is, are they really, truly in Christ? If so, they will continue to show it by their fruits. Their works are evidences that they are in him—not the ground of acceptance with God."

"I must frankly confess that your exposition of the text is consistent and correct, and presents a different aspect of the subject to any I have before observed."

"There is another strong text quoted by the advocates of this doctrine which you have omitted, Billy."

"What is it, Bro. Freeman?"

"'Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed, lest he fall.'"

"I merely regard that as a caution to the self-confident, and having no direct bearing upon the subject."

"Well, now, Billy, I have been listening attentively to you and Bro. Grey, except when I would slip in a word myself, and you have not quoted the first text or given the first illustration which, taken in its natural position, proves that Christians can totally or finally be lost. They either refer to those who may not properly be termed Christians, or prove that Christians, as such, may backslide, but not lose their religion, to use a common expression. The apostles warn Christians against departures from the path of duty; exhort to steadfastness; but do not intimate that they will apostatize so as to be finally lost. Why, if this were true, where would be God's people? If one may be lost, all may. Then where is that company that will come up out of great tribulation, and receive a final admittance into the kingdom? O, no! the Bible don't teach this, but, on the contrary, abounds in passages establishing the final perseverance of the saints."

"I wish you, if you please, Bro. Grey, to review these also. Your comments have suggested an entire new train of thought, which, if pursued, may be beneficial to me. But there is a thought suggested to my mind which presents a new difficulty. How will you distinguish the real apostate from the backsliding Christian, unless you designate the precise point to which a Christian may go, and not finally apostatize?"

"That point may be designated, I think, Bro. Winterfield. Why, sinners themselves will select from the mass of professors the truly pious. 'By their fruits ye shall know them;' and, although their frailties and imperfections are discernable, yet how easily are they distinguished from the worldly-minded

church-member who proves by his works that his nature has never been changed. The great mistake lies in attributing the unholy lives of godless professors to Christians. Just think, if you could re-create some creeping thing into a soaring eagle, with an eagle's nature and power. It might be crippled in its flight by the archer's arrow; might fall to the earth, and trail its folded pinions in the dust; but it is an eagle still. The heights are its home, and, with returning strength, its flight will be upward."

"Why, Bro. Grey, that's as good as preaching—just go on with it."

"No, no; you have no idea how long we have been together, and I must positively break off abruptly and go."

With warm expressions of affection was the "good night" given. Mrs. Selwyn, really pleased with the instructive turn the conversation took, heartily invited some such other gathering soon.

But poor William, as each one felt it his duty to give him a word of parting advice—full of doubts, of fears, of discouragement, and an utter sense of loneliness,—in sadness almost concluded to abandon the work on which he had entered; but a mother's prayers, his own solemn vows, his clear sense of duty, were there in his heart to combat the idea of doubt and worldliness.

But here, in the midst of that conflict, must we drop the curtain for the present.

(*To be Continued.*)

MOMENTS WITH MASTER MINDS.

If we draw within the circle of our contemplation the mothers of a civilized nation, what do we see? We behold so many artificers working, not on frail and perishable matter, but on the immutable mind, moulding and fashioning beings who are to exist for ever. We applaud the artist whose skill and genius present the mimic man upon the canvas; we admire and celebrate the sculptor who works out the same image in enduring marble; but how insignificant are these achievements, though the highest and the fairest in all the departments of art, in comparison with the great vocation of human mothers! They work not upon the canvas that shall fail, or the marble that shall crumble into dust, but upon mind, upon spirit, which is to last for ever, and which is to bear, for good or evil, throughout its duration, the impress of a mother's hand.—*Webster.*

I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue. The Roman word is better "*impedimenta*;" for, as the baggage is to the army, so is riches to virtue—it cannot be spared or left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth the victory.—*Bacon.*

In our nature there is a provision alike marvelous and merciful, that the sufferer should never know the intensity of what he endures by its present torture, but chiefly by the pang that wrankles after it.—*Hawthorne.*

[For the Christian Repository.]

NEW LIBERTY FEMALE ACADEMY.

THIRD ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT.—The friends of this excellent institution now feel that it has passed from its “experimental state,” and is established upon a permanent basis, which must secure to it the confidence and patronage of this and adjacent counties.

The friends of education here have made a praiseworthy effort for the permanent establishment of an Institution of Learning, embracing all the essential ingredients requisite to qualify woman to occupy that position in society which she is so eminently fitted to adorn. * * * *

The old barbarian notion of the inequality of the sexes has passed by. That depreciating blight upon the name of woman has been erased by the bright dawn of the morn of Christianity, and the truth is made visible that woman is clothed with no less responsibility to God and the world than man. Hence, parents are now feeling the importance, yea, the necessity, of giving their daughters, as well as their sons, a liberal and thorough education. The facilities for obtaining such an education are amply provided in the New Liberty Female Academy.

I enjoyed the privilege of attending the examination and commencement of this school, and must say that my heart swelled with pride and gratitude that we had in this community an institution from which radiates a light making luminous the mass of female mind surrounding us. The examination commenced Tuesday, the 30th of June, and continued during two successive days. I must say that the young ladies evinced a complete and thorough knowledge of the studies they had been pursuing, which reflected much credit upon their “Alma Mater.” They responded promptly and correctly to the numerous interrogatories propounded by the Principal, and solved with perfect ease the problems presented. Tuesday night introduced the Commencement exercises. A crowd of eager spectators thronged the spacious church at an early hour, and the hearts of many parents throbbed with exultant joy to hear their daughters read compositions executed with so much ability. An unusual amount of skill and taste was exhibited in the musical performances. An amateur, who had frequently witnessed similar performances, remarked that the young ladies played in more correct time, and with a more skillful touch, than any performers of their practice he had ever heard.

The exercises continued Wednesday and Thursday nights, still increasing in interest, during which quite a number of dialogues were performed with surprising grace and dignity. Some of these dialogues were composed by the Principal, (Mr. B. F. Hungerford,) and reflect credit upon the literary taste of the author. On Thursday night an appropriate address was delivered to the Franklin Literary Society, by Mr. L. E. Baker. Friday, July 3d, the graduating class read their compositions, which were truly excellent, received their diplomas, and were greeted by the Principal in an affecting farewell, as the first fruits of his labors; after which, an address * * * was delivered by Rev. S. H. Ford.

An immense crowd was in attendance, among which was an intelligent gentleman from the "Sunny South," who expressed his unqualified admiration of the exercises, and his surprise that an institution so young could prepare such an intellectual feast for the entertainment of an audience.

New Liberty, Ky., July, 1857.

MRS. F. E. GARNETT.

[For the Christian Repository.]

THE BABY AND THE FLOWERS.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

A CHILD, a beautiful and sinless child,
 Whose rosy lips could scarcely lisp one word,
 Slept softly in the evening light, and smiled
 As its bright dreams by heavenly sounds were stirred.
 The baby-ringlets, with their pale, gold hue,
 Lay carelessly above the cloudless brow;
 And sweet young dimples, even in sleep, broke through
 The faint rose of a cheek—that's pale ere now.
 That soft smile met the youthful mother's view;
 She murmured fondly, "There are angels here!"
 And scattering myrtle and rich roses too,—
 Aye, all sweet flowers around him, with a tear
 She left her sleeper, closed the door, and sighed,
 Yet lingered near. The tiny hands were passed
 Oft o'er the lids, the blue eyes opened wide—
 The baby's playful voice was heard at last.
 The musing mother sought her lovely boy,
 Whose heart's young music breathed in gladdest gush;
 She bent with flushing cheek and trembling joy
 Above the beauty bathed in sunset's blush:
 "Where are your flowers, my sweet one?" she cried,
 With wonted playfulness, though well she knew
 Her smiling idol never had replied—
 She gazed again—no roses met her view.
 "Where are the baby's flowers?" He raised his hand,
 And, pointing, gazed above as he would say:
 "I gave them to the angels!" That bright band
 Had borne the sweet child's fragrant gifts away!
 Alas! why took they not his spirit too
 To the bright beauty of its native heaven?
 Ere tears had dimmed the clear eye's dreamy blue—
 Ere sin sighed round the soul to be forgiven!

NEW CASTLE, KY.

GIRLHOOD.

Short-hand Jottings of an Off-hand Speech.

BY S. H. FORD.

"Music hath charms." I am sure it is so. I have felt it while those sweet songs were being sung. There is a charm in the blast of the tempest. There is music in the muster and march of the storm, with its peal and its thunder-drums. There is a music-charm in the wild wail of the ocean, when winds and waves together rush. Aye, and in the clash of arms, the din of battle, the mingling and strife of business, there is a music-charm in it all. But from the thunder of the battle-march, we have been called to-day by softer music to gentler thoughts. These songs have been like earth-echoes of angel choirs.

There are found in mid-ocean, broad lagoons, walled in by coral reefs, with their green fringe; where the foam-capped waves are lulled to slumber, and the wild music of the wind-harps sweep over the blue surface in softened melody; like Virgil's winding bay, where jutting rocks shut out the wild sea's rush. Within are fresh springs welling from the calm depths, and seats of living rocks, the cool recess of nymphs. Here tempest-beaten ships repose in safety, though neither cables hold nor biting anchors moor them.* From the marshaled ranks of valor, from the ranged halls of legislation, from councils, and from commerce; from all that the strong word MAN suggests, turn we to-day to such a quiet scene to listen to its music, and catch its holy influences. It is the heart's own home, shut out from the rude world by coral walls built of ten thousand dearest sympathies. Where peace springs ever from the deep heart-wells, where sunny joys ever linger, and love is whispered from the shining stars, and burdens every gale. It is woman's realm; where she sways her scepter and

"Walks in beauty like the queen of cloudless climes and starry skies."

And yet the silken fawn is lovelier than the graceful deer; the dewy star of evening than midnight's myriad splendors.

Ah, with all the rushing memories that woman's name awakens, a theme of deeper interest—our theme to-day—is

GIRLHOOD.

Bright, gladsome Girlhood, to what shall we liken it? To the budding rose, the purpling dawn, the dancing streamlet? These are no fit images.

Back to Eden's flowery walks, to young Eve, blushing in the early light, are we led by this image of her holy joy—Girlhood, with all that clusters round it.

YOUTH IS HERE. The leaping pulse, the flashing eye, the bounding step—full, young life, winged with gladness and panting for the flight of years. Aspirations thronging the bright temple of her heart, and cloud palaces flashing in the sunlight of hope. Oh, how beautiful is life to her. And

INNOCENCE IS HERE; at least that absence of the darker stains of folly. The innocence or *ignorance* of this world's selfish heartlessness. Full of trust, of faith, how little do these innocent ones know of what we have been forced to learn—that the heart's core of this world is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. And,

BEAUTY, too, of form and feature. The silver voice, the ringing laugh, the dewy eye—that witching loveliness for which we have no name. The stars of heaven, the gems of earth, nought on which the ravished eye can dwell, is robed in truer beauty than that which mantles happy Girlhood. And

* *Intus aquæ dulces vivoque sedelia saxa, Nympharum domus, &c.*

LOVE—hearty, generous love. Her soul is full of it. How she loves to love. It is like that which angels know and feel—a fresh, gushing stream, bursting unbidden from the soul-fountain of her being, and filling her with ecstasy.

Such is Girlhood, than which, what is dearer or more engaging to man. In boyhood, she is the bright spirit of his dreams. In youth, she is as a magic spell, affecting his thoughts, his hopes, his destiny. In mature manhood, she is the joy of his home, the mirror where lives her mother's image. And in dreary age, her gentle footfall is a welcome sound; the voice of the grandchild will be music to the old man's ear; her hand, of all others, will soothe his aching head. Ah, yes, we need say no more about this. Surely if we see this loved being staggering beneath a crushing weight of responsibility, and thick set with dangers, we will assist her, will guard her, cost what it may. If the danger is but known, will not the help be given? Let us see.

The Responsibilities of Girlhood, what are they?

If youth is the seed time, the golden years in which is laid the foundation of character and usefulness, of happiness or misery, then, in proportion to the brevity of that period, the fewness of its years, is the weight of its responsibilities. But how brief is the general period of Girlhood. How few are the years allotted her to shape her whole life. The young man who has squandered a quarter of a century may yet, by desperate struggles, redeem the time. Indeed, his course in life is not usually decided or entered on until those years have come to him with lessons of wisdom. From early boyhood, in which he comes more or less in contact with the world, up to full manhood, has he to decide his life-path. But to the girl, two or three short years are all society gives to prepare for life.

Her responsibilities, if viewed properly, are positively fearful. A man may wipe out the record of youthful follies, and write it over with noble deeds. Darker shades in his life-picture may even be made to set off his shining qualities. He can retrace his steps, can reform, can commence anew, and smile at his early criminalities. This society permits. Is it so with woman? Can she reform, and smile at her youthful irregularities. Can she, by after acts, however prudent or noble, blot out one stain of guilt? No, no! One spot will sully for ever, and in tears and anguish may the heart-wrung wail be uttered, "Out, out, foul spot!" It will not out. Forgiveness on earth, there is none for her. Reformation!—the very word is *disgrace*.

Such is the stern demand. Prudence, caution must be hers—a mistep, and she is ruined. And this, too, in the trusting, innocent, joyous child of sixteen. Yes, from her is expected the rigid prudence of age. And add to all this the vile, heartless treachery of this world. Oh, I have no words to speak of it. My boy I can hope for, even should temptation lead him once or thrice astray. But my girl, while a whisper may blight her, ten thousand snares are around her, and one mistep, and ———, poor, frail, gentle being. Feel you not like sheltering her in thy heartfolds from the blasts of this vile world?

But in addition to this, it is a most serious thing, that, at an age when a young man is deemed by all too inexperienced to choose a profession, a girl has to accept from a comparative stranger, an invitation to live in the same house with him forty or fifty years. It is a most serious thing. It is strange that an allusion to it usually creates a smile. If a man properly thought of it, he would feel, in giving such an invitation to a child of eighteen, the words fairly choke him in the utterance. And she, ah, if she but weighed the matter, the risk for happiness or misery, in giving herself to a man whose heart she knows not, how she would ponder the subject ere she gave the approving smile.

Her position is here decided. A man, by indomitable energy, can give character and position to any honorable calling. He can struggle up—up, and bend, and shape circumstances. But what can woman do here? Boast as we will

of her influence and power, one thing she cannot do. She cannot rise to a social position higher than her husband's. Her respectability, unless in some extraordinary instance, rises and falls with his. She may have connections and real worth to entitle her to a social position far higher than his; and the world may be kind to her, may pity her, but in real influence she stands on the same platform with her husband. This is the law of society; to be indifferent to it is blind folly. And for woman to expect to make her way to position and influence, independent of the standing of her husband, is an evidence of her ignorance of the world.

Dear me, and is a girl, who would give no opinion in the management of an estate left to her, who, in all else that concerns life, is guided by others—is she to make a choice which will decide her social position for life? Ah, who has not seen the belles of society, with wealth, intellect, family connections, standing on the summit of pride, become ensnared by men unworthy and beneath them, and then guided by feeling, or in contempt of public opinion, wake to find themselves sunk to a level from which, in other days, they would have shrunk.

Marriage! yes, I must dwell on it a moment longer. I said it was a serious matter—can we realize it? The tie that binds the child to home, to parents, to legal guardians, it sunders. The control, the sheltering protection of a father is at once relinquished. The loved one he has guarded with such tenderness, he has no more to say about. She is no longer his. She goes from his home. He surrenders her and her happiness to another. He watches her departure as he would a frail bark rushing out on the wide stormy ocean, where so many have been wrecked and lost. What shall be her destiny? In new and untried scenes, in other lands, amid a life of laborious trial—my child, how will it fare thee? Will the arm you lean on continue true? Will kindness live in his heart? Will she, who lives on love, whose home must be a heaven or a hell, will she be happy or miserable? We say again, a world of responsibilities is crowded into the brief, swift years of Girlhood.

Ah, young ladies, it is to you a joyous, sunny time. Above you the sky is cloudless, save with roseate shadows. Green, smooth, and gemmed with living joys is life's opening vista. But hear me. You tread a fearful path. Fires are beneath your feet. Pitfalls are near you, and storms slumber in the bright clouds above. Softly, young sister, and cautiously tread your dangerous way. Parents hear me. Teachers, guardians, ye are setting the helm which will direct the course of these frail barks through ten thousand wrecking rocks.

These rocks, these dangers, let us glance at them.

THE DANGERS OF GIRLHOOD.

They can be summed in one sentence. *Trust in the showy instead of the real.* An importance attached to external appearance rather than to intrinsic worth, this is the bane of society and the blight of happiness. And yet, self-evident as are its effects, the cultivation of it is the constant care of those who have the rearing of girls.

The girl is beautiful. Of course she is in her parents' eyes. Her very defects are beauties to them. Comparative deformities to them have a charm. This is all natural enough. But parents are not satisfied with knowing all this. The child must know it too. Nor is she left to find it out herself. Her parents, whose words to her are oracular, from infancy up, pour the soft flattery into her soul. A compliment, paid by strangers or visitors to the girl's beauty, is the most grateful incense that can be offered to the parent.

And thus the child's beauty becomes the constant theme, until she fully believes she possesses a charm which must make her the worshiped center of admiration. This is to be her passport to society, and on it she relies. What care she for inner beauty—the graces of mind and heart. "A thing of beauty

is a joy for ever." She is satisfied, and that satisfaction is to work her misery, perhaps her ruin. Flattery! she has been nurtured on it, on what else can she now feed? The honest, truthful man, who would not flatter Neptune for his trident, nor Venus for her smiles, must give place in her estimation to the heartless flatterer. I cannot dwell on this, but let me, by ten thousand sad warnings, entreat you to teach your girls to rely on real inner soul-beauty, and not on false, changing appearances.

"Vanity," it has been said, "is the greatest curse and the greatest folly of woman." The flatterer who would present before an artless girl a false mirror, where she might behold herself worshiped as the most lovely and talented being on earth, would be suspected and shunned. How strange it is that the parent displays the very same character, against which he warns his child—that he should fan to a flame her natural vanity, and then warn her against flattery, and tell her never to be vain.

Nothing is sooner conceived than a good opinion of ourselves. But few place too low an estimate on their own character, or intellectual powers. Children, notwithstanding all the prudential measures used to check their natural pride, will soon show an obstinacy and self-sufficiency, which, in all probability, will detract from their happiness and usefulness through life. But let a child constantly hear herself praised—let her parents, whose words to her are oracular, pronounce her a prodigy of genius—let the commendations of visitors and friends be lavished without discrimination upon her infantile efforts—let flattery thus fix the impression upon her mind that she is a gifted being, endowed with capabilities peculiar and rare—and you have done the child an injury more serious than would have been the amputation of a limb, or the loss of an eye.

A man without modesty is seldom admired. There is something amiable and attractive in the veil of humility with which the loftiest human intellect shades its brightness. Lovely as the cloud that floats before the sun, softening his splendor and tinged with his radiance, is that modesty, through which gleams in glowing beauty the mind's immortal light. But a woman, whose very name suggests gentleness, with a conceited air and affected mien—a woman without modesty—ah, what is she?

Show in dress is another danger. A love of display—of extravagant and showy apparel, is in itself an evidence of a weak or uncultivated mind. But when this desire has become an ungovernable passion; when, to gratify it, comfort and credit, and even character are sacrificed, then may it be regarded as one of the greatest evils with which a civilized community can be cursed.

A *fop* is always disgusting, and usually despised. A man is supposed to have too much sense to squander away his time in standing before a mirror, or decorating his person. And has not woman intellect as well as man, and is not her time valuable as his?

And is she, who must assume such momentous responsibilities, to spend the precious years of preparation for all this, in decorating her little form; in per-fuming her little head; in gazing with delight on her rings and ribbons; in trying to out-shine her companions in the 'cut and color of her dress—in making the love of show the paramount and governing principle of her heart.

Light and giddy as the gilded butterfly, that flutters in the sunbeam and sinks in the storm, is that vain, foolish being whose whole mind is occupied about dress, and its ever changing fashions. Of what else can she converse? What can delight her in comparison with this? Vanity, so often seen in the most disgusting affectation, silly in the girl but odious in the woman, may be traced to the foolish practice of teaching or permitting the child to pride itself on the character and quality of its apparel. And is a girl thus raised, whose love of dress has become an all absorbing passion—is she fitted to bear the ills, and meet the disappointments of life? Think you, parent, that your child is cer-

tainly secure against calamity and want? Will she always have the means to gratify the taste you take so much pains to cultivate? Think you she can banish at any time a passion which from infancy up has been imperious? Let wealth's golden pinions overshadow her no more; let the blast of misfortune, or the cold hand of death strip her of friends and leave her desolate and helpless, and what then may be the consequence of a deep-rooted passion for dress? May you not be instilling into her soul a burning desire which she will never have the means of gratifying?—which may bring poverty upon her, and in that poverty leave her vulnerable to temptation and ruin? Look at that beggared family around which wealth once flung its splendor, and hope shed its light, whose bright future was radiant with smiles of unceasing prosperity; what has been the cause of failure and ruin? The bitter upbraiding of the husband, for the extravagance of the wife, will in most cases tell the sad tale. Look at that orphaned female, whose love for dress, taught her in childhood, clings to her even in poverty; amid temptation and sorrow, how great are her struggles! The passion is deep and powerful—as the inebriate's thirst, it seeks the object of its desire. The tempter comes. He beholds her in her comparative want. He discovers the weak point in her character. He dwells on the appearance of the gay, on the beauties of dress, and the happiness its possession must impart. The story is told—poor girl, she is lost.

But will scenes like these, occurring daily around us, teach parents a solemn lesson? Will they change the too common practice of ornamenting children to such an extent that they can think of nothing else? No, we fear not. So strong is the desire of parents to hear the commendations of others lavished upon their children, that, to beautify their persons, they will risk their happiness in future life.

A child of wealth, robed in the simple garments of girlish innocence, is a beautiful and striking evidence of her parent's wisdom and correct taste; while the child of comparative poverty, covered with gewgaws of jewelry and ribbons, is a living witness of parental folly.

Let it be repeated—rely alone on the *real*, never, never on *show*.

And need I speak of promiscuous assemblies, where all goes merry as the marriage bell. Here is the chosen scene for blending into dazzling effect these showy charms—and how ruinous that effect often is to her who looks on it as the field of her conquest?

Aye, and to end all. The midnight hour in which is breathed the story of fleeting and false love—when parents sleep while their child is left to the wiles of some impassioned lover—about this dare I utter a word? Parents, if young men want to court your daughters, let them do it by the light of the sun, and not of the stars; in the broad day, and not at the midnight hour. Young ladies, if a man has a true heart to offer you, make him look you in the face in the daylight when you can calmly see into his eyes. Receive not his devotions, when, heated by the excitement of the party or ball, he returns with you to converse till the noon of night.

But I shall end these remarks. Young ladies, from my soul I speak to you. A few years hence and these joyous hours of girlhood will be gone for ever. *For ever.* This is the only chance to prepare for a life of toil, of pain, of conflict. I have spoken freely to you about things not often spoken of in public. Will you heed them. Hate shows, shams, all that is not real. Store your hearts with knowledge. Rely on truth, and seek the guidance of heaven, and life to you, whatever sorrow you may share, will yet be an upward path to an Eden-home above, where no dangers are. But I close.

The language of my lips comes sincerely from my soul. GOD BLESS YOU.

[For the Christian Repository.]

DREAMLAND.

WHEN the light of day has left us,
When the night-lamps from the heavens
Through the darkness shine upon us,
Brightly gleaming through the darkness,
Then, in sleep, we close our eyelids,
And go wandering through Dreamland.

Wearied with the day's exertions,
With its anxious cares and duties,
Sinks to calm repose the body,
Sealed in sleep are all its senses ;
But the restless mind goes roving,
Wandering, 'mid the shades of Dreamland.
There we live our childhood over,
There our early friends re-join us,
Friends, who, in life's joyous spring-time,
Loved us with a pure devotion,
Love us still with fond affection,
Tho' we seldom see each other,
Seldom can commune together.
And those, too, who long since entered
Into rest and joy eternal,
Come, with loving words, to greet us—
Come, with sunny smiles, to cheer us.
With the spirit's eye we see them,
Tho' the eye of sense can see not ;
With the spirit's ear we hear them,
Tho' the ear of sense can hear not ;
See the smiles light up their features
With a radiance bright and glowing,
Hear their gentle tones of friendship
Thrilling through the heart like music,
And we cannot deem them shadows—
Shadows that will go e'er sun-rise.

But the shades of night fly onward,
And the bright-eyed morn advancing,
Calls us from our dreams and slumbers,
Dissipates our nightly visions,
And, reality, presenting,
Summons us to toil and labor.

Thus will days and nights pass swiftly,
Till, to us, they bring the last one—

Till, in death, we close our eye-lids—
 Till we sleep our last long slumber ;
 But in heaven we hope to waken,
 Where there is no night, no dreaming ;
 There, with God's own light illumined,
 Lighted up with heavenly glory,
 We will see them—we will meet them—
 We will greet the friends that love us.

MISSOURI, 1857.

MARY.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

AUGUST 1, 1857.

Georgetown College.—This noble offspring of Kentucky Baptist energy and liberality, ought to be a theme of constant recurrence ; an object of constant prayer. There it stands in the midst of us, an honor to our denomination, as it will be a lasting blessing to our posterity. There are other schools, doubtless, in other States as good—it may be, better—but Georgetown we know, and, knowing it, we love it, and rejoice at its prospects of vast and permanent influence. Whatever in times past, either in its management or prospects, looked doubtful, is blotted out, to be remembered against it no more for ever. It is a *Kentucky* college, Southern—truly so—and fully to be trusted. One thing it still lacks—a spacious Hall for Commencement exercises. This, by all means, it should have. Thousands will be gathered at Georgetown next June—more, doubtless, than ever met there. The college exercises, with the large increase of students, which present prospects indicate, will be enhanced in their interest by the meeting of our State Universities at the same point. The matter is worthy of consideration. It ought to be talked of constantly. It ought to be acted on immediately. Measures ought to be taken to effect it early. Shall we have an audience hall at Georgetown by next June ? What say the Baptists of Kentucky ? What say the Trustees of the college ?

Ten Thousand Subscribers.—Brethren and sisters, never can we forget your generous efforts to circulate the Repository during the past two years—since it came under the present management. It was not then self-sustaining. Its conductor was writhing under the pressure of pecuniary difficulties. He appealed to the Baptists of the South to sustain his efforts, and, during that brief period, there have been added some five thousand subscribers to the Repository list. The sky is now clear. The Repository will continue its undeviating course. It will make no compromises, and it asks none. There it stands all on one side of the fence—an old fashioned Baptist periodical, fearless in the utterance of all truth. Southern Baptists, are you willing to sustain and indorse the Repository ; on you it relies. At your Associations next fall will you speak of it ? will you work for it ? will you help us ? If you can indorse it, will you show your hand by sending it a club of subscribers—one, if no more. God smiles on our honest efforts, and he will smile on yours.

Repository in Arkansas.—Bro. Stephens writes : “I am very anxious to extend the circulation of the Repository, and hope you will fully sustain its present worth and reputation. It is just what we want, and, if all will do their duty, you can have ten thousand subscribers soon.” Shall we have them ?

Religious Novels—Presbyterian Herald.—An article of nearly two columns has recently appeared in the Presbyterian Herald, signed S. W. L., attacking, yet, in fact, substantiating what we said in the Recorder about novels. Hear him: "I have said that a parable may not be *literally* true in all its circumstances, a resemblance or comparison being all that is required; but the gist of a parable is, that it illustrates an important truth by resemblance. In 'Pilgrim's Progress,' which has been selected as a sample, the characters selected are feigned, [fictitious;] but they find their resemblance in real life." This is all the admission we ask; and every honest man, who knows any thing about English, must make it. In Grace Truman "the characters selected are feigned; but they find their resemblances in real life." Why do not the Presbyterian D. D.'s, who acknowledge they have read Grace Truman, and admit its ability, instead of caviling about fictions and parables, show up *one* unnatural scene in it; *one* false representation; *one* unfair or false argument. Let this ring upon the ear of Dr. Rice, Dr. Hill, and S. W. L. We challenge them to the truthfulness of every representation in Grace Truman. Everything there represented as Presbyterian usage, doctrine, or argument, is *true*—has been spoken by their preachers, written by their scribes. Will any of them accept the challenge? Will they give us column for column in their journals or ours? They dare not accept, and will not. S. H. F.

Dr. Hill and Grace Truman.—The editor of the Religious Herald said, some time since, that Grace Truman put silly arguments into the lips of the Presbyterian preachers. We have waited to see if his attack on the book would call forth any response from our exchanges. As it has not, we make Dr. Hill the following proposition: Let him point out any argument put into the lips of the Presbyterian preachers in the book, and we pledge ourselves to produce the same from the writings of some eminent Presbyterian divine, *that the silly things the Presbyterians are made to say in the book, they have said themselves in their own works.* Will Dr. Hill accept this proposition? We challenge him to the test. Will he accept the challenge?—will he?

Too Fast for us.—The subscribers have come in during July so much more rapidly than we expected, that our July issue has given out. The absence of the senior editor, who was in the country, caused a neglect to increase the August issue one thousand, as should have been done. We are sorry to say that we cannot furnish to more than one hundred new subscribers any issue previous to next month's. But in that issue shall appear, without fail, a likeness of John Harding, with his life. Several beautiful illustrations, a renewal of History of Kentucky Baptists shall also appear. It shall be the best number we have ever issued.

I have been requested to publish the sermon, preached some six weeks since, in Louisville, at the ordination of M. G. Alexander. I could not comply. I have no notes of the discourse; never preached it before. It was prepared, as is usual with me, mentally, and all but its arrangement has now passed from my mind.

We welcome to our exchange list the new paper, worthy of its name, *The Mississippi Baptist*. We welcome its editors to the joys and conflicts of the confrere editorial. May success attend the enterprise commenced with such marked ability.

History of Cumberland Presbyterianism—Ought it not to be written? would you not like to read it? Tell your Cumberland Presbyterian friends that it shall be commenced in the Repository soon, and *it's a strange history.*

"For an unanswerable argument for what is called Close Communion, read Grace Truman."—So says the New York Examiner.

Dr. Rice, again.—This champion of Presbyterianism has had his ire particularly aroused by the appearance of Grace Truman. He intimates that "Baptist preachers have failed to sustain their principles, and have set their wives to writing novels." That the book should trouble him, is easily accounted for. It has found its way among his own members. But his insinuation is reckless, or worse. Dr. Rice has tried his boasted prowess with Baptist preachers, and he feared and refused to have the result of the conflict go before the world. He refused to have either of two discussions with John L. Waller published. And here is something else he will refuse. We will show that Calvinists or Presbyterians have ever, in every spot on earth where they had the power, persecuted all who differed from them, and opposed with deadly hate every advance towards soul freedom. And we challenge his successful contradiction. Will he do it? By tongue or type, as he shall choose, will we discuss this broad statement with him. Will he accept this proposition? We shall thus see, and the public will see, whether Baptist preachers have retired from the field, and left their wives to fight their battles for them.

S. H. F.

The Shelby County Baptist Convention will be held with the Burks Branch Church, Shelby County, on the third Wednesday in August. We have been invited to preach the opening sermon, and shall be glad to comply.

Bowen's Central Africa.—Have you read it? It has the instruction of a geography, the earnest religious feeling of a missionary report, and the exciting interest of a romance.

Our Correspondents must pardon apparent neglect. Continued indisposition has deranged many of our plans. We will try to make up for it by hard work next month.

BAPTIST BOOK DEPOSITORY.

Four years since I commenced, under some embarrassments but with sanguine hopes, a Baptist Book Depository in this city. I announced J. M. Cooper as its agent, he being then clerk in the Recorder Office. The hard year of 1855 set in. A series of pecuniary embarrassments succeeded each other, I was forced to retire from the Recorder, and I sold all my books on hand to J. M. Cooper. Bro. Cooper has since retired from the business, and left the city, having sold the remnant of the old stock to Kirk & Clarke. Bro. Kirk has since also retired from the book business, and Mr. Clarke, not being a Baptist, proposed to sell his Baptist Books to Ford & Robertson. This proposition has been accepted, and the old establishment, and many of the same books which I purchased years ago, are now united with a large, fresh stock of Baptist publications in

THE KENTUCKY BAPTIST BOOK CONCERN,

Where Baptist Books can be obtained as cheap as anywhere in the West. To the Baptists of Kentucky we look with full confidence to support us in this enterprise.

Store on Market St., between First and Second, under the Lexington Hotel.

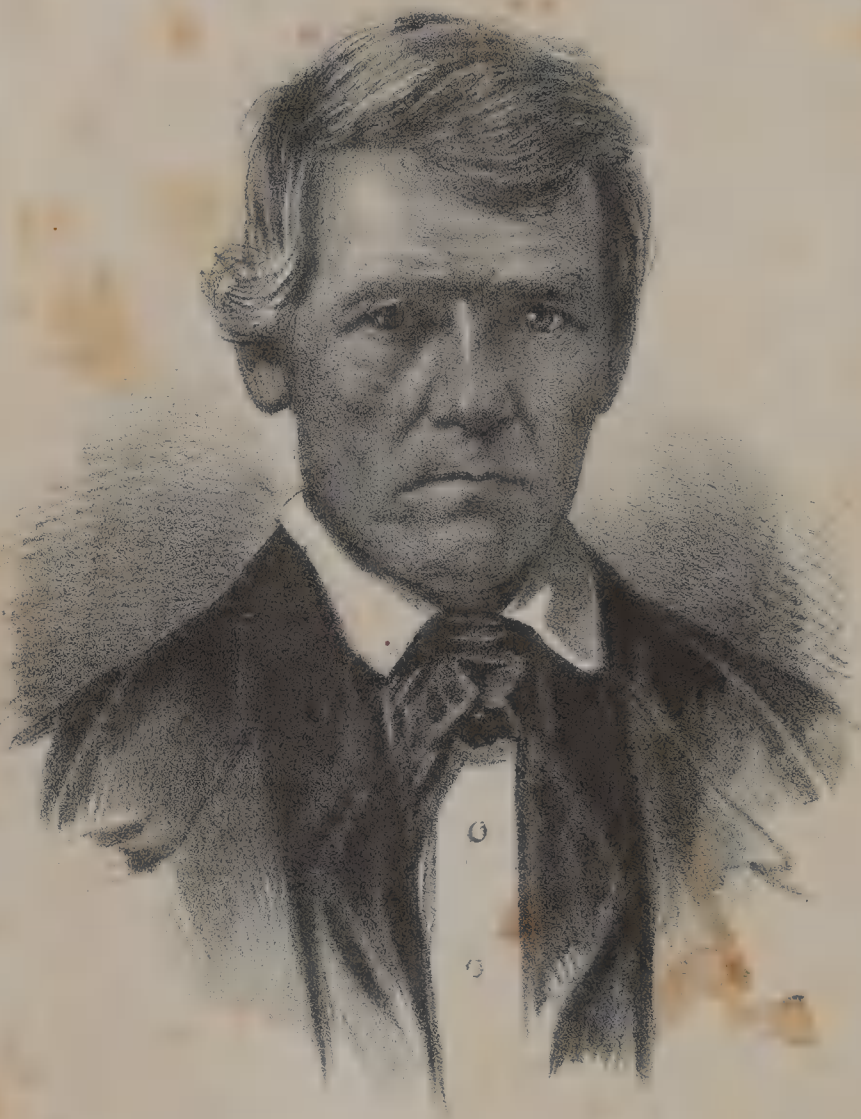
S. H. FORD.

Baptist Books, Sunday School Books, Hymn Books—all the publications of the American Baptist Publication Society, etc., kept constantly on hand.

Baptists coming to the city will please give us a call.

FORD & ROBERTSON.





John Harding

The Christian Repository.

NO. LXIX.—SEPTEMBER, 1857.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

REV. JOHN HARDING,

Who Departed this Life November 11th, 1854.

BY HENRY MACDONALD.

A FEW miles from where Campbellsville now stands, more than half a century ago, might have been found, in the fields of his father's farm, the subject of the present memoir. He, the eldest of a large family of children, was engaged in the noble filial duty of assisting his parents in the toil and labor necessary to the support of such a family.

The toil-worn youth might have been followed from the exhausting labors of the day, and, instead of seeking that grateful repose which is "tired nature's sweet restorer," he would be found, forgetful of his toils, earnestly engaged in reading such books as he could obtain, or sedulously prosecuting some of his studies, which had been commenced at the winter session of the neighborhood school, until the carefully gathered brush-pile was consumed.

Thus early did he manifest an earnest desire for knowledge. He sought, by diligent study, to compensate for the want of regular instruction. This was well. He was called to use that knowledge for a purpose which he knew not of. Night by night, after days of toil, did the persevering student occupy his accustomed place. His thirst for knowledge converted the fire-side

into a simple studio, where the midnight oil did not indeed burn, but where the sparkling blaze of the hickory shed its welcome light upon the page which riveted the student's eye.

With a remarkably diffident nature, he sought for companionship in the sweet communion of books. These things were not unperceived by a fond mother's eye. She saw the aspirations of her eldest born, and did not her prayers ascend to God that he might be enabled to discover the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus? She was not only a woman of decided piety, but possessed a strong native intellect. Such a mother could not fail to make deep impressions on the minds of her children. She saw behind that veil of constitutional timidity the deep thoughtfulness of her son.

Another trait was strongly marked—*a love of truth*. No fear of punishment, no hope of reward, could induce him, for a moment, to swerve from the truth. His statements, whether made in the home circle or in the merry crowd of his associates, were always relied on.

Soon did youth's sunny hours pass away to be succeeded by the responsibilities of manhood. As yet he had not made a profession of religion. As soon as he attained the age of manhood his great desire was to satisfy his longing mind with knowledge. For this purpose he placed himself under the instruction of Dr. Hall, a Presbyterian clergyman, who taught school in an adjoining county. It was while attending this school that he found peace to his spirit by the gospel of the blessed Saviour. Engaged in the study of the sublime science of Astronomy, his mind was led to a serious contemplation of Him whose glory the heavens proclaim. His mind went further than the mere revolution of planets—than the august machinery—up through nature to nature's God. The power of that Being, who gave the stars their appointed places, flashed in awful brilliancy upon his soul; he felt the language of the psalmist, "What is man [am I], that thou art mindful of him?" He realized that "the undevout astronomer is mad," and determined to seek the favor of God. In the still, solemn twilight hour, beneath that blue canopy, with its wealth of worlds, upon which he had so often gazed in admiring wonder, he resolved to become reconciled to Him whose favor is

life—gracious, spiritual, eternal life. The silent watchers of the night looked down from their ceaseless march and smiled; angels saw it, and were glad. His anxiety was depicted in the sad, thoughtful countenance so as to attract the Christian eye of his instructor. In his helplessness he turned to Calvary's cross, and, trusting in the gracious provisions there made for the guilty, he found the light of life shedding its hallowed rays across his dark and troubled soul. He was a new creature in Christ Jesus; "old things had passed away; all things had become new." Blessed gospel, how potent is thy grace! With a subdued yet earnest tone would he recite this ever-remembered event as vividly as if his spirit's lip were yet wet with the first healing draught from the water of life.

Henceforth the Sun of Righteousness was to irradiate his pathway amidst earth's worldiness and sin. He attached himself to the Pitman Church, (now Campbellsville,) and was baptized by that gifted man of God, Isaac Hodgen, Nov. 7th, 1812. It was during a meeting, probably the first of much interest since he joined the church, that his spirit was stirred within him, as he saw sinners away from Christ; he must warn them of their danger, and, rising above his natural diffidence, the young man that had never before attempted to address his fellow-men, exhorts them to flee from the wrath to come. The Spirit of God had set his seal upon him; he had a work to do.

The church licensed him "to exercise his gift in exhortation," Dec. 15th, 1812. He was licensed to preach June 4th, 1813, and was ordained to the ministry March 5th, 1814—John Chandler and Isaac Hodgen being the presbytery on the occasion. The ministry presented but little that promised a life of ordinary ease. Having recently endured the persecution of a state-church, and seen the pampered indolence and insolence of a state-paid clergy, the poor, devoted Baptists went to the other extreme. The Baptists have suffered from it since. Even this may have been a blessing in disguise. It induced a spirit of self-sacrifice and noble zeal which entered largely into the success that attended the labors of the early Baptist ministry. Those that felt it to be their duty to preach counted all things but loss, that they might see the cause of Christ prosper. They were noble men. Sacrifices

they were willing to make, trials they were willing to endure that Christ might be preached. Faithful men, no doubt your crowns of bliss sparkle with more resplendent glory for the sacrifices you made; a halo of holy renown rest upon your memory! He is now fairly entered the ministry. Let us pause a moment, and from this stand-point behold the hand of God in that eager thirst for knowledge, which awaited the touch of Isaiah's hallowed fire to consecrate it to the master's service.

In the circumstances which surrounded the early life of John Harding, there was that discipline which was the very best preparation for success in his future labors. He was acquiring that knowledge which is essential to every successful preacher—a knowledge of the people, with their impulses, sympathies, and habits of thought. Amid such circumstances the high resolve, the true and indomitable courage are nurtured, and become leading characteristics. This knowledge and these qualities cannot be acquired by reading descriptions in books, nor by residence in college halls. They are not often obtained by those around whose life affluence spreads her golden charms, which too often represent life in brilliant but unfaithful colors. The heralds of the cross have generally been called from the ranks of the “common people.” Herein is seen the wisdom of God. From the days of Christ until now, “the common people” have had the gospel preached to them more successfully than to the wise men after the flesh, the mighty and noble. That man who has been nurtured in their bosom can gain a successful hearing, while unwieldy erudition fails. David conquered while trained warriors of Israel stood aghast. Our Saviour exemplified the truth to which we refer in his own ministry—a carpenter's son. How significant the call of his apostles. He does not summon from Moses's seat the Scribe, a proficient in rabbinical lore, nor the wealthy Pharisee or Sadducee; but from the Galilean shore he selects his ambassadors, as they cast their nets into the storm-tossed waves, and toil to secure a support. This was done that “faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.” This, it is alleged, was important in the infancy of Christianity; is it less important now? The truth, “that the excellency is of God and not of men,” must constantly be held up against the vapid claims

of progress and a false philosophy which would deck its own meretricious brow with the garland that should inwreath the cross. Men thus selected may not present a roll of parchment as the prestige of ability, but they have thousands of redeemed souls gladly testifying, "Whereas we were blind, now we see." Such are workmen that need not be ashamed. How worthy of deep commiseration is the fledging of scholastic theology, that bewails in piteous tones the ignorance of these faithful old pioneers. Have we ever had a more successful ministry than that which led the Baptists to victory in those days? We doubt it. The boasted eminence upon which we are so apt to plume ourselves at the present day, will hardly compare with the devotion and sacrifice, the common sense and piety of that good olden time. These old pioneers may not have been learned in the myths of Grecian and Roman lore, but they were familiar with their Bibles. They may not have read this or that system of divinity, but they were versed in those writings that make wise unto salvation. "Unlearned and ignorant men" they might appear to be, but the multitude saw "they had been with Jesus." They went forth weeping, bearing precious seed, and came again with rejoicing, bearing their sheaves with them.

O that the Lord of the harvest would send forth such laborers again into his harvest!

We will here resume the record of Elder Harding's labors and success. On the 18th of February, 1815, he was married to Miss Rachel Carlile, who proved herself a help-meet for him. In November, 1815, he was called to the care of the Pitman Church. This church had the benefit of his labors for the period of twenty-five years without intermission. No weak testimony this to the esteem in which he was held. His labors extended through the counties of Green, Taylor, Adair, and Marion, having the care of the churches in each. The Friendship, Greensburg, Columbia, Mt. Gilead, and other churches, were blessed with his ministrations. Toiling through the week with his own hands, he preached the unsearchable riches of Christ on the Sabbath to the various congregations of which he had the pastorate. He was eminently useful and successful in his ministry, and, though no diary of his labors was kept, yet numbers now living gladly tes-

tify to his success, rejoicing in the hope of that gospel they heard him proclaim; while others, in strains of sweetest melody, join with him before the throne in singing the praises of the Lamb, to whose bleeding feet they were led by his ministrations.

It has been remarked that he served the Pitman Church for twenty-five years. After an intermission of one year, he was recalled to the pastorate, and served it several years longer. These facts show the warm attachment formed for him. His labors here were blessed, a fact which refutes the opinion entertained by many, that change in the pastoral relation is an element of prosperity.

During his residence in Campbellsville, his only child, a beloved son, was stricken down in early manhood by death. His wife also was soon called hence. To be bereft of these dearest earthly friends was a severe trial, but they had died in the faith of the gospel. Hope pointed to a re-union where sorrow and death never come, where the broken ties of domestic love that seemed withered in the dust are resumed under happier auspices in the fadeless climes of bliss.

The remainder of his days—thirteen years—were spent at the home of his brother, Greensburg, Ky. From this time forward, he was entirely disengaged from secular pursuits. His time was spent in preaching and in diligent study of the Bible. He had the same thirst for knowledge which marked his youth, and he sought for it in the Book of Books. He was a student up to the very time that he was attacked by his last sickness. The Bible was studied systematically. Every scattered ray of truth was searched for in the examination and formation of his doctrinal views. No glasses of commentaries would satisfy. The inspired thought was eagerly sought after. Years were spent in the investigation of subjects in the New Testament. Close, earnest thought, devoted to the word of God, prevented his holding any disjointed theories, and gave a unity and consistency to his views of the gospel which are seldom found, and sought for in vain among the jarring conflict of commentaries. He would think for himself. No array of great names, no antiquity, would prevail for one moment when it was thought the Scriptures taught differently. "The Bible, the Bible alone," was no stereotyped quota-

tion with him ; it was a living principle, guiding him by its light away from the shoals and quicksands of second-hand opinions. It is not, therefore, to be wondered that some of his views differed from those that are usually labelled "orthodox." These views were carefully formed—not crude and hastily formed theories. Every iota of scriptural evidence was brought to bear upon them. Mature deliberation was the character of the man. Old opinions would not give place to new ones, without long and patient investigation. It was known to his brethren that his views differed from the current theology on some points. In many a friendly controversy were these the subject of discussion. In all of which, it was evident, they were defended by no slight gossamer of fanciful conjecture, but were surrounded by strong fortifications of scriptural truth. He was often requested to publish his views in the denominational paper. These requests were never complied with in his life-time. After his death it was ascertained that he had left several articles upon various subjects, which were requested for publication by the Russel's Creek Association. In pursuance of this request, they appeared in the Recorder and the Christian Repository.

There are yet some articles unpublished. In the article on "The Baptism of the Holy Ghost," and in others, the careful reader will see principles, which, if true, would overturn much of the commonly received theology. A thorough review of them is desirable. He did not regard Christianity as a mere emendation of Moses—as Judaism re-vamped. Its message of grace and love was announced in many a glowing prophesy, but the death of Christ procured them for Jew and Gentile. He regarded salvation as the *result* of the Saviour's death, and therefore could not *precede* that event. Salvation, he dated *from* the cross—the actual work of redemption. Yet he most firmly believed that all who died trusting in the promises, were *ultimately* and *certainly* saved. These views gave a glorious conspicuity to the doctrine of Christ crucified.

Those that desire to examine attentively these views, can do so in the pages of the Repository. Enough has been said here.

His preaching was eminently sound and scriptural. It was the best preaching—a clear and forcible presentation of gospel truth.

He went into the pulpit seemingly forgetful of every thing but the important work before him. This was no solemn affectation—no pulpit trick. There was something in the holy calmness of that mild face which tended to compose a congregation more effectually than the polished exordiums of some preachers. Truly might it be said—

“There stands the messenger of truth; there stands
 The legate of the skies:—His theme divine,
 His office sacred, his credentials clear.
 By him the violated law speaks out
 Its thunders: and by him, in strains as sweet
 As angels use, the gospel whispers peace.
 He ’stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
 Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,
 And, armed himself, in panoply complete
 Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
 Bright as his own, and trains by every rule
 Of holy discipline to glorious war,
 The sacramental hosts of God’s elect.”

He was in earnest; no services were performed merely as a matter of course. Some suitable portion of Scripture was selected as a text. This was always suggestive of the train of thought he intended to pursue, and contained the truth he designed to communicate. With rather a slow manner he would commence his discourse; as he continued, his mind warmed up with the subject; Scripture after Scripture was quoted to elucidate and sustain some truth, or overthrow some error—concluding with an exhortation, an earnest, tearful appeal to the conscience. Those that witnessed his best efforts can testify to the wonderful effects produced—they have felt its power. Hard was the heart that could withstand the earnest pleading tones of that venerable old man as he urged sinners to flee from the wrath to come.

His sermons were no methodical skeletons, marching in true ghostly file to the notes of “firstly,” “secondly,” etc. They were something more than mere moralizing strains. Christ crucified was the beginning, end, and life of his ministrations. He knew well the meaning of words, and few men could use them more accurately than he, yet he cared less for the polish of the blade than for the directness and force of the blow.

Kind and conciliatory in his manner, he was never slow to attack error. This was always done in a kind, Christian spirit. When the "Current Reformation" rushed like a simoom over the Kentucky churches, he stood firm against the dangerous tide of innovation; no defections took place from any of his churches to swell the cohorts of Alex. Campbell. He was as diffident and retiring as a child, and this will account for his not attending our larger anniversary meetings, thereby failing to become as extensively known. In the field of his labors his influence was very great. The unblemished integrity and purity of his character secured the esteem and confidence of all who knew him. His manner had that dignified reserve which was as different from moroseness as it was from unbecoming levity. In trifling conversation he took no interest. Let some religious truth or interest become the theme, at once he was all earnestness. The reserve was gone. The silent tongue became eloquent in the exposition or defense of truth. His religious friends knew well how to enlist him. In such a circle he was at home. There was an under-current of true, genial humor in his nature, which, in its play, gladdened those that were so happy as to associate with him. Against vice and error he could use the most pungent sarcasm. These qualities never appeared in his pulpit labors; his words were those of gentleness and love, so well becoming him who watches for souls. For forty years was he engaged in his Master's work. Though never in robust health, his life was prolonged nearly to the three score years and ten. His work on earth was soon to be finished. He was attacked with disease, which, in three weeks, terminated his earthly existence.

During the early part of his sickness he thought that he would recover, but he was resigned—living or dying he was the Lord's. Having learned the value of the precious gospel, he was desirous, if the Lord willed it, to live longer, that he might plead with sinners to be reconciled to God. Is this not a holy desire? What minister would not desire to present, a few more times, the love of the blessed Jesus to the world—to gather a few more jewels for the Master's crown!

When it was apparent to his friends that hope was gone, it was thought proper to acquaint him with his situation, but who could

have the courage to speak it? A fellow-minister—one that had long labored with him—being about to leave, determined to let him know what his friends thought. He approached his bed-side to bid farewell for the last time, and informed him of his condition. Never can that parting be forgotten, as his faithful co-laborer, Joshua W. Brooks, turned away! But there is a heaven, a glorious heaven, where the bitter farewell tear is never shed. He was not startled; he felt that the sands of life were ebbing fast—his race was nearly run.

After a few more days of extreme suffering, a solemn stillness succeeded, the hushed silence after the storm had passed—he was dying! A few more minutes, as if the soul had paused at the threshold of bliss—he was dead! “Another harp is broken, and the strains that trembled upon its strings are now heard in heaven.”

“Yes, the Christian’s course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife,
Fought the fight, the crown is won,
Death is swallowed up of life.”

It was his request that he should be interred by the side of wife and child, in the grave-yard of the old Pitman Church—the scene of his labors and trials, as it will be of his victory in the glorious light of the resurrection morn.

Earth, unto thy faithful trust
Was committed this precious dust,
There, by pain no more oppressed,
Brother, thou dost sweetly rest.

Glorious will that morning break,
When the dead in Christ shall wake,—
Joy and grief our bosoms swell,
Brother, Pastor, Guide, farewell!

WHERE DID THE BAPTISTS COME FROM?

MILESTONE VI.

WAYMARKS in the wilderness, flame-pillars in the night-desert, were these three heroes of truth—Henry, Peter de Bruis, and Arnold of Brescia. “Nor are the Baptists,” says Mosheim, “entirely in error when they boast of their descent from the Waldenses, Petrobrussians, and other ancient sects.”

These “ancient sects,” it has been seen, received from their foes appellations derived from champions who were renowned, or who perished in the propagation of their cause. Truth is aggressive *ever*; Christianity aims at the entire subversion and ruin of every thing opposed to it in spirit or practice. Such was the mission of the apostles. Feeble and few as they were, they undertook the invasion of the mighty territories of evil. They admitted of no compromise; they asked and gave no quarter; they sought no relaxation, knew no pause, and were deaf to the word “retreat;” but ever in the field, they “fought manfully the battles of the Lord.”

The same indomitable energy and fearless courage characterized the Baptist standard-bearers of the dark ages, and those who gathered around them were called by their names. Thus the “*heretics*,” along the valleys of Piedmont and the Alps, were called “Arnoldists.” That Arnold was a Baptist, as well as Peter de Bruis, has been shown by the statements of Pedobaptists. Those, therefore, known as their followers, and who were numbered by thousands, were also, most unquestionably, Baptists. *Where did they come from?*

We have now to peer through the darkest gloom that ever settled on the world’s history. Through that mystic obscurity images appear, arrayed in the wrappings of ecclesiastical pomp; and romantic personages, that seem like the creations of fancy. Can we, amid that mist and darkness, find the footsteps of God’s hidden ones? We are on the track, and shall faithfully follow it.

We have already seen that in the south of France were thousands of Baptists in the tenth and eleventh centuries. “It was in the country of the Albegeois,” says the classic Gibbon, “in

the southern provinces of France, that the Paulicians were most deeply implanted. In the practice, or at least in the theory, of the sacraments, the Paulicians were inclined to abolish all visible objects of worship, and the words of the gospel were, in their judgment, the baptism and communion of the faithful,"*—believers.

Now let us learn from Mosheim the belief of those Paulicians:

"They maintained, in general, according to their own confession, that the whole of religion consisted in the study of practical piety, and in a course of action conformable to the divine laws; and they treated all external modes of worship with the utmost contempt. Their particular tenets may be reduced to the following heads: 1. They rejected baptism, and, in a more especial manner, the baptism of infants, as a ceremony that was in no respect essential to salvation; 2. They rejected, for the same reason, the sacraments of the Lord's supper; 3. They denied that the churches were endowed with a greater degree of sanctity than private houses, or that they were more adapted to the worship of God than any other place; 4. They affirmed that the altars were to be considered in no other light than as heaps of stones, and were therefore unworthy of any marks of veneration or regard; 5. They disapproved the use of incense and consecrated oil in services of a religious nature; 6. They looked upon the use of bells in the churches as an intolerable superstition; 7. They denied that the establishment of bishops, presbyters, deacons, and other ecclesiastical dignities, was of divine institution, and went so far as to maintain that the appointment of stated ministers in the church was entirely unnecessary; 8. They affirmed that the institution of funeral rites was an effect of sacerdotal avarice, and that it was a matter of indifference whether the dead were buried in the churches or in the fields; 9. They looked upon the voluntary punishment called penance, so generally practiced in this century, as unprofitable and absurd; 10. They denied that the sins of departed spirits could be, in any measure, atoned for by the celebration of masses, the distribution of alms to the poor, or a vicarious penance; and they consequently treated the doctrine of purgatory as a ridiculous fable; 11. They considered [Catholic ceremonial] marriage as a pernicious institution, and absurdly condemned, without distinction, all connubial bonds; 12. They looked upon a certain sort of veneration and worship as due to the apostles and martyrs, from which, however, they excluded such as were only confessors, in which class they comprehended the saints, who had not suffered death for the cause of Christ, and whose bodies, in their esteem, had nothing more sacred than any

* Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, vol. v., p. 388.

other human carcass; 13. They declared the use of instrumental music in the churches, and other religious assemblies, superstitious and unlawful; 14. They denied that the cross on which Christ suffered was in any respect more sacred than other kinds of wood, and, in consequence, refused to pay to it the smallest degree of religious worship; 15. They not only refused all acts of adoration to the images of Christ, and of the saints, but were also for having them removed out of the churches; 16. They were shocked at the subordination and distinctions that were established among the clergy, and at the different degrees of authority conferred upon the different members of that sacred body. When we consider the corrupt state of religion in this country, and particularly the superstitious notions that were generally adopted in relation to outward ceremonies, the efficacy of penance, and the sanctity of churches, relics, and images, it will not appear surprising that many persons of good sense and solid piety, running from one extreme to another, fell into the opinions of these Mystics, in which, among several absurdities, there were many things plausible and specious, and some highly rational.*

Let it be remembered that this is the statement of their bitter enemies, and is modified by this explanation: "The eleventh article is scarcely credible, at least as it is here expressed. It is more reasonable that these mystics did not absolutely condemn marriage."†

Doubtless the truth is, they denied, as all Protestants do, that marriage was a sacrament, and, stripping it of all the ghostly ceremonies of popery, esteemed it, as we do, a civil contract between the parties, in the fear of God and according to his word. Their denial of the sacrament of the Lord's supper can be accounted for in the same way. They refused to worship the host, or admit that the words pronounced by the priest change the bread into the soul, body, and divinity of Christ. This, to the clergy of Rome, was of course a blasphemous denial of the sacrament. They were Baptists. They were the predecessors of the Petrobrussians and Arnoldists. They were numbered by scores of thousands. "They conversed," says Gibbon, "freely with strangers and natives, and their opinions were silently propagated in Rome and the kingdoms beyond the Alps. It was soon discovered that many thousand Catholics, of every rank and either sex, had embraced the Manichean heresy."

* Mosheim, pp. 258, 259.

† Ut supra.

We will pass the Alps, and follow up the track those Baptists traveled.

In the classic land of Italy, beneath the dread shadow of the Vatican, have lived in every age men upon whose foreheads was never stamped the symbol of the beast, and on whose spirits beamed the light of truth, brighter and purer than their own lovely skies.

"In the busy age of the crusades," says Gibbon, the historian, "some sparks of curiosity and reason were kindled in the western world. The heresy of Bulgaria, the Paulician sect, was successively transplanted into the soil of Italy and France. The Gnostic visions were united with the simplicity of the gospel, and the enemies of the clergy reconciled their passions with their conscience, the desire of freedom with the profession of piety."

These were the same people whose belief has been given from Mosheim, the people to whom Arnold of Brescia belonged, and who were called Manicheans, Paulicians, Catheri, Paterines, and Anabaptists. In Italy they were known as Paterines. They said that a Christian church ought to consist of persons who had professed faith, and that it had no power to frame general canons or creeds. And Gregory, writing against them, says: "The baptism which the Catholics approve the Paterines condemn—the *baptism of children*—which is condemned by the Paterines." They were Baptists. They had fifteen associations in Italy.—And in vindication of their principles, their virtues, and their antiquity, let Gibbon now speak:

"The Paulicians sincerely condemned the memory and opinions of the Manichean sect, and complained of the injustice which impressed that invidious name on the simple followers of Paul and Christ. The objects which had been transformed by the magic of superstition, appeared to the eyes of the Paulicians in their genuine and naked colors. Of the ecclesiastical chain, many links were broken by these reformers; and against the gradual innovations of discipline and doctrine they were strongly guarded by habit and aversion, as by the silence of Paul and the Evangelists. They attached themselves with peculiar devotion to the writings and character of Paul, and in whom they gloried. In the gospels and epistles of Paul, Constantine investigated the creed of the primitive Christians; and whatever might be the success, a Protestant reader will applaud the spirit of the inquiry.

In practice, or at least in the theory, of the sacraments, the Paulicians were inclined to abolish all visible objects of worship, and the words of the gospel were, in their judgments, *the baptism and communion of the faithful*. A creed thus simple and spiritual, was not adapted to the genius of the times, and the rational Christian was offended at the violation offered to his religion by the Paulicians." *

"It is evident," says Mosheim, "they rejected the baptism of infants. They were not charged with any error concerning baptism."

"They, with the Manicheans, were Anabaptists or rejectors of infant baptism," says Dr. Allix, "and were consequently often reproached with that term."

"They were simply scriptural in the use of the sacraments," says Milner; "they were orthodox in the doctrine of the Trinity; they knew of no other Mediator than the Lord Jesus Christ."

That these Paulicians or Paterines were Baptists, is, by the united testimony of profane and ecclesiastical history, placed beyond a doubt. Well, *where did they come from?*

"About the middle of the eighth century," continues Gibbon, "Constantine, surnamed Copronymus by the worshipers of images, had made an expedition into Armenia, and found, in the cities of Melitene and Theodosiopolis, a great number of Paulicians of his kindred heretics. As a favor of punishment, he transplanted them from the banks of the Euphrates to Constantinople and Thrace; and by this emigration their doctrine was introduced and diffused in Europe. If the sectarians of the metropolis were soon mingled with the promiscuous mass, those of the country struck a deep root in a foreign soil. The Paulicians of Thrace resisted the storms of persecution, maintained a secret correspondence with their Armenian brethren, and gave aid and comfort to their preachers, who solicited, not without success, the infant faith of the Bulgarians."

They were transplanted from the banks of the Euphrates to Constantinople. Under the Byzantine standard they were transported to "Rome, Milan, and the kingdoms beyond the Alps." Amid the provinces of southern France, they were found in the

* Gibbon's Ro. Hist., ch. 54.

twelfth century, under the leadership of Henry and Peter de Bruis. From the south of France they passed to England and other parts of Europe, where they lingered, says Gibbon, till the Reformation. And thus is the text of Mosheim illustrated—"Before the rise of Luther and Calvin there lay concealed in almost all the countries of Europe men who adhered tenaciously to the principles of the modern Baptists." And thus through the gloom of the dark ages have we tracked the path along which passed the witnesses of Christ, and have found those who, with undying attachment, adhered to our principles, and were members of our churches as far back as the eighth century, and in the lands of apostolic labor and suffering. The Paulicians,—calumniated, banished as criminals,—stand forth a prominent milestone in the march of time, and that blood-stained track we shall still follow in our farther inquiry—*Where did the Baptists come from?*

MANASSEH.

A Sermon,

BY REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

"Then Manasseh knew that the Lord he was God."—2 Chron., xxxiii., 13.

MANASSEH is one of the most remarkable characters whose history is written in the sacred pages. We are accustomed to mention his name in the list of those who greatly sinned, and yet found great mercy. Side by side with Saul of Tarsus, with that great sinner who washed the feet of Jesus with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head, and with the thief that died upon the cross—a forgiven sinner at the eleventh hour—we are wont to write the name of Manasseh, who "shed innocent blood very much," and, notwithstanding that, was forgiven and pardoned, finding mercy through the blood of a Saviour who had not then died, but whom God foresaw should die, and the merits of whose sacrifice he therefore imputed to so great a transgressor as Manasseh.

Without preface we shall enter on the history of Manasseh this morning, and consider him in a three-fold light: first, as *a sinner*, then as *an unbeliever*, and thirdly, as *a convert*. It may be there shall be some Manasseh within these walls now; and if, in describing the case of this ancient king of Israel, I shall in some degree describe him, I trust he will take to himself the same consoling truths which were the means of the comfort of Manasseh when in the dungeon of repentance.

I.—First, then, we shall consider *Manasseh in his sin.*

1. And we note, first, that he belonged to that class of sinners who stand first in the phalanx of evil—viz: those who sin against great light, against a pious education, and early training. Manasseh was the son of Hezekiah, a man who had some faults, but of whom it is nevertheless said, “He did right in the sight of the Lord.” To a great degree he walked before God with a perfect heart, even as did David, his father. We cannot suppose that he neglected the education of his son, Manasseh. He was the son of his old age. You will remember that at a time of heavy sickness God promised him that he should have his life prolonged fifteen years. Three years after that event Manasseh was born, and he was, therefore, only twelve years old when his father died; still, he was old enough to remember the pious prayers of a father and mother, and had arrived at sufficient maturity to understand right from wrong, and to have received those early impressions which we believe are, in most cases, eminently useful for after-life. And yet Manasseh pulled down what his father had built up, and built up the idol temples which his father had pulled down. Now it is a notorious fact, that men who do go wrong, after a good training, are the worst men in the world. You may not know, but it is a fact, that the late lamented murder of Williams, of Erromanga, was brought about by the evil doings of a trader who had gone to the island, and who was also the son of a missionary. He had become reckless in his habits, and treated the islanders with such barbarity and cruelty, that they revenged his conduct upon the next white man who put his foot on their shore; and the beloved Williams, one of the last of the martyrs, died a victim of the guilt of those who had gone before him. The worst of men are those who, having much light, still run astray. You shall find among the greatest champions of the camp of hell, men who are brought up and educated in our very ranks. It is not necessary that I should mention names; but any of you that are acquainted with those who are the leaders of infidelity at the present time, will at once recognize the fact. And such men actually make the very worst of infidels; while the best of Christians often come from the very worst of sinners. Our John Bunyans have come from the pot-house and the tap-room, from the bowling alley, or places lower in the scale; our best of men have come from the very worst of places, and have been the best adapted to reclaim sinners, because they themselves had stepped into the kennel, and had, nevertheless, been washed in a Saviour’s cleansing blood. And so it is true that the worst of the enemies of Christ are those who are nourished in our midst, and, like the viper of old, which the husbandman nursed in his bosom, turn round to sting the bosom which has nurtured them. Such an one was Manasseh.

2. In the next place, Manasseh, as a sinner, was a very bad one. He was one of those men who do not sin covertly, but who, when they transgress, do not seem to be at all ashamed—who are born with brazen foreheads, and lift their faces to heaven with insolence and impudence. He was a man who, if

he would set up an idol,—as you would see by reading this chapter,—did not set it up in an obscure part of the land, but put it in the very temple of God; and when he would desecrate the name of the Most High, he did not privily go to his chapel, where he might worship some evil deity, but he put the deity into the very temple itself, as if to insult God to his very face. He was a desperado in sin, and went to the utmost limit of it, being very bold, and desperately set on mischief. No, whether it be for right or wrong, boldness is always sure to win the day. Give me a coward—you give me nothing; give me a bold man, and you give me one that can do something, whether for Christ's cause or for the devil's. Manasseh was a man of this kind. If he cursed God, it was with a loud voice; it was not in hole or corner, but upon his throne that he issued proclamations against the Most High, and in the most daring manner insulted the Lord God of Israel. And yet, dear friends, this man was saved, notwithstanding all this. This greatest sinner—this man who had trampled on his father's prayers—who had wiped from his brow the tears which had been shed there by an anxious parent—who had stifled the convictions of his conscience, and had gone to an extremity of guilt in bold, open, and desperate sin—yet this man was, at last, by divine grace, humbled and brought on his knees to acknowledge that God was God alone. Let no man, therefore, despair of his fellow. I never do, since I think and hope that God has saved me. I am persuaded, that, live as long as I may, I shall never see the individual of whom I can say, "That man is a hopeless case." I may, peradventure, meet with the person who has been so exhorted and so warned, and has so put off all the sweet wooings of his conscience, that he has become scared and hardened, and, consequently, hopeless; but I shall never meet a man who has sinned so desperately that I can say of him he never can be saved. Ah! no; that arm of mercy which was long enough to save me is long enough to save you; and if he could redeem you from your transgression, assuredly there are none sunk lower than you were; and, therefore, you may believe that his arm of mercy can reach them. Above all, let no man despair of himself. While there is life there is hope. Give not up yourselves unto Satan's arms. He tells you that your death-warrant is sealed, that your doom is cast, and that you never can be saved. Tell him to his face that he is a liar, for that Jesus Christ "is able to save unto the uttermost them that come unto God by him, seeing that he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

3. Again, Manasseh was a sinner of that peculiar caste which we suspect is not to be found very frequently. He was one of those who had the power of leading others, to a very large extent, astray from the truth and religion of God. He was a king, and had, therefore, great influence; what he commanded was done. Among the ranks of idolators Manasseh stood first, and it was the song and glory of the false priests that the king of Judah was on the side of the gods of the heathen. He was the leader—the first man in the battle. When the troops of the ungodly went to war against the God of the whole earth, Manasseh led the vanguard, and cheered them on. He was their

great Goliath, challenging all the armies of the living God. Many among the wicked stood back and feared the conflict; but he never feared. "He spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast;" and, therefore, he was bold and arrogant in leading others astray. There are some such still alive—men not content with treading the broad road themselves, but seeking to entice others into it. And O how active they are in their efforts! They will go from house to house, and distribute those publications which are impure and polluting; they will stand in our streets, and endeavor to draw around them the young—aye, and men and women just fresh come from the house of God, or going to God's sanctuary—to tell them that dreary story that there is no God, or the dismal falsehood that there is no future, but that we must all die like dogs and suffer annihilation. There are some such who never seem to be happy unless they are leading others astray. It is not enough for them to go alone against God, but they must sin in company. Like the woman in the Proverbs, they hunt for precious life, and, like hounds thirsting for blood, they are seeking after men to destroy them. Society now is like Prometheus: it is, to a great extent, bound, hand and foot, by the very customs that surround us; and, like Prometheus, we have upon us the winged hound of hell perpetually tapping at our heart, and swallowing the life-blood of our spirit. I mean we have that accursed infidelity which seeks to lead men from God, and drive them from their Maker. But, nevertheless, leaders among them have yet been saved. Manasseh, the leader of those who hated God, was yet humbled and made to love the Most High.

Do you ask me whether such cases ever occur now? I answer, yes they do; too rarely, but yet they do happen. Yesterday I received something which cheered my heart very much, and made me bless my God, that, notwithstanding all opposition, he had still made me of some little use in the world. I received a long letter from a certain city, from one who has been one of the leaders of the secular society in that place. The writer says: "I purchased one of the pamphlets entitled, 'Who is this Spurgeon?' and also your portrait (or a portrait sold as yours), for 3*d*. I brought these home, and exhibited them in my shop window. I was induced to do so from a feeling of derisive pleasure. The title of the pamphlet is, naturally, suggestive of a caricature, and it was especially to incite that impression that I attached it to your portrait and placed it in my window. But I also had another object in view. I thought, by its attraction, to improve my trade. I am not at all in the book or paper business, which rendered its exposure and my motive the more conspicuous. I have taken it down now; *I am taken down too.* * * * I had bought one of your sermons of an infidel a day or two previous. In that sermon I read these words: 'They go on; that step is safe—they take it; the next is safe—they take it; their foot hangs over a gulf of darkness.' I read on, but the word 'darkness' staggered me. It was all dark with me. 'True, the way has been safe so far, but I am lost in bewilderment. No; no, no! I will not risk it.' I left the apartment in which I had been musing, and, as I

did so, the three words, 'Who can tell?' seemed to be whispered at my heart. I determined not to let another Sunday pass without visiting a place of worship. How soon my soul might be required of me I knew not, but felt that it would be mean, base, cowardly, not to give it a chance. Aye, my associates may laugh, scoff, deride, call me coward, turncoat; I will do an act of justice to my soul. I went to chapel; I was just stupified with awe. What could I want there? The doorkeeper opened his eyes wider, and involuntarily demanded, 'It's Mr. ———, isn't it?' 'Yes,' I said, 'it is.' He conducted me to a seat, and, afterwards, brought me a hymn book. I was fit to burst with anguish. 'Now,' I thought, 'I am here; if it be the house of God, heaven grant me an audience, and I will make a full surrender. O God, show me some token by which I may know that thou art, and that thou wilt in no wise cast out the vile deserter who has ventured to seek thy face and thy pardoning mercy.' I opened the hymn book to divert my mind from feelings that were rending me, and the first words that caught my eyes were—

'Dark, dark indeed the grave would be
Had we no light, O God, from thee.'"

After giving some things which he looks upon as evidences that he is a true convert of religion, he closes up by saying, "O, sir, tell this to the poor wretch whose pride, like mine, has made him league with hell; tell it to the hesitating and to the timid; tell it to the cooling Christian, that God is a very present help to all that are in need. * * * Think of the poor sinner who may never look upon you in this world, but who will live to bless and pray for you here, and long to meet you in the world exempt from sinful doubts, from human pride, and backsliding hearts."

Ah, he need not ask my forgiveness; I am happy, too happy, in the hope of calling him "brother" in the Christian church. This letter is from a place many miles from this city, and from a man who had no small standing among the ranks of those who hate Christ. Ah! there have been Manassehs saved, and there shall be yet. There have been men who hated God, who have leaped for joy, and said—

"I'm forgiven, I'm forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace,"

and have kissed the very feet which once they scorned and scoffed, and could not bear to hear the mention of.

There is one fact concerning Manasseh which stamps him as being a very prince of sinners, namely this: "he caused his children to pass through the fire in the valley of the son of Hinnom," and dedicated his sons unto Tophet. This was a dreadful sin; for, though Manasseh repented, we find that his son, Amon, followed in the steps of his father in his wickedness, but not in his righteousness. Listen! "Amon was two-and-twenty years old when he began to reign, and reigned two years in Jerusalem. But he did that which

was evil in the sight of the Lord, as did Manasseh, his father; for Amon sacrificed unto all the carved images which Manasseh, his father, had made, and served them; and humbled not himself before the Lord, as Manasseh, his father, had humbled himself; but Amon trespassed more and more." Children will imitate their fathers in their vices, seldom in their repentance. If parents sin, their children will follow them, without much doubt; but when they repent and turn to God, it is not easy to lead a child back in the way which it has once forsaken. Are there any here, who, like that ancient Carthaginian, have dedicated their sons to the opposition of their enemy? You remember one who dedicated his son, Hannibal, from his very birth, to be the everlasting enemy of the Romans. There may be such a man here who has dedicated his offspring to Satan, to be the everlasting enemy of Christ's gospel, and is trying to train up and tutor him in a way which is contrary to the fear of the Lord. Is such a man hopeless? His sin is dreadful—his state is dreary—his sin, without repentance, will assuredly damn him; but so long as he is here we still will preach repentance to him, knowing that Manasseh was brought to know God, and was forgiven all his manifold sins.

II.—The second aspect in which we are to regard Manasseh is as *an unbeliever*; for it appears that Manasseh did not believe that Jehovah was God alone; he was, therefore, a believer in false gods, but an unbeliever so far as the truth is concerned. Now does it not strike you at the outset, that, while Manasseh was an unbeliever in the truth, he must have been a very credulous person to believe in all the imaginary deities of the heathen? In fact, the most credulous persons in the world are unbelievers. It takes ten thousand times more faith to be an unbeliever than to be a believer in revelation. One man comes to me and tells me I am credulous, because I believe in a great First Cause, who created the heavens and the earth, and that God became man and died for sin. I tell him I may be, and, no doubt, am very credulous, as he conceives credulity, but I conceive that which I believe is in perfect consistency with my reason, and I therefore receive it. "But," saith he, "I am not credulous—not at all. Sir, I say, I should like to ask you one thing:—You do not believe the world was created by God? "No." You must be amazingly credulous, then, I am sure. Do you think this Bible exists without being made? If you should say I am credulous, because I believe it had a printer and a binder, I should say you were infinitely more credulous if you assured me that it was not made at all. And should you begin to tell me one of your theories about creation—that atoms floated through space, and came to a certain shape—I should resign the palm of credulity to you. You believe perhaps, moreover, that man came to be in this world through the improvement of certain creatures. I have read that you say, that there were certain monads—that these monads improved themselves until they came to be small animalcule—that afterwards they grew into fishes—that these fishes wanted to fly, and then wings grew—that, by and bye, they wanted to crawl, and then

legs came, and they became lizards—and, by divers steps, they then became monkeys, and then the monkeys became men—and you believe yourself to be cousin-german to an ourang-outang. Now, I may be very credulous, but really not so credulous as you are. I may believe very strange things; I may believe, that, with the jaw-bone of an ass, Samson slew a thousand men; I may believe that the earth was drowned with water, and many other strange things, as you call them; but, as for your creed, your non-creed, “’tis strange, ’tis passing strange, ’tis wonderful,” and it as much outvies mine in credulity, if I be credulous, as an ocean outvies a drop. It requires the hardest faith in the world to deny the Scriptures, because the man, in his secret heart, knows they are true; and, go where you will, something whispers to him, “You may be wrong—perhaps you are;” and it is as much as you can say, “Lie down, conscience! down with you; I must not let you speak, or I could not deliver my lecture to-morrow—I could not go among my friends—I could not go to such-and-such a club—for I cannot afford to keep a conscience, if I cannot afford to keep a God.”

And now let me tell you what I conceive to be the reasons why Manasseh was an unbeliever. In the first place, I conceive that the *unlimited power* which Manasseh possessed, had a very great tendency to make him a disbeliever in God. I should not wonder if an autocrat—a man with absolute dominion—should deny God; I should think it only natural. You remember that memorable speech of Napoleon’s. He was told that man proposed, but that God disposed. “Ah!” said Napoleon, “I propose and dispose too;” and therein he arrogated to himself the very supremacy of God. We do not wonder at it, because his victories had so speedily succeeded each other, his prowess had been so complete, his fame so great, and his power over his subjects so absolute. Power always, as I believe, except in the heart which is rightly governed by grace, has a tendency to lead us to deny God. It is that noble intellect of such-and-such a man which has led him into discussion; he has twice, thrice, four, five, six, seven times, come off more than conqueror in the field of controversy; he looks round and says, “I am, there is none beside me; let me take up whatever I please, I can defend it; there is no man can stand against the blade of my intellect; I can give him such a home thrust as will assuredly overcome him;” and then, like Dr. Johnson, who often took up the side of the question he did not believe, just because he liked to get a victory that was hard to win, so do these men espouse what they believe to be wrong, because they conceive it gives them the finest opportunity of displaying their abilities. “Let me,” says some mighty intellect, “fight with a Christian; I shall have hard enough work to prove my thesis; I know I shall have a great difficulty to undermine the bastions of truth which he opposes to bear against me. So much the better. It were worth while to be conquered by so stout an opposition; and if I can overcome my antagonist—if I can prove myself to have more logic than he has—then I can say, ’tis glorious; ’tis glorious to have fought against an opponent with so much on his side, and yet to have

come off more than conqueror." I do believe the best man in the world is very hard to be trusted with power. He will, unless grace keeps him, make a wrong use of it before long. Hence it is that the most influential of God's servants are almost invariably the most tried ones, because our heavenly Father knows that if it were not for great trials and afflictions we should begin to set ourselves up against him, and arrogate to ourselves a glory which we had no right to claim.

But another reason why Manasseh was an unbeliever, I take it, was because he was proud. Pride lieth at the root of infidelity; pride is the very germ of opposition to God. The man saith, "Why should I believe?" The Sunday-school child reads his Bible, and says it is true: am I, a man of intellect, to sit side by side with him, and receive a thing as true simply at the dictum of God's word? No, I will not; I will find it out for myself, and I will not believe simply because it is revealed to me, for that were to make myself a child; and when he turns to the page of Revelation, and reads thus, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye can in nowise enter into the kingdom of heaven," he says, "Pshaw! I shall not be converted then; I am not going to be a child; I am a man, and a man I will be, and I would rather be lost a man than saved a child. What! am I to surrender my judgment, and sit down tacitly to believe in God's word?" "Yes," says God's word, "thou art; thou art to become as a child, and meekly to receive my word." "Then," says he, in his arrogance and pride, "I will not," and, like Satan, he declares it were better to rule in hell than serve in heaven, and he goes away an unbeliever, because to believe is too humbling a thing.

But perhaps the most potent reason for Manasseh's unbelief lies here, that he loved sin too well. When Manasseh built the altars for his false gods, he could sin easily, and keep his conscience; but he felt Jehovah's laws so stringent, that if he once believed in the One God he could not sin as he did. He read it thus: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not steal;" and so on. Manasseh wanted to do all these things, and therefore he would not believe because he could not believe and keep his sin. The very reason why we have much unbelief is because we have much love of sin. Men will have no God, because God interferes with their lusts. They could not go on in their sins, if they once believed there was an everlasting God above them, or professed to believe it, for all do believe it whether they say so or no; and because the thought of God checks them in their impiety and their lust, therefore they cry out, "There is no God," and say it with their lips as well as in their hearts. I believe it was this that led Manasseh to persecute the saints of God; for among his sins it is written, "he shed innocent blood very much." It is a tradition among the Jews, that the prophet Isaiah was sawn in sunder by Manasseh, on account of a rebuke which he gave him for his sin. Isaiah was not wont to be very timid, and he told the king of his lusts, and therefore, placing him between two planks, he cut him sunder from head to foot. It is just the reason why

men hate God, and hate his servants, because the truth is too hot for them. Send you a preacher who would not tell you of your sins, and you would hear him peaceably; but when the gospel comes with power, then it is that men cannot bear it. When it trenches upon that pleasure, that sin, or that lust, then they will not believe it. Ye would believe the gospel, if ye could believe it and live in your sins too. Oh! how many a drunken reprobate would be a Christian, if he might be a drunkard and a Christian too! How many a wicked wretch would turn believer, if he might believe and yet go on in his sins! But because faith in the everlasting God can never stand side by side with sin, and because the gospel cries, "Down with it! down with it!—down with your sin!" therefore it is that men turn round and say, "Down with the gospel!" It is too hot for you, O ye sinful generation; therefore ye turn aside from it, because it will not tolerate your lusts, nor indulge your iniquity.

III.—We look, then, at Manasseh as an unbeliever, and now we have our last most pleasing task of looking at Manasseh as a *convert*. Hear it, O heavens, and listen, O earth! The Lord God hath said it. Manasseh shall be saved. He on his throne of cruelty has just appended his name to another murderous edict against the saints of God; yet he shall be humbled—he shall ask for mercy and shall be saved. Manasseh hears the decree of God; he laughs. "What! I play the hypocrite, and bend my knee? Never! It is not possible; and when the godly hear of it they all say, 'It is not possible. What! Saul among the prophets? Manasseh regenerated? Manasseh made to bow before the Most High? The thing is impossible.'" Ah! it is impossible with man, but it is possible with God; God knows how to do it. The enemy is at the gates of the city; a hostile king has just besieged the walls of Jerusalem; Manasseh flees from his palace and hides himself among the thorns; he is there taken, carried captive to Babylon, and shut up in prison. And now we see what God can do. The proud king is proud no longer, for he has lost his power; the mighty man is mighty no more, for his might is taken from him; and now, in a low dungeon, listen to him. It is no more the blasphemer—no more the hater of God—but see him on the cold floor! Manasseh bows his knee, and, with tears rolling down his cheeks, he cries, "O God! my father's God! an outcast comes to thee; a hell-hound, stained with blood, throws himself at thy feet; I, a very demon, full of filthiness, now prostrate myself before thee! O my God, canst thou, wilt thou have mercy on such a wretch as I?" Hear it, ye heavens! Listen yet again. See from the skies the angel flies with mercy in his hand. Ah! whither speeds he? It is to the dungeon of Babylon. The proud king is on his knee, and mercy comes and whispers in his ear, "Hope!" He starts from his knees, and cries, "Is there hope?" And down he falls again. Once more he pleads, and mercy whispers that sweet promise, uttered once by the murdered Isaiah, "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for my name's sake, and will not remember thy sins." Oh! do you see him? His very heart is running over in his eyes. Oh! how he weeps for joy, and yet for sorrow that he

ever could have sinned against a God so kind. A moment more, and the dungeon is opened; the king of Babylon, moved by God, bids him go free, and he returns to his kingdom and throne, a happier and a better man than he had ever been before. I think I see him coming into Jerusalem. There are his statesmen and favorites, crying unto him, "Come in, Manasseh; the bowl shall be filled, and we will have a merry night to-night; we will bow before the shrine of Ashtarothe, and thank her that she has set thee at liberty; lo, the horses of the sun are ready; come and pay thy devotions to him that shines on the earth, and leads the host of heaven!" Methinks I see their astonishment when he cries out, "Stand back! stand back! Ye are my friends no longer, until ye become God's friends. I have dandled ye on my knees, and, vipers, ye have stung me with the poison of asps; I made you my friends, and you have led me down to the gulf of hell. But I know it now. Stand back till ye are better men, and I will find others to be my courtiers." And there the poor saints, hidden in the back streets of the city, so frightened because the king has come back, are holding meetings of solemn prayer, crying unto God that no more murderous, persecuting edicts might go forth. And lo, a messenger comes and says, "The king is returned;" and, while they are looking at him, wondering what the messenger is about to say, he adds, "He has returned, not Manasseh as he went, but as a very angel. I saw him with his own hands dash Ashtarothe in pieces; I heard him cry, 'The horses of the sun shall be hoofed;' sweep out the house of God; we will hold a pass-over there; the morning and evening lamb shall again burn on Jehovah's altars, for he is God, and beside him there is none else." Oh! can ye conceive the joy of believers on that auspicious day? Can ye think how they went up to God's house with joy and thanksgiving? And on the next Sabbath they sung, as they had never sung before, "O come let us sing unto the Lord, let us make a joyful noise unto the rock of our salvation," while they remembered that he who had persecuted the saints of God aforetime, now defended that very truth which once he abhorred. There was joy on earth, aye, and there was joy in heaven too; the bells of heaven rang merry peals the day Manasseh prayed; the angels of heaven flapped their wings with double alacrity the day Manasseh repented; earth and heaven were glad, and even the Almighty on his throne smiled gracious approbation, while he again said, "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for my name's sake, and will not remember thy sins."

And now are you curious to know what were the bases of the faith of Manasseh—what were the rocks on which he built his trust in God? I think they were two. He believed in God, first, because he had answered his prayer; and secondly, because he had forgiven his sin. I have sometimes said, when I have become the prey of doubting thoughts, "Well, now, I dare not doubt whether there be a God, for I can look back in my diary and say, on such a day, in the depths of trouble, I bent my knee to God, and or ever I had risen from my knees the answer was given me." And so can many of

you say; and, therefore, whatever others may say, you know there is a God, because he answered your prayer. You have heard of that holy man, Mr. Müller, of Bristol.* If you were to tell George Müller there was not a God, he would weep over you. "Not a God?" he would say, "why, I have seen his hand. Whence came those answers to my prayers?" Ah! sirs, ye may laugh at us for credulity; but there are hundreds here who could most solemnly assert that they have asked of God for divers matters, and that God has not failed them, but granted their request. This was one reason why Manasseh knew that the Lord he was God.

The other reason was, that Manasseh had a sense of pardoned sin. Ah! that is a delightful proof of the existence of God. Here comes a poor, miserable wretch—his knees are knocking together—his heart is sinking within him—he is giving himself up to despair. Bring the physician to him! They cry, "We fear his mind is infirm. We believe he will at last have to be taken to some lunatic asylum;" and they apply their remedies, but he is none the better, but rather grows worse. On a sudden this poor creature, afflicted with a sense of sin, groaning on account of guilt, is brought within the sound of the Sacred Word; he hears it—it increases his misery; he hears again—his pain becomes doubled, till, at last, every one says his case is utterly hopeless. Suddenly, on a happy morning which God had ordained, the minister is led to some sweet passage. Perhaps it is this: "Come, now, and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." The Spirit applies it, and the poor man goes home light as air, and says to his wife and children, "Come, rejoice with me." "Why?" say they. "Because," says he, "my sins are forgiven!" "How do you know that?" "Oh!" says he, "I had a sense of pardoning love within my heart, which all the world could not gain-say; and if all the earth should rise up against me and say I should be condemned, I could say, 'I know there is now no condemnation for me.'" Have you ever felt pardoning blood applied? You will never doubt God, I know, if you have. Why, dear friends, if the poorest old woman in the world should be brought before an infidel of the wisest order, having a mind of the greatest caliber, and he should endeavor to pervert her, I think I see her smile at him and say, "My good man, it is of no use at all, for the Lord has appeared unto me of old, saying, 'Yea I have loved thee with an everlasting love,' and so you may tell me what you please; I have had a sense of blood-bought pardon shed abroad in my heart, and I know that he is God, and you can never beat it out of me." As good Watts says, when we have once such an assurance as that—

"Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart."

* See "The doings of God with regard to George Muller."

Oh! if you have a sense that sin is forgiven, you can never doubt the existence of a God; for it will be said of you, "Then *he* knew that the Lord he was God."

And now I gather up my strength for just one moment, to speak to those of you who desire to know what you must do to be saved. My hearer, no question can be more important than that; none is so requisite to ask. Alas! there are too many who never ask it, but who go sailing down to the gulf of black despair, listening to the syren song of procrastination and delay. But if you have been brought to ask the question solemnly and seriously, "What must I do to be saved?" I am happy, thrice happy to be able to tell you, God's own Word, "He that believeth on the Lord Jesus and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not," the Scripture saith, "shall be damned." "Not of works, lest any man should boast." "But, sir," you say, "I have many good works, and would trust on them." If you do, you are a lost man. As old Matthew Wilks most quaintly said once, speaking in his usual tone, "You might as well try to sail to America in a paper boat, as to go to heaven by your own works; you will be swamped on the passage if you attempt it." We cannot spin a robe that is long enough to cover us; we cannot make a righteousness that is good enough to satisfy God. If you would be saved, it must be through what Christ did, and not what you did. You cannot be your own Saviour; Christ must save you if you are saved at all. How, then, can you be saved by Christ? Here is the plan of salvation. It is written: "It is a faithful saying, that Christ Jesus came to save sinners." Do you feel that you are a sinner? Then believe that Jesus Christ came to save you; for so sure as ever you feel you are a sinner, it is a fact that Christ died for you; and if he died for you, you shall not perish, for I cannot conceive that Christ would die in vain. If he died for you, you shall most assuredly be pardoned and saved, and shall one day sing in heaven. The only question is, Did he die for you? He most certainly did if you are a sinner; for it is written (I will repeat it again), "It is a faithful saying that Christ Jesus came to save sinners." Poor sinner, believe! My dear friend, give me thine hand! I wish I could put it inside Christ's hand. Oh! embrace him! embrace him! lest, haply, the clouds of night should come upon thee, and the sun should set ere thou hast found him. Oh! lay hold on him lest death and destruction should overtake thee; fly to this mountain, lest thou be consumed; and remember, once in Christ, thou art safe beyond hazard.

"Once in Christ, in Christ for ever,
Nothing from his love can sever."

Oh! believe him! believe him, my dear hearers, for Jesus's sake! Amen.

[For the Christian Repository.]

A CHURCH WITHOUT A CREED.—No. II.

[Conversations between a Lay Member of a Church with a Creed, and two distinguished Members of a Church without a Creed.]

Layman.—"At the close of our former conversation you both conceded, I believe, that the term 'Son' in your confession of faith,—'Jesus Christ is the Son of God,'—must have a definite meaning assigned to it, before it can be affirmed to be an intelligible proposition. But what that meaning is, you did not determine. Have you arrived at any definite conclusion on this point?"

Elder A.—"Bro. B. did, I think, admit that your question must be answered, or that we are without a creed. But I am obliged to dissent from him. There are many truths revealed to us in the Scriptures, which we cannot fully comprehend, but which we can, nevertheless, believe—which we *must* believe or we cannot claim to be regarded as Christians."

Layman.—"Please specify one such truth."

Elder A.—" '*God is an uncreated, eternal being.*' We cannot comprehend the idea, or, rather, we can have no idea of an *eternal* existence; yet you would deny a man's Christianity who should affirm that God is not eternal."

Elder B.—"I think, Bro. A., you confound things altogether distinct. We must reason fairly, logically, or we may as well give up at once. There is certainly no ambiguity in the expression, '*The grass grows*;' every one understands it, yet no one can comprehend it. There is a mystery connected with the germination of a seed, and its subsequent development, which no botanist has ever explained or understood. So with the example adduced by you, '*God is eternal*;' there is no ambiguity about it—all understand it alike, and all are able to *define* it. They would express the same idea, in other phraseology, and, of a hundred men, all would express it alike, 'God is without beginning or end.' So, too, when it is said that John Smith is the son of Joseph Smith, we know precisely what is meant to be asserted.—

there is no ambiguity about it. But when, as in our 'confession,' it is affirmed that '*Jesus Christ is the Son of God*,' it cannot be denied, as Bro. L. urges, that the expression is susceptible of different interpretations; that the word 'Son' does not convey to the minds of all the *same* idea; and that, consequently, the proposition requires explication in order to be understood in the sense in which it is *true*. In but one sense is the proposition a *truth*—in all other possible senses it is a falsehood."

Layman.—"I am much obliged to you, Elder B., for saving me the trouble of replying to Elder A. I have nothing to add to what you have said. It is Elder A.'s turn now to speak."

Elder A.—"What Bro. B. has said is true. I do not pretend to deny that there is ambiguity in the expression, 'Jesus Christ is the Son of God,' and I frankly admit that this ambiguity is quite different, as Bro. B. has contended, from the incomprehensibility of the phrase, 'God is eternal.' And did we not, in our preaching, explain our 'confession' as teaching the divinity of Christ, we should be justly chargeable with heterodoxy."

Layman.—"If I understand you, you set forth to your congregations your own views of the import of the 'confession of faith' required of them as a pre-requisite for baptism and church membership; but, at the same time, you allow them to interpret the language of that 'confession' for themselves—even so as to divest Jesus Christ of all the attributes of divinity, and make him a mere man. You claim that yours are the only churches based upon the divinity of Jesus—because yours is the only creed that enunciated his divinity; and yet yours are the only churches in Christendom—Unitarian and Universalist excepted—that do not expressly assert in their creeds the equality of the Son with the Father. If, as you profess to do, you repudiate as unscriptural the doctrines of Unitarianism and Universalism, why do you not add to your 'confession of faith' other passages of Scripture which clearly set forth your views? This you might do and still have a 'Bible creed'—every word Bible language. You must not complain if other denominations of Christians refuse to recognize your churches as evangelical, so long as you open your doors for the admission of men holding opinions antagonistic to the fundamental doctrines of Christianity."

Elder A.—"I do not think we should admit to membership in our churches men who hold opinions opposed to the fundamental doctrines of the New Testament; but when a man applies to me for baptism, making the confession which the eunuch made to Philip, I think it my duty to immerse him."

Layman.—"But suppose you should subsequently ascertain, by conversing with him, that he rejects the doctrines of Trinitarianism and of future punishment, would you not admit him to membership in your church?"

Elder A.—"My opinion is that he should not be admitted, though our practice has not been in harmony with this view of the case supposed. I admit—for I see you ready to thrust it at us—that we have been in the habit not only of immersing but of admitting to membership men whose Universalian belief was known by us before their baptism. But the practice is wrong, and should be discontinued."

Layman.—"Why so, if, as Elder B. once at least attempted to show from the pulpit, that the only question he had a right to propound to a candidate, or, rather, the only question the candidate was under any obligation to answer, was, 'Is Jesus Christ the Son of God?'"

Elder B.—"I think, Bro. A., you are wrong on this point. I cannot conceive of an immersed believer in Jesus Christ being unfit for membership."

Elder A.—"I can. Suppose a candidate for baptism satisfies you that he is really a penitent believer, and that his views of Christ's character and office, as also of a state of future reward and punishment, are scriptural, would you hesitate to baptize him?"

Elder B.—"No."

Elder A.—"But suppose, that when the question of his admission to your church came up, he should affirm his belief in *infant immersion* on the faith of the parent—in an ecclesiastical organization like that of the Episcopal Church—in a union of church and state; and suppose he avowed his purpose to advocate these views with the design of reforming our church organization, well knowing that he would thereby create dissension among the brethren, would you receive him into the church? For my part,

I should prefer he would take some other route to heaven than through my church."

Layman.—"And I think you might add—unless you hold to baptismal regeneration—that the aforesaid candidate for baptism should be sent to a bishop of apostolic succession for baptism."

Elder B.—"I should frankly tell him, in advance, that if he advocated such views to the disturbance of the peace and harmony of the church, we should exclude him. In the mean time, if he became a member, I should endeavor to correct his views, and leave the result with God. I should be in favor of his reception."

Layman.—"Would you immerse his infant children?"

Elder B.—"No."

Layman.—"Should he have them immersed by a Catholic priest, what would you do with him?"

Elder B.—"I think he should be excluded."

Layman.—"What say you, Elder A.?"

Elder A.—"I would vote for his exclusion."

Layman.—"And suppose another of your members, who, like Col. H., had been baptized and received into your church an avowed Universalist, should conscientiously attempt to convert his brethren to his views, and should succeed in convincing some of them that future punishment is not taught in the Bible. How would you dispose of his case?"

Elder A.—"I think he should be excluded too, for his influence might destroy the church."

Layman.—"Suppose he should not succeed in making any converts to his faith."

Elder A.—"We would retain him, hoping to convert him to the truth."

Layman.—"Why not retain the member who has his infant baptized by a Catholic priest, with a view to converting him also to the truth?"

Elder B.—"There is this difference—the one merely expresses an opinion, the other performs an act, and that act not authorized but virtually forbidden by Jesus Christ."

Layman.—"Is not the utterance of falsehood more pointedly forbidden by Christ than is the immersion of an infant? Future punishment is either a verity or a nullity, a truth or a falsehood."

He who denies it asserts a falsehood, if it is taught by Christ, and a falsehood of far more dangerous tendency than any thing connected with the immersion of an unconscious infant. I think, Elder B., you make a distinction when there is really no difference in the offenses, except in degree, and that difference in favor of the excluded and against the retained member."

Elder A.—"Cases of discipline, which necessarily occur in all churches, must be treated according to the nature of each particular case; nor can it be expected that there will always be unanimity among the members in reference to them."

Layman.—"In a church *without a creed*, cases requiring discipline would, I should suppose, be of frequent occurrence; but where all kinds of opinion are tolerated on religious subjects, the actual enforcement of salutary discipline must be of rare occurrence. Immersion in water, and assent to the truth—some sort of truth, contained in a few words, which may be variously interpreted—entitles a member to hold, as 'private property,' Unitarianism, Universalism, and sundry other unscriptural *isms*, perfectly harmless in the 'Christian' Church, but, among the 'sects,' destroyers of men's souls. When you shall have adopted a creed, and published it to the world, and enforced it among your members—a creed that excludes all which you yourself denounce as heresy—it will be time for you to call upon the sects to unite with you. Embrace in your creed, or in a 'good confession,' if you prefer the latter designation, whatever of *faith* you regard as essential to a man's being a true Christian, and whatever of church polity you deem essential to the constitution of a gospel church, and just in the proportion to the correctness of your creed will be the probability of the ultimate extinction of 'sectarian' organizations by their gradual absorption into the 'Christian congregation.'"

Elder A.—"Suppose we concede, for the present, that our creed (I have no objection to the word) is deficient to the full extent of all you have imagined, and that it needs, as I am willing to admit, enlargement sufficient to embrace, in scripture phraseology, all that we regard essential to a gospel church, are you not willing to concede that we preach a pure Christianity—that the *doctrines* we advocate are in accordance with the

precepts of Christ and the exposition of these precepts by the inspired apostles?"

Layman.—"You claim that there is no essential difference—none, at least, that should debar from inter-communion—between you and the Baptists. To be candid with you, I must say, as Dr. Waller said to Mr. Campbell, that upon some vital points of doctrine, 'I am not certain that I understand you.' Whether you do or do not hold to baptismal regeneration, I am in doubt, though I have honestly endeavored to understand you."

Elder B.—"I propose, then, that at our next interview we take up the subject. I think we can satisfy you that we are with you on that point."

MORMONISM—ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.

IN the Empire State, on the 1st of June, 1830, in the town of Fayette, thirty converts to Mormonism were constituted by the *prophet* into a *church*. Circumstances showed the certainty of failure, unless some other location was selected. For, to the people of Ontario County, N. Y., these "saints" were pretty well known, and their prophet regarded as a low, dishonest schemer. The visions of empire and power already thronged the mind of Joseph, and the mighty West was chosen as the field of conflict and final victory.

Kirtland, Ohio, was accordingly chosen, not as the center of future empire, but one of the "stakes of Zion" and the base of present operations. Here all the machinery of imposture was set in active operation. In addition to the completion of the Book of Mormon, revelations and visions, suited to every fresh exigency, either religious or financial, followed each other in rapid succession; and of all the ridiculous rhapsodies that a thoughtless credulity ever received, the book of "Doctrines Covenant" deserves the palm. Not only did Joseph dream dreams, and see visions, but the weakest of the saints beheld clouds of angels hovering round them, bringing varied and contradictory messages from the Most High. Miracles were said to be performed; they healed

the sick, gave sight to the blind, and would break forth in their assemblies vociferating in a meaningless gibberage, which they called an unknown tongue. The novelty and marvelousness of the mysterious affair attracted all attention, and thousands rushed into the new Zion.

But the commonness of these visions and revelations was evidently making them ridiculous, and Joseph wisely applied a check to the ruinous extravagance by establishing the principle, that he *alone* was the reliable medium of communication with Deity. On the 3d day of June he announced a revelation as follows:

“Magnify thine office! and, after thou hast sowed thy fields and secured them, go speedily into the church, which is in Colesville, Fayetteville, and Manchester, and they shall *support thee*.”

In February, 1831, the oracle was still more explicit: “And again it is meet that my servant, Joseph Smith, jr., should have a house built in which to live and translate.” “If ye desire the mysteries of my kingdom, *provide for him food and raiment and whatsoever thing he needeth*.”

The oracle was received with reverence, and Joseph was listened to as the supreme prophet of the Highest.

The time had now arrived for Zion “to strengthen her stakes.” Kirtland was not designed as the metropolis of the kingdom of the saints, and the keen eye of Joseph discerned, towards the setting sun, a young State, where broad prairies invited the homeless to their fruitful bosoms; where untold riches lay buried in her deep mines, and the mightiest rivers rolled through her vast domain. On its borders, too, roamed the wild “Lamanites,” by which name the Book of Mormon designated the Indians. Oliver Cowdry was sent forward to spy out and explore the promised land, and returned with the most glowing account of its fruitfulness and beauty. Joseph soon received a special revelation, giving directions to repair to Jackson County, Mo.; and accordingly the spot where Independence now stands was selected as the pretorium of the spiritual empire, the site of the Mormon temple, and the gathering-place of the “Latter-Day Saints.”

A town rose on the spot selected, as if by magic. William Phelps, a broken down political hack from New York, established

a Mormon newspaper, called the "Morning Star;" and on the borders of civilized and savage life, where the Lamanites and the Gentiles could be within the range of the Mormon batteries, every thing seemed so appropriate and delightful that the following response was received on the occasion, (July, 1831,):

"Hearken, O ye elders of my church, saith the Lord your God, who have assembled yourselves together, according to my commandments, in this land, which is the land of Missouri, which is the land which I have appointed and consecrated for the gathering of the saints. Wherefore this is the land of promise, and the place for the city of Zion. Behold, the place which is now called Independence is the center place, and the spot for the temple is westward, upon a lot which is not far from the court-house; wherefore it is wisdom that the land should be purchased by the saints; and also my tract lying westward, even unto the line running between Jew and Gentile; and also my tract bordering by the prairies, inasmuch as my disciples are enabled to buy lands. Behold, this is wisdom, that they may obtain it for an everlasting inheritance."

By the Jew is here understood the Lamanite or Indian. The site of Zion having been thus duly fixed, the enginery of revelation was also put in motion to raise the means. From a number we select the following:

"He that sendeth up treasures unto the land of Zion shall receive an inheritance in this world, and his works shall follow him; and also reward in the world to come." "Let all the moneys that can be spared, it mattereth not whether it be little or much, be sent up unto the land of Zion, unto them whom I have appointed to receive." (August, 1831.)

The following looks very much like "*letters-of-marque*" against the Gentiles:

"Behold, it is said in my laws, or forbidden, to get in debt to thine enemies; but behold, it is not said at any time *that the Lord should not take, when he please, and pay as seemeth to him good; wherefore, as ye are agents, and are on the Lord's errand; and whatever ye do according to the will of the Lord is the Lord's business, and he has sent you to provide for his saints in these last days, that they may obtain an inheritance in the land of Zion.*" *

* Ferris's Utah and the Mormons, pp. 74, 75.

The earth and its possessions were the Lord's, and these saints were his agents, who were on the Lord's errand to do business for him, "who would pay as seemeth him good." A convenient rule, and quite encouraging to the accumulating propensities of the saints.

While the saints were gathering at Independence, Joseph continued at Kirtland, Ohio, in various money speculations. He established a mill, a store, and the "*Kirtland Safety Society's Bank*." All were begun under the guidance of revelations, yet no fresh revelation could extricate Smith and his bank from their financial embarrassments, and the whole concern exploded in 1837. One Elder Boynton complained that he "understood that the bank was instituted by the will of God, and that he had been told that it should never fail."

The people around Kirtland began to consider themselves swindled by these banking operations, and took preliminary measures to arrest Smith and Rigdon, to avoid which these personages suddenly absconded. The following is the Mormon account of this flight:

"A new year dawned upon the church in Kirtland in all the bitterness of the spirit of apostate mobocracy, which continued to rage and grow hotter, until Eld. Rigdon and myself were obliged to flee from its deadly influence, as did the apostles and prophets of old, and as Jesus said, 'When they persecute you in one city, flee to another;' and on the evening of the 12th of Jan., about ten o'clock, we left Kirtland, on horseback, to escape mob violence, which was about to burst upon us, under the color of legal process to cover their hellish designs, and save themselves from the just judgment of the law. * * * The weather was extremely cold, and we were obliged to secrete ourselves in our wagons sometimes, to elude the grasp of our pursuers, who continued their race more than two hundred miles from Kirtland, armed with pistols, etc., seeking our lives." *

In the mean time, troubles of another and more serious nature were transpiring in Missouri. As they increased in numbers they became overbearing, and talked threateningly of possessing the whole land. In addition to their general licentiousness, the property of their Gentile neighbors was suffering from their

* Ibid., pp. 86, 87.

thefts. "To cap the climax, the 'Star' published some incendiary articles in regard to the colored population. . . . The people became uncontrollably excited, and held a meeting at Independence, July 20, 1833, in which they resolved on the expulsion of the Mormons. They required that the office of the 'Star' should be closed, and that the saints should pledge themselves to remove; in which case they were to be 'allowed to remain a reasonable time to sell their property and close their business without any material sacrifice.'" The Mormons parlied, asked the time to be delayed, and, in the midst of it, some of their foremost men were taken by the mob and tarred and feathered.

On the 23d of July, three days after, the mob again assembled, and the Mormons, becoming alarmed for their safety, agreed to remove from the country in a reasonable time. An agreement to this effect was drawn up and signed. Half were to remove by the coming January, and the remainder the following April. Had this agreement been fulfilled, the sufferings and bloodshed of the Mormon war would have been avoided, and perhaps the whole imposture, which grew by persecution, would have died of its own folly.

But Smith, who was then at Kirtland, directed that an appeal be made to the Governor for advice and protection. Dunklin, the Governor, in answer, admitted that they had been illegally treated, and advised them to appeal to the courts for redress. A number of suits were at once commenced against the prominent actors in the mob, and the Mormons determined to violate the terms of the treaty, and remain in Jackson County at all hazards.

The note of preparation was now sounded, and the miseries of civil war were inevitable. At length a slight skirmish occurred in which two of the Missourians were killed. Blood had been shed; vows of vengeance were breathed; the country was fully aroused, and the entire removal of the Mormons from Jackson County or their utter extermination was determined.

With the cry of extermination, that of persecution was raised, and everywhere were the attacks of the Jackson County men condemned, and deep sympathy for the suffering Mormons was aroused.

S. H. F.

(To be Continued.)

Family Visitant.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. S. R. FORD.

WILLIAM WINTERFIELD, THE YOUNG PASTOR.

BY MRS. F. E. GARNETT.

CHAP. VII.—THE CHARACTER OF THE COQUETTE MORE FULLY DEVELOPED.

How does the crimson hue of shame mantle the cheek of the high-principled, pure-minded woman, as she contemplates, with sorrow, the depravity of some of her sex in bringing into requisition those *little arts* to enchain the affections, and rivet securely the fetters forged in the *boudoir* before the mirror, decorating the person, adding to the beauty of appearance, while, alas! the more noble part is totally neglected in an undue attention to mere external show! May we ever hope to see woman rise superior to these trivialities, cultivate and expand her intellect, and assume the position assigned her in the scale of being. The world has a few such spirits springing up as oases in a desert, but it is desirable that woman, as a class, should aspire to this elevation, and be no longer the puppet, the doll, the something-to-be-flattered, toyed with, and forgotten. The greatest culpability lies not here, but in that intense love of admiration which influences her to exert the art of pleasing to its utmost tension, enchain the affections of him who is so unfortunate as to become her victim, and, when she has secured her prey, trample upon the crushed heart with a defiant sneer, making him the subject of ridicule.

Flashing lights streamed from the windows of the Danvers mansion, and sounds of gay merriment greeted the ear. The beautiful Isabel has just returned from a protracted visit to B—, and the fond parents, in attestation of their gratification, have called around them the thoughtless, giddy, and gay, to participate in their joy. Should they not rather have returned thanks to God, in the privacy of the closet, for his protecting care over their child? As Christian parents, ought they not to have directed her thoughts to the unseen hand which had shielded her, and restored her to the sweet endearments of home?

Alas! alas! how many parents neglect opportunities of impressing lessons of gratitude upon the hearts of their children, but conduct them, instead, to the halls of merriment and dissipation—the haunts of the thoughtless votary of pleasure who has not the fear of God before his eyes.

Merry groups were gathered here and there in the brilliantly lighted parlors, engaged in light converse; and the unrestrained burst of laughter, mingling with the compressed hum of voices, rendered all an unintelligible jargon.

William Winterfield, lured on by the fascinations of the artful girl whose influence over him was so potent, forgetting the elevated position from which he descended, presented himself to participate in this scene of conviviality. He mingled with the crowd unnoticed, until, reaching a seat in a deep recess of the window, he concealed himself behind the heavy drapery, where he could behold, unobserved, the gay throng passing before him. His eye followed, in mute admiration, the graceful figure of Isabel, as she moved among her guests, bestowing a smile and a word of greeting upon each.

She soon encountered her confidential friend, Carrie Beaufort, who, although her opposite in every particular, was nevertheless her favorite associate. Having exchanged embraces, they sought, at once, a retired spot in which to converse upon events which transpired since they separated. Isabel led the way to the place of William's concealment, and, seating themselves in front of the curtain, they did not observe his proximity.

Isabel proceeded in her usual gay, thoughtless manner to detail the circumstances attending her visit to B——; the numbers of admirers she had led captive—then, as if a sudden thought had crossed her mind, she exclaimed:

“O, Carrie! I forgot to tell you the result of my flirtation with Mr. Winterfield.”

William's first impulse was to step forward and reveal himself, feeling that it would be unmanly to remain the unobserved auditor of a conversation of which he was the subject; but his solicitude to hear what Isabel would say restrained him, and he remained.

“*Flirtation*,” said Carrie, “surely, Isabel, Mr. Winterfield would not so far forget the dignity of his sacred office as to flirt with a young lady.”

“O, no! he was in downright earnest all the time, and as solemn as the grave about it in the bargain. Why, he donned more ministerial dignity when he was wooing me, than I ever knew him to assume before.”

“Mr. Winterfield was in earnest, you say,—and do you intimate that you were not?”

“No, indeed; I don't ‘intimate’ at all. I tell you plainly that I was only coquetting him all the time. Mine was a deeply laid plan, I assure you. I determined, from the first, to coquette him, and I found him an easy prey. It was rather too easy—there was not much fun in it, after all. Why his heart was as impressible as wax; I found no difficulty in enstamping my image there. I thought he had slipped through my fingers once, though. Old Mr. Freeman, in the discharge of his ‘official duty,’ warned him of my arts. The old man, by the bye, was more penetrating than the parson, and could see pretty clearly through the net-work I was weaving around him. I met Mr. Winterfield on the street a few hours after that conversation occurred, and he was as cold as an iceberg. Well, now, thinks I, the game is lost, unless I

play most skillfully; so I assumed my most winning smile, cast upon him a few loving glances, which melted the ice, and he was at my feet in a trice. He made an engagement to meet me that evening at six—the evening previous to my departure to B——, and I knew perfectly well that he would propose, so I just tried how lovely I could appear. I took off every jewel, bound my hair in smooth braids over my brow, (I always look best that way—don't you think I do?—it becomes my style of beauty.) Well, I arrayed myself in all that simplicity of style I thought most becoming to a *parson's bride*, and had scarcely completed my studied toilet, when the bell rang, and Mr. Winterfield was announced. I affected much seriousness, often sighed with downcast eyes, (in which a close observer might have detected a mischievous twinkle,) and did all that art could suggest to coax him on. The bait took finely. He asked me to sing for him, and I selected the old-fashioned, pathetic ballad—

‘Oh! is it *thus* we part,
And *thus* we say farewell?’

Sang it with as much feeling as I could affect, and, would you believe it, Carrie, I actually squeezed out a few tears. This was more than he could stand—snatching my hand from the keys of the piano, he poured into my ear such a volley of love and nonsense, that I could scarcely refrain from laughing right out. I controlled my risibilities, however,—but then a new difficulty arose. He must know his fate. This did not suit my purpose by any means, as I wanted a little more sport before I closed the matter up; but, at length, he consented that I might defer the final answer until I returned from B——, and now I must get up some other pretext to put him off, for I must actually make capital of it yet.”

“And do you intend to reject him after all, Isabel?” said Carrie, rather reproachfully.

“Reject him!—why of course I do. I can't afford to marry him and all the church here beside. More than this, Hark Hornsby is devoted to me, and Pa considers him the most brilliant match about town.”

“Well, why not reject him at once, and terminate his suspense? This would be far more honorable, I think.”

“Because I want to vex Julia Summar—she's almost dying for him. And she gives herself so many affected airs, trying to impress people with her superiority, that I intend to humiliate her, if possible.”

“O, Isabel! don't say that. Julia is any thing else than affected. I think her a very sweet, amiable, sensible girl. No one else has such an opinion of her as you have expressed, I am confident; and as to her being in love with Mr. Winterfield, I am sure she has not acted so as to induce that opinion.”

“Well, you may think so, but I can penetrate the surface of things better than that, and will give her some trouble yet if I live.”

“Isabel, I am actually hurt with you. You have exhibited more heartlessness than I supposed you capable of. Don't run on in this strain any longer, or I shall lose all respect for you.”

"Pshaw, Carrie! you are too unsophisticated by half. 'Tis indeed refreshing to behold your verdancy. But wait until you see more of the world, and you will learn better."

"Heaven forbid that my knowledge of the world should be extended, then," said the young girl, a tear starting to her eye, "if the blush of modesty is to fade from my cheek in the contact, and the fountain of pure, genuine feeling to be scorched up in my heart. O, no! let me remain in the quiet seclusion of my mother's home, where pure, gentle associations will make me a better, a more useful woman. I seek not the glare and hollow-heartedness of earth's tinsel, but more substantial joys."

"O, hush, Carrie! this is all sentimentalism. I have no patience with it. Why, you rave like the disconsolate heroine of some puerile romance. None of this sickly sentimentality for me. I intend to make the most of life I can, and bring every body and every thing into requisition that can minister to my amusement. Life shall be to me a bright gala-day. —Heigh-ho! I have adopted as my motto these cheering lines of Barry Cornwall:

"Life, let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,
And the fresh flowret pluck, ere it close."

Ah, yes! the flowret of life opens richly before me now, and what a simpleton would I be to permit it to wither without inhaling its richest fragrance!"

"You are justifiable, Isabel, in your determination to catch, ere it escapes you, the richest aroma of life; but let me assure you, my dear friend, that you have an entire misconception of that which constitutes its real fragrance. Do you expect to place the dross of mere worldly pleasure and selfish gratification in the crucible of life, and extract from it the pure gold of substantial joy and unalloyed bliss? Believe me, you cannot obtain it by such a process. No, never!—but you are planting thorns in your pillow which will pierce the head that presses them in all future life."

"Why, my little moralist, you talk as sagely as though you had made the pilgrimage of life, and returned with a special commission to warn those who have yet to thread its serpentine pathway."

"You are surely not so thoughtless and inconsiderate as you appear to be, Isabel—you have certainly some correct conception of the true object of your being."

"Why, yes, to be sure I have. The very circumstances that surround me prove to me, conclusively, that I should revel amid life's gay saloons of pleasure, and luxuriate in its bowers of ease. I am an only child; have almost boundless wealth at my control. My beauty of person and attraction of manners secures to me at once the homage of the other sex. Why, it seems to be my right to sit upon a throne and sway the scepter of unlimited empire over the hearts of all my subjects. I almost feel my person expanding in contemplation of the regal splendor which must await my coronation."

"O, Isabel! these advantages you have enumerated only increase your

responsibility to Him who will, ere long, call upon you to give an account of your stewardship. Your wealth, beauty, and intelligence secure to you an influence which, if properly wielded, might be productive of much good. The sums you annually squander for useless decorations would defray the expenses of a missionary to the benighted kingdom of China, and furnish bread for those poor children that were begging at your door this evening. Real beauty—

‘Needs not the aid of foreign ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.’

Your style of beauty, you say, does not appear so attractive with ornaments, and when you wish to appear peculiarly lovely, you dispense with them. Then why not discard them altogether, and appropriate the sum thus invested to the ‘Missionary, Bible, and Charity Fund?’ You will then feel that you are living to some purpose, and, instead of coronating self, seating it upon the throne of your affections, and paying your daily oblations at its shrine, you will find, in the effort to minister to the necessities of others, a sweet consciousness of noble exertion, which will elevate you in the scale of being far above all these nonsensical vanities.”

“Well, well, Carrie! I shall send a proposition to the ‘City Aid Society’ to make you its traveling lecturer. Why, you are downright eloquent. Do you not observe this tear started from its crystal depths by your pathetic appeal? Let me search your pockets—have you not a subscription paper concealed in one corner, to which you wish my name with a handsome amount annexed? Your dissertation on benevolence has relaxed my purse-strings considerably. I think another appeal, equally stirring, will induce me to launch out the required amount.”

“No, Isabel, I am influenced by no such motive; but am truly anxious to see you discharge the responsibilities which rest so heavily upon you. It is a fearful thing to profess Christianity, and yet exhibit none of its graces. You not only endanger your own salvation thereby, but furnish sinners an excuse for their inattention to the subject. Do permit yourself to pause a moment amid pleasure’s giddy whirl, and reflect upon these thoughts as I have to-night presented them.”

“O, my Carrie! I shall expect you to preach my funeral and write my epitaph next. Why, your face is as long as a skillet-handle. Come, brighten up—this is no hour for sadness. But [a shadow passing over her broad, fair brow] as to my connection with the church, it is all a farce. I have no religion—never had any. I joined in an hour of mental excitement, and have bitterly lamented it ever since. But there is no way of getting out now, without being disgraced; if there was, I assure you I would not remain long.”

“Don’t say that, Isabel—please don’t—but be entreated to seek earnestly the forgiveness of sin, if you have not yet obtained it, and devote yourself more entirely to the service of God, and—

If life's pleasures charm thee,
 Give them not thy heart,
 Lest the gift ensnare thee
 From thy God to part.

Now don't yield yourself a willing slave to pleasure, fashion, and folly, but be content to enjoy a portion of earth's pleasures, devoting the better part of your existence to His service."

"Oh! bless me!—here, just sever these shining braids from this proud head—tear away these jewels, and bring me the habit of the recluse; let me enter upon my novitiate at once, and, buried within the silent cell of some dark cloister, let me drag out a miserable existence! O fie! fie! Carrie!—I must accept the bright chalice of life as it is presented me all brimming with nectar. Then talk not to me of sadness and sanctimoniousness, nor present a picture so dark and forbidding!"

"I present no sad picture to you, dear Isabel, when I urge you to embrace the Christian's hope, but a more cheering, glorious one than ever occupied the easel of pleasure's gayest votary. I recommend a principle which is the embodiment of all true happiness; it chastens and increases real pleasure, and, in sadness, buoys up the soul and stays it in the promises of Him who says, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' You now have wealth, beauty, and attraction; the roseate hue of happiness gilds each scene around you; yet why does joy breathe ever on your heart as though it were an untuned instrument, waking its richest chords with tones of trembling? Because the golden dream of your heart must perish. Riches may take to themselves wings and flee away, leaving their possessor penniless,—'all that's bright must fade;' your attractions are as evanescent as the morning cloud—they, too, must pass away. Age, with its infirmities, come on, when earthly pleasure has no power to charm; the glitter of rank and fashion is mere tinsel then. There is a dream of hope in thy heart now—that dream may never be realized! Nay, the dark folds of the future may hide pictures of gloom whose shadows have never yet swept over its fond imaginings. That dream may flee away—that hope may be crushed in its blossom—there may be anguish and fear around you—the darkness of death may dim your eyes—but there is a dream that will grow brighter then, and for ever! A dream, did I say? No—a bright, glorious reality, if you will make Christ your abiding-place; if you do not, you must sink down into the shadow of the tomb with no glorious star of hope to illumine its gloom!"

"Well, really, Carrie, you are an admirable painter. Why, Raphael himself, in his palmyest days, could not have gotten up a more gloomy picture. But we are graduated upon different scales. You may find pleasure and contentment amid the tameness of such scenes as you describe, but my impetuous nature demands more intensity of action and excitement, believe me."

"This assertion only proves that you are ignorant of the effect of Chris-

tianity on the heart. It subdues the impetuous nature, harmonizes the discordant passions, and fills the vacuum in the heart which worldly enjoyment cannot."

"O, well, let us dismiss this subject. When did you see Mark Hornsby?"

"Have you not seen him since you returned?"

"O, yes—he was among the first to pay his *devoirs* after my arrival. By the bye, we will soon bring our affair to a close, I presume. I desire very much, however, to enjoy one more year of freedom, that I may make a few more additions to my list of conquered hearts, but pa insists that I marry him right away. 'Tis rather strange too. I know not how to explain his anxiety. He says that Mark was very attentive to Nannie Greyson during my absence, and he fears that a sudden freak of fickleness may induce him to break the engagement with me and marry her. I fear no such a result, however—I manage matters too skillfully for that. But pa is much changed since I left home. I cannot divine the cause. My protracted absence may have had some influence over him. There is such a shade of care upon his countenance. Ma does not perceive it, though, I am sure, and whatever is the cause she is ignorant of it. Have you any idea, Carrie?"

Carrie was one of the few who did know, but returned an evasive answer to the unsuspecting girl who was soon to realize some of the truths her young friend had endeavored so earnestly to impress upon her but with so little success.

"Isabel, are you aware of Mr. Hornsby's increasing love for dissipation? Your pa does not know, perhaps, the extent of it, or he would be impressed with the propriety of deferring your marriage until he shows some disposition to reform."

"Oh! Mark's dissipation does not amount to any thing. He indulges in a social glass occasionally, but it is fashionable—every young man in the community, with any pretensions to fashion, engages in it."

"Fashionable! And if immorality becomes fashionable, must it therefore be tolerated? O, Isabel! how can you so readily excuse that which must certainly prove destructive to your happiness. 'A social glass!'—yes and repeated a dozen times during the day and night. And where, do you suppose, will be the terminus of this practice? Why, the drunkard's grave! Just think of it—your husband fill a drunkard's grave! My heart sickens at the thought. I would never engage myself to a young man who took his social glass, if I knew it—never! no, never! Would I risk the happiness and usefulness of my future life in so uncertain a game?"

"Then you will die an old maid, take my word for it. Why the custom is almost as universal as the donning of apparel."

"I think you are mistaken, Isabel. There is quite a number of honorable exceptions to the custom which you announce as general. But were it as you say, I would much prefer a life of honorable single blessedness to becoming the bride of one who utterly disregards every obligation binding him to society."

"Well, Carrie, I don't see how you will get along with your straight-laced, puritanical notions. I think you had better get up a new-order denomination. Let me see, what shall we call you? Well, I will leave that blank to be filled when my brain is more fruitful. I propose, however, that you be president, and Julia Summar secretary. I will present you your regalia."

"You are disposed to turn every thing, no matter how serious, into ridicule. Heaven grant that you may never have cause to regret that you did not take the advice I have, in my imperfect manner, yet with much faithfulness, given you this night."

"So mote it be," said Isabel with mock solemnity.

"One word more, Isabel, and I will discontinue this unpleasant subject. Mr. Hornsby not only takes 'a social glass,' but drinks intemperately, gambles regularly, and is rapidly squandering his fortune."

"Perhaps you had better select a guardian for him, as you are so much interested in his private affairs and so familiar with them."

"I know you consider me impertinent, Isabel. I am also aware that I may forfeit your friendship by this plain-dealing, but a sense of duty urges me to speak thus plainly. I am not retailing idle rumor, but giving you well authenticated facts, the proof of which I can readily produce if necessary. No consideration could induce me to speak as plainly as I have but the great solicitude I feel for your happiness."

"I believe you, Carrie—I do indeed, and am not the least offended; but really I think your fears are groundless. If Mark is dissipated, I can reform him—take my word for it. I will read the law to him in double-quick time, if he does not walk straight."

"But you may not find it so easy to enforce obedience to the law after you have delivered it."

"Well, just wait and see; I have not seen so much of the world for nothing. I think I have learned enough to manage any man, I know, with perfect ease."

"I wish you success in your arduous undertaking, but I would sooner attempt to brook the current of yon impetuous river than try to coerce into measures a man of Mark's disposition. I fear you cannot succeed this way."

"But there is a law of kindness, Carrie, which sometimes governs more effectually than coercion."

"Yes, I know. But the administration of that law requires much patience and gentleness. I fear you will not be able to persevere in overcoming the obstructions that will assuredly obtrude between your effort and the final consummation of your object. Reflect clearly upon this subject; follow the decisions of your better judgment; and, to use the old adage, 'look before you leap.'"

"But, Carrie, the engagement is made, the consent of my parents obtained, and 'preliminaries all settled,' as the lawyers say. Would you have me back out now?"

"Yes, I would interrupt the minister in the midst of the marriage ceremony

before I would lay permanently the foundation of future misery. Marriage is no holiday frolic, but a stern, sober reality, which must influence for weal or woe all after life, clothing it in the rose-tinted mantle of joy or investing it with the gloomy drapery of sorrow, whose sombre folds will each year gather more closely about you."

"Why, you talk quite matronly, *Mrs. Carrie*. Please inform me where you obtained this dear bought experience?"

"From observation, Isabel. My knowledge of the world is not as extended as you can boast; but I have gone around my circumscribed circle with both eyes open, and have thus learned that much domestic misery might be avoided if persons entering the marriage relation would exercise more discretion in selecting partners for life. True affection can only be based upon moral excellence. The admiration excited by beauty, accomplishments, and wealth, does not deserve the name of affection, and is as evanescent as the qualities that excited it. The result is apparent. When affection departs from the domestic circle, contention and strife occupy its place, and a life of misery ensues."

"I am much obliged to you for your moral lecture, Carrie," said Isabel, rising, "and shall petition the next congress to vote you a medal as a reward of your efforts in behalf of suffering humanity."

"Thank you for your kind intentions," said Carrie, while a slight shudder agitated her to behold the thoughtless temerity of the giddy girl, over whose future she could see the storm-cloud gathering which must soon break upon her unsuspecting head.

"What has become of the 'young pastor' during this protracted conversation?" the reader impatiently inquires.

He quietly retained his position until Isabel communicated to Carrie the result of the "flirtation," and her determination to decoy him awhile longer, that she might have "more sport," when, touching a spring which opened the window, he stepped out on the terrace unobserved.

The night was indeed lovely. The rigid visage of winter had relaxed under the genial influences of spring. The soothing hum of insects fell in grateful music on his ear, while a gentle breeze cooled his throbbing temples, and his heart ascended in grateful prayer to God that he had thus escaped the snare of the tempter.

The residence of Mr. Danvers was situated without the village, and surrounded by a large inclosure, tastefully set out in ornamental trees and shrubs of every variety. Serpentine walks, enamelled with flowers of every hue, were revealed to the eye, as the soft beams of the moon rested in calm, silent beauty amid the rich foliage of the verdant Norway-Spruce, or enveloped in its silvery mantle the luxuriant Catalpha which waved gently in the whispering breeze. Following the meanderings of one of those walks, William arrived at a tastefully arranged arbor, Isabel's favorite retreat, and, humbly bowing in prayer, he addressed an earnest thanksgiving to God for thus revealing to him the charac-

ter of one whom he had hitherto considered the embodiment of all real loveliness. The soft stars smiled down upon him, and the sweet perfume of flowers was wafted gratefully to his senses. In this bower had he oft lingered with the beautiful but unprincipled being who had woven around him a web of enchantment, from which he had found such difficulty in extricating himself. He thought upon the hours he had thus whiled away, charmed by her syren voice, when he should have been beside the couch of the suffering, visiting and instructing the poor of his congregation, or in his study extracting from God's word gems of promise for the comfort of His saints.

A groan of real agony escaped him as he remembered the golden sands thus wasted in life's hour-glass, and he fervently prayed for forgiveness of past error and inattention, and grace to pursue the path of duty more faithfully in future. He felt the peace-giving influence, and resumed his seat to reflect upon the escape he had made from the toils of an artful coquette. He was amazed that he could resign her without a pang of regret, but, on the contrary, felt really grateful that the matter had thus terminated. Beholding her divested of the excellence with which his imagination had invested her, destitute of woman's noblest attributes—truth, candor, and virtue—his admiration was changed to abhorrence, and up rose before his mental vision the lovely image of Julia Summar, in all the exquisite proportions of female loveliness and purity in striking contrast to the marred form of the once beauteous Isabel. So great was his relief, so exquisite his joy, that he exclaimed, audibly, "Thank God! thank God!"

"Why, see here, Billy, what has excited your gratitude so suddenly, my boy?" said Deacon Freeman, who had taken a "short cut" through the grounds of Mr. Danvers to expedite his return home; "did you kill that serpent that coils at your feet, and now rejoicing over it, or what is the matter?"

William glanced in the direction the deacon designated, and, perceiving the reptile, crushed its head with his heel, and arose to accompany him.

"Why, you kill snakes according to Scripture, Billy; but what are you doing here at this hour?"

"I might, with equal propriety, propound to you the same question, Bro. Freeman," said William, passing his arm familiarly through the old man's.

"Thereby hangs a tale,' as Shakspeare or some other crack-brained poet has said, and you must await its development. But this much I can tell you, we had a glorious meeting at Sister Selwyn's to-night."

"A meeting!" said William, with surprise, "it must have been a secret conclave. You did not notify me."

"A good reason we had for it, too—we could not find you. We did not once think to go to 'Isabel's retreat' in search of you."

"Well, tell me about the meeting."

"Bro. Grey and myself, Sister Beaufort and others, called in at Sister Selwyn's to sit awhile. We were chatting about matters and things in general, when Julia (God bless her) proposed a prayer-meeting. We readily agreed to

the proposition, and requested her to lead. She hesitated, remarking that some older person might more properly do that. We insisted, and she modestly complied. She read a chapter and made a few preliminary remarks, when, warming with the subject, she commenced a relation of her Christian experience. "This fired every heart," said the old man, wiping his streaming eyes. "Another followed another, and finally Bro. Geo. Thompson (you know how often we have wondered if he had an experience) commenced, and this put the finishing touch to the scene—the brethren and sisters clustered around grasping warmly his hand, every heart full of joy and love, every face bathed in tears. Oh, it was indeed a 'Bethel' to our souls! And such fervent prayers ascended for the peace of the church! As sure as God sits on the throne those prayers will not remain unanswered, nor will the exertions of a dear angel of purity be forgotten and unnoticed. Oh no! peace will yet descend as dew upon the church—I believe it with all my heart."

"Heaven grant it," said William, fervently. "Oh, my cup of joy would be indeed full, could I but see the church peaceful and prosperous once more. What means this intimation of yours in regard to some young lady who has been laboring for the peace of the church?"

"That's a secret which will be revealed in due time. But, see here, you have not yet told me what you were doing in that bower with that snake at your feet."

"I was returning thanks to God that I had escaped the toils of that young lady you have so often warned me about."

"Well I congratulate you, my boy, I do, most heartily. Let us hear more about it."

"Excuse me, Bro. Freeman; as others are implicated, I don't feel at liberty to do so."

"Well, so you are out of the scrape I am satisfied. Pity you would not throw off her influence sooner."

"Yes, I see that this, with other errors, have destroyed my influence. God help me! I have determined to leave as soon as I can arrange my business."

"You are too hasty, I think, Billy. You had better remain until the clouds pass off and the sun breaks out, and then I am sure you will not wish to go."

"Wish to go! O, Bro. Freeman, you know little of my feelings if you suppose I have any desire to leave here—my heart is bound to this people by the strongest ties of affection. The separation will be most painful, I assure you; but I cannot think of remaining as a clog to the church, when, perhaps, some one else may labor more effectually for its prosperity. I trust that God will bless me in view of the good I intended to do. If I have misconceived the plan, may He forgive me. When I first came here, Bro. Freeman, you remarked to me, that you hoped I would find at least an 'Aaron and a Hur' to hold up my hands while I attempted to proclaim the gospel. I found them in you and Bro. Grey. May God reward you! But you know that the brethren and sisters have not co-operated with me to any extent. After the novelty of

my style of preaching passed away, they relapsed into a state of inactivity, from which I endeavored, in vain, to arouse them. I freely admit that I have been culpable in some things, but the entire burden does not rest on my shoulders. The church should have stood at my side, and lent me its influence. Oh! you know not, Bro. Freeman, how the heart of a minister is bowed down, and how difficult it is for him to preach, when the brethren and sisters refuse him their co-operation. In the silent hours of the night I have bathed my pillow with tears of anguish over this harrowing thought. Heaven preserve my successor from a similar trial!"

"Can't you be entreated to remain with us and try the experiment once more, my young friend?" said the old man, his voice choked with emotion.

"I think not, Bro. Freeman. My resolution is taken. I shall tender my resignation to the church at the next meeting."

"Where will you go then, my son?"

"God only knows; I am sure I cannot tell."

"May He go with you and sustain you, and make you useful in your future field of labor; and be assured you have my poor prayers for your usefulness! But it will be a sad announcement to the church. I don't believe the brethren will let you off."

"I must go, Bro. Freeman—expostulations would be useless. My decision is irrevocably fixed. —We are at my room, and must separate for the night. Good night, my dear friend!" and he held the hand of the old man in a fervent clasp, while the emotions of his heart agitated his frame.

"God bless you, Billy!" was all the response the deacon could make. His heart was too full for utterance.

(To be Continued.)

A SKETCH.

Reader, did you ever pause and consider how bountiful the goodness of God is? There is no evil which has not its antidote. There is a method by which even the human heart, which is wicked above all things, may be cleansed. From every source, however revolting, some good or beauty may be extracted if we only pursue the proper measure. Storms arise, and for awhile throw their terrific gloom about us; but anon they are chased away, and the landscape glows with renewed fertility and beauty, and the winds' soft sigh lulls the agitated forest and heals the bruised reed; storm-freighted clouds obscure the blue dome, but be sure the rainbow of promise is somewhere among them. Evening after evening we behold the daylight fade and darkness enshroud the universe; but we doubt not for a moment his brightness, undiminished, will usher in morning after morning, until the song of this life swells into a glorious and eternal one. On the verge of the beetling crag, over-hanging the yawning abyss from which the stoutest heart recoils, with prodigal hand Nature

throws the loveliest flowers, and crystal drops carry the sunlight down into the gloom below. To one who holds communion with nature and God, the word *lonely* is unmeaning. Reader, did you ever spend a day alone! How past events crowd upon your memory with a force painful and irresistible. Events stored away in the deepest recesses of your heart come up with life-like vividness, and in defiance of reason and philosophy you involuntarily start as the idea obtrudes that the prototype of some loved one, long since a wreck on the mysterious shores of eternity, now stands in almost palpable form beside you. In nervous trepidation you get up and gaze out upon the open world, hoping external objects will dissipate the internal phantoms reveling in your excited brain. But quickly the thought, mournful and sad, re-acts. How cruel thus to repulse the memory of those loved and once bright friends. Your momentary fear with bitter force is overwhelmed, and sitting near the fire, the only thing which seems lively in the room, you abandon yourself to the indulgence of sad reminiscences.

It was a long time ago—a number of merry young folks came to dine with me. The day was a gloomy one, near the middle of December. We had dined sumptuously, for I was young and gay, and being blessed with a superabundance of this world's wealth, indulged every morbid fancy my vitiated imagination created. No out-door amusement could be thought of for a moment. Looking abroad, interminable fields of snow lay in unbroken smoothness; feathery flakes, blown from the leafless branches, silently falling against the window-glass like the noiseless finger of Time, and which would on any other occasion have suggested sad thoughts, was now a theme of mirth to the gay party assembled in the warm and luminous drawing-room. Unmarked time flew by, until a few of our guests arose and donned their wrappers, and prepared to encounter the frosty atmosphere. Our number diminished. We, after fast closing the doors, drew near the fire, and looked to each other for amusement.

"What think you, Cousin Lou, of a story from each one of us?" exclaimed young Doctor L., who sat near me.

"That is the very thing," cried the beautiful girl, as she lifted her soft languid blue eyes to his jetty ones twinkling with mirth.

"Cousin," said a solemn voice coming from a remote part of the room, let them be true stories—and a sedate young lady emerged from beneath the heavy drapery which concealed a recess containing the portrait of a deceased friend.

"Oh, yes," said he, laughing heartily at her serious face, "and as you have just come from out the shadow of that ghostly picture, suppose I tell you a true ghost story."

Involuntarily our circle contracted about the hearth, and I must confess I was somewhat surprised that the intellectual and philosophical Dr. L. could for a moment indulge a belief in the supernatural. But his face assumed a serious cast as he fixed his eyes on Cousin Dolly, and said—

"Yes, Cousin, the truth is the only beautiful thing in the world; its counterfeit, like a false light, soon dies out."

Cousin Dolly's eyes had gradually distended as the Doctor went on.

"Then the ghost story is really true!" casting a timid glance towards the lower end of the room, which was partially obscured by the increasing twilight.

"Sit here," he said seriously. "Cousin Dolly, I will relate these events expressly for your benefit. The village of F — is located on the river K —. To those fond of the smooth shaven lawn and unbroken meadow, the scenery around this place would be uninteresting. But to one who admires the wilder aspects of nature, spots of the rarest beauty would delight the wildest fancy, and gratify the most intense interest. Innumerable water-falls tumbling from rugged hill-sides greet the traveler, and fearful precipices startle the timid; and woe betide the stranger who ventures to travel without the aid of daylight along these narrow, slippery hill-side roads during the winter season.

In the year 1820 I was a medical student in the University in this village. Our accommodations being somewhat limited, a few of the students lodged in a room adjoining the lecture room, I among the number. On the occasion to which I refer, our venerable and much esteemed preceptor was absent on professional business. We, after vainly attempting to fix our attention upon the volumes before us, decided that we needed mental relaxation and bodily recreation. Our servant was first despatched for some edibles. A portion being unconsumed after our appetites were satiated, we being too provident from former pressure to throw it away, looked about for some place of concealment. This to the uninitiated seemed an easy task; but we who were accustomed to the petty thefts of Bill our servant boy, who would sell the very buttons off of trousers, or our last handkerchief for tobacco, began to consider the task a fruitless one, when Elliott, our chum, said, "See here boys, I have it; roll it in as small a parcel as possible, and put it in the head of that skeleton," pointing to the herculean frame of a human body suspended to the wall. This we did, knowing the mute superstition of the African would as soon allow him to place his digits on the fire as on that skeleton.

It was a glorious night. The moon's rays through the frosty atmosphere rendered objects almost as visible as daylight. Out we sallied, and did not return until assured Bill had thoroughly warmed the congealed atmosphere of our room, for the season was unusually cold that winter. As fast as our half frozen limbs would allow us, we ascended the steps leading to our quarters. Stretched before the glowing fire lay the huge limbs of Bill, luxuriating in that half roasted, sleepy state, so much enjoyed by the negro race. Our first and simultaneous thought was the crackers and cheese. As Elliott stood over the fire rubbing his hands, he said, "Boys, maybe that old fellow has digested that bundle himself, as his stomach has been evacuated so long. Ha, old fellow, how is it?" lifting the light so as to bring his angular limbs into prominent relief. What was our astonishment, aye horror, to behold the lifeless object make us a profound inclination of the head.

We made a precipitate rush towards the door, Elliott dropping the lamp, and almost breaking his neck over the still prostrate negro. Great at any

other time would have been our mortification and chagrin upon encountering old Dr. S. under such disorderly appearances. The menacing attitude and uplifted cane of the enraged Doctor soon brought us to a stand, and, in a composed manner we could assume, we related the startling event. "Upon my word, young gentlemen, you do honor to my institution; can't observe the rules of politeness, although the very dead salute you." "Go on Dr.," we cried, "we'll follow your example this time." In an offended and haughty manner he preceded us. On reaching the room, the identical scene was enacted, and Bill stood in the most remote corner, his mouth extended and eyeballs protruding from their sockets. I never saw such terror depicted on the human countenance.

"This, young gentlemen, is a well-contrived trick, but that poor negro's brain seems in danger of being obfuscated, I will terminate this ridiculous and unhallowed scene." Accordingly, he swung his heavy cane energetically around his head, and dealt a heavy blow against the insensible cranium, breaking the frontal bone, when, to our infinite surprise and amusement, a monstrous rat sprang out amongst us, doubtless brought hither by the odor of the cheese, feasting upon which so enlarged his stomach as to preclude the possibility of egress.

And now, Cousin Dolly, allow me to tell you, that he who has arranged the laws of nature allows no freaks which would invalidate the principles of truth and religion. In ancient days, in divers places and times, God wrought out his word in miraculous ways; but since the light of divine revelation has so broadly diffused itself over the waste of sin and ignorance, a fool cannot err therein.

MRS. A. O. SMITH.

[For the Christian Repository.]

ERNEST VALE.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

"Tis but a restless woo,
But a haunting dream to love thee."

WHEN the angel of the Summer
Floated from the deep blue skies
With the early light of Eden
Dreaming in her cloudless eyes,
Gently from her viewless vases
Fell her blossoms fair and frail
Round a form of breathing beauty
That the world called Ernest Vale.

But when birds and bloom had vanished
In the Summer's silent train,
And the ancient forests shivered
Sadly in the misty rain,

Blushing deeply for her loved one
 By a stream of haunted wail,
 Autumn murmured plaintive dirges
 When they buried Ernest Vale.

Features of as faultless moulding,
 Graceful curls ■■ rich in hue,
 Eyes as dark-lashed, blue, and dreamy,
 Minds ■■ brilliant, hearts as true,
 Voices, too, as soft in sweetness,
 Linger—but my cheek is pale—
 Who could ever love another,
 Who that had loved Ernest Vale?

When the storms of fate are rushing
 Through the midnight of my life,
 And wild rains of tears are beating
 On a spirit faint with strife,
 Whose strong arm shall fold its fondness
 O'er the heart whose chords might fail,
 Now that Death's cold clasp is winding
 Round the form of Ernest Vale.

None. ah none—though earth's a forest
 Where mad winds for ever moan,
 And dark shapes of evil wander—
 I must try its gloom *alone!*
 Haunted by a band of specters
 Clad in memory's rusted mail,
 Hearing lonely birds and breezes
 Asking, Where is Ernest Vale?

Ah, where is he? Ere the twilight
 He was wont to be with me,
 Now the cold stars all are smiling
 That he comes not! Where is he?
 In the spirit's sphere of shadow
 Where eternal glories trail
 From the starry robes of angels—
 There, O there waits Ernest Vale.

MOMENTS WITH MASTER MINDS.

In many respects the nations of Christendom, collectively, are becoming somewhat analogous to our own Federal Republic. Antiquated distinctions are breaking away, and local animosities are subsiding. The common people of different countries are knowing each other better, esteeming each other more, and attaching themselves to each other by various manifestations of reciprocal good will. It is true, every nation has still its separate boundaries and its individual interest; but the freedom of commercial intercourse is allowing those interests to adjust themselves to each other, and thus rendering the causes of collisions of vastly less frequent occurrence; local questions are

becoming of less and general questions of greater importance. Thanks be to God, men have at last begun to understand the rights and feel for the wrongs of each other! Mountains interposed do not so much make enemies of nations. Let the trumpet of alarm be sounded, and its notes are now heard by every nation, whether of Europe or America. Let a voice, borne on the feeblest breezes, tell that the rights of man are in danger, and it floats over valley and mountain, across continent and ocean, until it has vibrated on the ear of the remotest dweller in Christendom. Let the arm of oppression be raised to crush the feeblest nation on earth, and there will be heard everywhere, if not the shout of defiance, at least the deep-toned murmur of implacable displeasure. It is the cry of aggrieved, insulted, much-abused man. It is human nature waking in her might from the slumber of ages, shaking herself from the dust of antiquated institutions, girding herself for the combat, and going forth conquering and to conquer; and woe unto the man, woe unto the dynasty, woe unto the party, and woe unto the policy on whom shall fall the scathe of her blighting indignation.—*President Wayland.*

If life could throw open its long suits of chambers to our eyes from some station *beforehand*—if, from some secret stand, we could look by anticipation along its vast corridors, and aside into the recesses opening upon them from either hand—halls of tragedy or chambers of retribution, simply in that small wing and no more of the great caravansera which we ourselves shall haunt—simply in that narrow track of time, and no more where we ourselves shall range, and confining our gaze to those and no others for whom personally we shall be interested—what a recoil we should suffer of horror in our estimate of life! What, if those sudden catastrophies, or those inexplicable afflictions which have already descended upon the people within my own knowledge, and almost below my own eyes, all of them now gone and past, and some long past, had been thrown open before me as a secret exhibition when first I and they stood within the vestibule of morning hopes—when the calamities themselves had hardly begun to gather in their elements of possibility, and when some of the parties to them were as yet no more than infants! The past, viewed not *as* the past, but by a spectator who steps back ten years deeper into the rear, in order that he may regard it as a future; the calamity of 1840 contemplated from the station of 1830—the doom that rang the knell of happiness viewed from a point of time when, as yet, it was neither feared nor would even have been intelligible—the name that killed in 1843, which, in 1835, would have struck no vibration upon the head—the portrait that on the day of her majesty's coronation would have been admired by you with pure, disinterested admiration, but which, if seen to-day, would draw forth an involuntary groan—cases, such as these, are strangely moving for all who add deep thoughtfulness to deep sensibility.—*De Quincey.*

Youth's Department.

STORY OF JOSEPH.



Have you read the story of Joseph? If not, you should not let another day pass before you turn to Genesis, 37th chapter, and commence it. You will there find that he was the favorite son of old Jacob, the patriarch. Joseph's mother was dead, and he was a good boy, and his father loved him dearly. So his father made him a beautiful "coat of many colors," and in other ways showed his fondness for him. All this made Joseph's brothers envy him, and even hate their little brother. It happened one day that Joseph's brothers

were away off taking care of their father's sheep. Their father had not heard from them for so long he began to get very uneasy about them. So he asked little Joseph if he would like to go where his brothers were. Joseph was very glad to go and carry the message from his father, and see the country, and be awhile with his brothers. So off Joseph starts, bidding his aged father farewell. Ah, poor Joseph! you seem so glad and happy, but you little think what is going to happen you! You will never, *never* be in your father's house again.

But after awhile Joseph sees his brothers yonder with their sheep; and they see him coming towards them with his "coat of many colors" on. You can almost imagine you see him, as the tear is in his eye, while he tells them his dangers and frights on the way lest the wild beasts would kill him; and then the smile of joy that he was safe now with his brothers. Ah! cruel disappointment. They look so coldly at him. They have been planning his murder. "Come now," they say to one another, "and let us slay him and cast him into some pit, and we will say some evil beast hath devoured him;" and only one of them, Reuben, would say one word for poor Joseph. So they strip Joseph of his "coat of many colors," and cast him into a deep pit. And there the poor boy lay, with no one to pity him or help him, thinking of his kind old father, and his mother that was dead. Poor Joseph.

Now, it happened that a traveling company of Ishmaelites were passing on their way to Egypt; and the thought came into the head of Judah, one of Joseph's brothers, that they had better sell him to these Ishmaelites, who would sell him again in Egypt. The other brothers agreed to it at once, and they sold him for twenty pieces of silver. And now look at poor Joseph dragged along in the charge of rough men! When shall he see his home again, or his dear father?

And thus the jewel of his father's heart was torn from him. Poor old Jacob! They took the coat of many colors, tore it and smeared it with blood, and showed it to their father that he might think some wild beast had torn his son to pieces.

But Joseph is sold by these Ishmaelites to a man named Potiphar. Here cruelty again surrounds him. His mistress wanted him to sin against God, but, rather than do this, he would suffer anything. So she told a wicked story about him, and his master sent him to prison. Now, in the jail, it so happened, were two officers of the king of Egypt: the chief butler and the chief baker. They had offended Pharaoh, and were cast into this prison. Now, it happened that both of them dreamed dreams, and their dreams troubled them. So they told their dreams to Joseph, and God gave him wisdom to interpret their dreams. He told the chief baker that in three days he would be put to death, and at the same time the chief butler would be taken from prison and have his office again. How sad the baker must have been, and how glad the butler while Joseph told them all this. And Joseph said to the chief butler, "but think of me when it will be well with thee; and show kindness, I



R. CRUMPS

pray thee, unto me, and make mention of me unto Pharaoh, and bring me out of this house. For, indeed, I was stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews, and here also have I done nothing that they should put me into the dungeon. Well, it all happened as Joseph had foretold; and yet for two long years he lay there in the dungeon, forgotten by the butler, and perhaps by every one else in the world except his aged father, who mourned for him as dead. But at the end of two years, Pharaoh the king was troubled with dreams, and he called all his wise men around him, but none could guess what these dreams meant. So at last the butler thought of Joseph in the jail, and how he had told his dream to him; so he told it all to Pharaoh the king, and the king sent for Joseph. And God gave Joseph great wisdom, so that he could tell Pharaoh both his dream and the interpretation of it. And oh what

■ sudden change took place! Joseph was clothed in purple and fine raiment, and made a prince in Egypt, with a gold chain about his neck, the royal signet in his hands, while admiring nations bow the knee before him.

But let us return to Jacob and Joseph's brothers. Now when Joseph was ■ great man in Egypt, there was a failure of the crops, and a famine in the country where they lived. But they heard that there was plenty of corn down in Egypt they could buy. So their father told them to go there and buy corn, for unless they got some soon they would all starve. So down they went, and Joseph was the very one that had the management of the king's warehouses, which had been filled with corn in years of plenty against the years of famine. Thirteen years had passed since Joseph was sold, and his growth, his new name, and high station had so changed him that his brothers did not know him. But Joseph knew his brethren; and how must he have felt when they came towards his treasury to buy corn. He asks about their father, and learns that he is well. They tell him about their younger brother, Benjamin; yet Joseph conceals himself, and talks sternly to them, accusing them as enemies to Egypt. At last they begin to talk in their own language of all their troubles, and they say among themselves it is because we did so wickedly with our brother Joseph. And Joseph hears and understands it all; his bosom swells, and the tears start to his eye. Joseph turns away and weeps. At length he sends them away with their money in their sack, but keeps Simeon as a pledge to see if they are telling the truth about having another brother—Benjamin. When they return to their father, and tell him all that was happened, and how Simeon is detained, the old man is overcome with sadness. But their corn is almost gone, and they must go down to Egypt again. Jacob wants them to go without Benjamin. This was his youngest, his beloved son, and a child of the same mother as Joseph. At last they found they must go, but not without Benjamin. Ah! the old man can not give him up. He says, "Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and will ye take Benjamin away also. Ye will bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

At length he gives him up, and they start down to Egypt. When they arrive there, Joseph looks on Benjamin, his *own* brother, the object of his father's tenderest care, and Joseph had to go away and weep by himself. When Joseph had given full vent to his feelings, he calmed himself and returned to where his brothers were. He now caused a feast to be made, and pointed out seats for each brother, and, to their astonishment, each one was seated just according to his age—the oldest first, and so on. They must have wondered how this could have been known. But, when the feast was over, he gave them their corn, each one his sack full to place upon his beast, and sent them away with great civilities, Simeon, Benjamin, and all. And they must have rejoiced; and they started homeward with all safe to their old father, who feared so much to let Benjamin go down with them.

But scarcely are they clear out of the city when they are pursued by Joseph's steward, and charged with stealing the great man's gold cup. They

are all astonished at such a change, but, feeling innocent, they ask to be searched, every one of them. Search is made among the stuff. Each one's sack is opened. Ten of them are found innocent. They begin to feel that all is well; when the last one, Benjamin's, is opened, and ah! there is the very cup in his sack. They are brought back to Joseph; and now what have they to say? The crime is proved—to deny it is vain. They are all struck dumb. At last Judah, who had pledged himself to old Jacob to bring Benjamin back safe, breaks the silence and says:

“O my lord, let my servant, I pray thee, speak a word in my lord's ears, and let not thine anger burn against thy servant: for thou art even as Pharaoh. My lord asked his servants, saying, Have ye a father or brother? And we said unto my lord, We have a father, an old man, and a child of his old age, a little one: and his brother is dead, and he alone is left of his mother, and his father loveth him. And thou saidst unto thy servants, Bring him down unto me, that I may set mine eyes upon him. And we said unto my lord, The lad cannot leave his father; for if he should leave his father, his father would die. And thou saidst unto thy servants, Except your youngest brother come down with you, ye shall see my face no more. And it came to pass, when we came unto thy servant my father, we told him the words of my lord. And our father said, Go again, and buy us a little food. And we said, We cannot go down: if our youngest brother be with us, then will we go down; for we may not see the man's face, except our youngest brother be with us. And thy servant my father said unto us, Ye know that my wife bare me two sons: and the one went out from me, and I said, Surely he is torn in pieces; and I saw him not since: and if ye take this also from me, and mischief befall him, ye shall bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Now, therefore, when I come to thy servant my father, and the lad be not with us; (seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life;) it shall come to pass, when he seeth that the lad is not with us, that he will die: and thy servants shall bring down the gray hairs of thy servant our father with sorrow to the grave. For thy servant became surety for the lad unto my father, saying, If I bring him not unto thee, then I shall bear the blame to my father for ever. Now, therefore, I pray thee, let thy servant abide instead of the lad a bondman to my lord; and let the lad go up with his brethren. For how shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me? lest peradventure I see the evil that shall come on my father.”

Joseph listens to all this. Benjamin and perhaps all the rest are melted to tears as they think of their situation and the sorrows of their old father. And Joseph can say not a word. His heart is moved. He can hold in no longer. He tells all the Egyptians to leave, and they depart, while the eleven brothers are almost trembling with fear; and he burst out into a flood of tears. He says: “I AM JOSEPH; DOTH MY FATHER YET LIVE?” And “*he wept aloud, and the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard him.*”

Ah! I need not describe what followed. We can imagine how his brothers felt, and how he pressed little Benjamin to his heart. Their mourning was turned into joy.

Well, they are sent back loaded with presents and messages of love to old Jacob, on whose gray head, on which so many storms have burst, the sun of happiness is now going to rise. And they returned to their father, and their first words are, “Joseph is yet alive, and is governor of all the land of Egypt.



And Jacob's heart fainted, for he believed them not. And they told him all the words of Joseph which he had said unto them; and when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob their father revived. And Israel said, "It is enough: Joseph my son is yet alive: I will go and see him before I die. And now let us see the meeting between the father and long lost son.

"And Joseph made ready his chariot, and went up to meet Israel his father, and presented himself unto him; and he fell on his neck, and wept on his neck a good while; and Israel said unto Joseph, let me die since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive."

And now can you, dear children, for whom this is here written, tell in how

many points was Joseph a representative of Christ? Study all the history of Joseph, and find this out, and then ask what have I learned about being good and doing good from this touching story.

S. H. F.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1857.

History of the Kentucky Baptists and Current Reformation—The Plot.—Some several months since a correspondent in a monthly journal published by Ben Franklin, in Cincinnati, called the attention of the Reformation to the unbearable fact, that S. H. Ford, after showing his spirit in his introductory to the History of Kentucky Baptists, was about to write a history of the Current Reformation. The editor and all others were called upon to mark this threatening fact, and to watch its development. Accordingly the ranks of that mighty host were stirred, and wise heads were put together to devise some plan to spike this *great* or *small* gun. Accordingly in the March number of The American Christian Review, a regular leader appeared under the caption of RISE OF THE CURRENT REFORMATION IN KENTUCKY. Among other things, the editor, Ben Franklin, pleading an injunction on our proposed history, says:

“We should like to know of Elder Ford if he thinks it desirable for peace and the good of man to have all the unpleasant things that occurred to which the history is to refer spread out and anew to be investigated. Can these matters be spread out afresh without a renewal of hostilities? Does Bro. Ford desire this, or can he think of pursuing the course he marks out without such a result? . . . If he thinks the Baptists have anything to gain by such a course, and will pursue it in opposition to all our expostulations and entreaties for peace, *on him* rests the responsibility, not on us. If Bro. Ford proceeds, we will publish *every* word of his history if he will publish as many words in reply. What do you say, Bro. F?”

To all this I made no reply nor reference. I wished for no controversy, especially none with B. Franklin.

It did not so end, however, with Mr. Franklin. In the May number of his monthly was another leading article, headed, “A FEW WORDS TO MR. FORD.” In this article of considerable length, in which, after accusing me of attributing skepticism to Mr. Campbell, of the untruthfulness of which Mr. Campbell and every one else except Mr. Franklin is fully aware, he alluded bitterly to my history, and draws a comparison between me and the lamented John L. Waller. Of me he says:

“Though he has become a great historian, an *author* in history, his horizon has never extended beyond the horizon of a Baptist Association, or something called ‘the Current Reformation.’ The heroes that figure in his history were all Baptists. The mighty galaxy of ancient worthies, cloud of witnesses, holy men, and benefactors of mankind, marshalled, brought into mighty procession

before us, and glorified in his history, were all Baptists. In his eye 'the Israel of God' and Baptist Church are almost synonymous. In his luminous history, Cora, Dathan, and Abiram, were B. W. Stone, R. McNamar, David Purviance. His Julian, Pilate, Caiaphas are A. Campbell, John Smith, John Rogers, &c., &c."

He then concludes by a comparison between Dr. Waller and myself:

"The former statement (Waller's) was from a mature, well-informed, and unprejudiced mind; the latter (Ford's) merely the exponent of circumscribed, sectarian, and bitter feeling. The former (Waller's) will be regarded; the latter (Ford's) go for nothing."

But to this mode of attack, as in the former case, I made no reply. Soft expostulations had not moved me. He was now beginning to try hard ones. His endearing term, brother, did not melt me. His painting me out as an enemy and narrow-minded bigot could not affright. The comparison to Waller, as far as regarded his superior abilities, I knew before and better than B. Franklin did; and as to what course he would have pursued, Mr Franklin could assert what he pleased. But my course was my own, and I was determined not to be moved by expostulation, ridicule, or denunciation.

But, in the meantime, private communications were resorted to, and plots ingeniously planned. These histories *must be stopped*. Several anonymous letters were received by me, which I still possess, and *may* publish. Some with proper names to them from distinguished "Reformers," actually begging me to quit writing these histories. To the Revision Association in Louisville came a letter from an agent in Missouri, (a Reformer,) stating that these histories would seriously injure the Revision Cause in Missouri. Then stopped the histories *must be*. And to effect this, a diabolical plot to "rob me of my fair name" was concocted, and its whispers given to the winds—silently, confidentially, they were spread. But I shall cover the revelation of the dastardly plot, the whole of which I have in the hand-writing of an honest man, who was unsuspectingly drawn into it by false representations.

The last development of this contemptible scheme to accomplish their end is found in the August number of the *Christian Review*. Here Mr. Franklin says: "We have a few questions to ask Mr. Ford. 'Why did he stop the history of the CURRENT REFORMATION and the History of the Kentucky Baptists so unceremoniously? Has the recorder found these last manuscripts of J. L. Waller, about which it made such an inquiry? We should like to see them—see how they correspond with Mr. Ford's.' " *Great men are apt to think alike.*" This last is *verbatim*. The other I quote from memory, for Mr. Franklin has tried to hide his shame by not sending his paper with which we regularly exchange. This, I would have thought, a mere oversight, but the same failure occurred with the Revision Rooms, in which I have searched in vain for his August number.

But mark it. These cowardly insinuations are made by the man who expostulated with his "Bro. Ford" not to write these histories; who ridiculed them as bigoted and sectarian; who compared the bitter Baptist spirit developed in

them with the liberal spirit of J. L. Waller. All this availed nothing. So he has found out that "*Great men think alike*," and in holy horror whispers his suspicions that these bigoted, contracted, peace-disturbing histories are the productions of the illustrious liberal-minded favorite of the Reformers, J. L. Waller. WONDERFUL DISCOVERY!! But I am done with it. It is, in fact, too contemptible to notice here. If B. Franklin will fully assert what he insinuates, and is responsible, and he or his friends wish to see him cleared from the charge of base, bloodless slander, it can be done in a civil court. If he shields himself beneath that skulking coward's cloak, "they say," or artful insinuation, and thereby evades justice, he, nevertheless, by every such insinuation, brands falsehood on his forehead, and writes himself *coward*—LIBELER.

And the man who asserts that John L. Waller ever prepared, or began to prepare, or had in his *possession the materials to prepare* any such histories, I will guarantee to prove that the man so affirming *could not be believed on oath*.

S. H. F.

Calumny—Elder Johnson of Ghent.—With the usual weapons of the common slanderer, this man Franklin, in his August number, vilely attacks the good name of an able, unobtrusive minister of Christ, Elder William Johnson. He thus proceeds:

"Was this (Johnson's) letter obtained without difficulty? Was it written in regular form, containing the usual words, 'dismissed from us when joined to another church of the same faith and order,' or was not that important clause left out. If left out, what was the reason? Would Elder Ford like to see a copy of that letter?"

Here are the weapons of slander used by the skillful hands of ■ practised assassin of character. He asserts nothing. He dare not.

Ben Franklin asks me if I would like to see a copy of that letter, tacitly asserting that *he* has seen ■ copy of it. If he has, then he is guilty of calumny, for that important clause *is in the letter*. It is now before me. If he has not a copy, then is he guilty of deliberately making a false impression on the minds of his readers.

Elder Johnson, in every church in which he has been a member, stood even above *reproach*. He was *never* in any difficulty in his life which caused or would anywhere have caused any possible objection to his obtaining a letter in the usual way. Even the tongue of slander stood silent before him, till the genius of Ben Franklin put his own malicious energy into it. Again we pronounce *all* and *every* one of these skulking insinuations false, nor are we willing to be silent and see a noble, pure-minded brother thus assailed by one who denounces the doctrine of human depravity, and at the same time illustrates its truth by his cowardly slanders.

S. H. F.

Life of Judson.—There are few books better adapted to awake in the Christian heart the holy energy of apostolic times, than is the record of Judson's

years of trials and triumphs. Fletcher's life of Judson is in one volume, and can be possessed by all. It is beautifully illustrated. Price, one dollar.

Theodosia Ernest.—This book ought to go hand in hand with Grace Truman. They are fit companions, and will achieve great good.

The following books are constantly on hand at the Kentucky Baptist Book Concern, on Market street, between First and Second: Grace Truman, Theodosia Ernest, Progress of Baptist Principles, Wayland's Principles of the Baptist's, Bowen's Central Africa, Great and Little Iron Wheel, South's Reasons, Pendleton's Three Reasons, Psalmist, Dyer's Psalmist, Sabbath School Books, Commentaries, Orchard's History, Duncan's History of the Baptists, Mosheim's Church History, Spurgeon's Sermons, and all other denominational books. Sold at publisher's prices.

G. W. Robertson has charge of the Book Concern. He is well acquainted with Baptist books and the wants of the denomination. It is hoped that the Baptists will call on him at the store when they visit the city.

Rise of the Current Reformation.—We handed to the compositors a continuation of the "Rise of the Current Reformation" for this number. On our return to the city we found it was crowded out.

An Appeal to Kentucky Baptists.—Brethren: It is our ardent desire to place before you in every succeeding number of the Repository a succinct continuation of the historic sketches of Kentucky Baptists, and of the Current Reformation. To do it, I must remain at my desk writing. This, hitherto, I have been unable to do. First, I have had to spend two years traveling to gather up the materials; and secondly, it was absolutely necessary to keep up the financial affairs of the paper. I want to bend all my energies now to these historical sketches. Brethren, will you, each one, contribute your mite. Help me by remittances; for this, above all, I need to free me from all embarrassments. Help me, will you, by sending me a list of subscribers. By doing this, *you* will do your part towards the speedy completion of my plans. Baptists of Kentucky, will you enable me to defeat the plans and plots of our bitter foes? Shall these histories appear, and speak for themselves in the Repository? If you say *yes*, let it come to cheer us in our efforts with the endorsement of subscriber's names.

The Christian Repository.

NO. LXX.—OCTOBER, 1857.

HISTORY OF THE KENTUCKY BAPTISTS.

BY S. H. FORD.

CHAP. XI.—ELKHORN ASSOCIATION—QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Having noted the principle events which marked the progress of the Elkhorn Association down to the beginning of the present century; noted the steady increase of churches and members; dwelt on the worldliness and apathy which preceded the great revival, together with the extravagant fanaticism of that memorable epoch; and having summed up the statistical results of the first twenty years' labor in Kentucky—a rapid glance at the opinions of those early Baptists will prepare us for the troubles then thickening upon them. And perhaps no method will be briefer, and at the same time more comprehensive, than to select the various "Queries" which were from time to time presented to the Association.

DOCTRINES.

The Association was strictly, *perhaps* hyper, Calvinistic. At the first conference of brethren to organize the Association, held at South Elkhorn on Saturday, the 22d of June, 1785, the following was introduced:

"*Query*—Whether the Philadelphia Confession of Faith adopted by the Baptists shall be strictly adhered to ■ the rule of our communion, or whether suspension thereof for the sake of society be best.

"*Ans.* It is agreed that the said received Confession of Faith be steadily adhered to."

The clause, "for the sake of society," refers to the Separate Baptists, who, though Calvinistic as their brethren, objected to all confessions.

In the constitution of the Association are these words :

"The Baptist Confession of Faith, put forth by the seven congregations met together in London in 1643, we do heartily believe in and receive, but something in the third and fifth chapters in said book we do reject, if construed in that light that makes God the cause or author of sin."

Query from Tate's Creek Church :

"What may be thought best to be done with members that hold conditional salvation.

Ans. We would give it as our opinion to the churches to use all tenderness to reclaim such persons from their error."

Yet it will appear evident that this nor no other confession of faith was regarded as a creed to which appeal was to be made, or the language of which must be accepted as final or decisive. In that sense—a sense in which creeds in general are received—the Baptists have not and never had a creed. In the minutes of the year 1793 is recorded :

"We do agree to receive the regular Baptist Confession of Faith, but to prevent it usurping a tyrannical power over the consciences of any, we do not mean that every person is to be bound to the strict observance of every thing therein contained ; yet that it holds forth the essential truths of the gospel, and that the doctrines of salvation by Christ, and free and unmerited grace alone ought to be believed and maintained by every minister, . . . and all decrees of councils, ancient writers, doctrines of men, and private spirits are to be examined, and the sentence of the Holy Scriptures, delivered by the Holy Spirit, our faith is finally resolved."

These extracts speak for themselves, and vindicate our fathers from the false and oft-refuted charge of pinning their faith to a human creed. On these terms of Bible truth and Bible freedom the great family of Baptists in Kentucky then united, and around those principles they cling in thousands still. To a withering tyranny of opinion on the one side, and to an unscrupulous license of all shades on the other, two extremes have departed, of which we say nothing here.

CONCERNING MATERIAL SUPPORT.

That the early Baptists of Kentucky appreciated the office and work of the ministry has been shown from the course pursued by nearly all the first constituted churches. That appreciation is still more marked in the following, which occurs in the minutes of 1787:

“Query—In regard to the duty of supporting ■ minister, whether it be ■ debt or ■ liberal contribution?”

“Query—Whether it is agreeable to Scripture for churches to suffer men to preach, and have the care of them ■■ their ministers, that are trading and entangling themselves with the affairs of this life.

“Ans. That it is not agreeable to Scripture; but it is the duty of the churches to give their ministers ■ reasonable support, and restrict them in these [business] respects.”

Query from the church at Limestone, (1788):

“Whether churches belonging to the Association that do not comply with the solemn duty of supporting their ministers with ■ comfortable living, so ■■ to keep them from worldly encumbrance, shall be held in the fellowship of this Association?”

Debated and answered:

“That ■ committee be appointed to visit the church at Limestone in particular, and all the other churches in general, and to set in order and make report to next Association. Committee—John Gano, A. Dudley.”

At the next Association the committee reported that the church was willing to comply with her duty. Other and numerous instances might be given, all loudly protesting against the allegation made, even by Baptists, against the pioneer churches of Kentucky—that they were opposed to ■ liberal support of their ministers.

MISSIONARY OPERATIONS.

In the year 1786, ere the echo of the war-whoop had ceased to reverberate, and the congregations worshiped in their garments of skins, Kentucky was emphatically ■ missionary field; nor had ■ missionary, or agent, or delegated preacher from any society or organization appeared in any of the settlements. In fact, each church ■■ ■ missionary organization, each preacher ■■ evangelist. As a consequence, in their Associations they recognized

their responsibility to supply with preaching each destitute field ; and in their third annual gathering they undertook to supply each destitute church with preaching.

Boone's Creek had been organized ■ year previous, but had no pastor. Each church in the Association was thus placed under contribution of labor for its supply.

From *Clear Creek* the first Saturday and Sunday in September. From *South Elkhorn* the first Saturday and Sunday in October. From *Bryant's* the first Saturday and Sunday in November. The same of *Crossings*, *Town Fork*, and *Tate's Creek*, thus supplying the church with monthly preaching.

Labor was then, as it frequently is now, not to be obtained for mere compensation. To part with ■ pastor for ■ Sabbath, or for a pastor to go to ■ distant and destitute region, is generally ■ far greater sacrifice than ■ contribution from the one, or a missionary speech from the other. The man who supplies the destitution is the real missionary, and the church that feels bound to contribute even its own minister's labor, is the real missionary body. And such were our early churches and ministers—thoroughly missionary.

At the session of 1783, the case of the church at "Tennessee line" was taken up "to try to engage ministering brethren to assist them. Brethren James Sutton and John Mason agreed to pay ■ visit the first of July, and at their return John Sutton and F. Addams will also visit them, and remain with them ■ like term. A subscription was proposed in the Association to defray the expenses of the above brethren, and the sum of ten pounds six shillings and eight pence was raised." No small sum, most certainly, for that day. Had not these men the spirit of missions ?

INDIAN MISSIONS were early the subject of prayer and effort among those who had witnessed their savage cruelties. On ■ request being made by the church at South Elkhorn to send missionaries to the Indians, it was "agreed to appoint a committee of five members to hear and determine on the call of any of our ministers, &c., and if satisfied therewith, to give them credentials for that purpose—to set subscriptions on foot, to receive collections, for the use of our missionary brethren. And it is recommended to the churches to encourage subscriptions for said purpose, and

have the money lodged with the deacons till called for by the committee. And Brethren Barrow, Ambrose Dudley, John Price, A. Easter, and G. Smith appointed said committee."

Thus was Elkhorn Association the first missionary body west of the mountains.

PROVISION FOR AGED PREACHERS.

Among *us* it is painful, if not ■ discreditable fact, that those who have born the heat of the day, and bowed beneath the weight of years and infirmities have retired from the harvest-field, are often left to linger in loneliness, and sometimes in want. A poor old minister of Jesus Christ, who has spent his best days and life-labor in the service of the denomination, who has never stopped in his course to gather up the wealth of this world, as the evening of life flings its shadows over him, to find himself neglected, penniless. Sad sight, indeed!

At the Elkhorn Association of 1801, a committee was appointed to solicit from each church contributions for "our aged brethren, John Gano, David Thomas 'the old blind preacher,' and John Sutton, as ■■ indication of our love and care of them in their old age," &c.

RE-BAPTISM.

Query from South Elkhorn:

"*What constitutes Baptism valid?*"

"*Ans.* The administrator ought to have been baptized himself by immersion, called to preach, and ordained ■ the Scriptures direct, and that the candidate make ■ profession of his faith, and be immersed in the name of the Trinity."

This subject was again introduced in 1822, when it was decided, "*that it is not regular to receive persons baptized by an administrator not regularly ordained.*"

These queries and resolutions give us an insight to the spirit and usages of this venerable body. It commenced in feebleness in the wilderness; it had now, in the space of sixteen years, increased to a strong, efficient, and influential body. But though it suffered but little from the extravagances of the "great revival," it was not entirely to escape trouble. Barton W. Stone had progressed from formal Presbyterianism to the wildest fanaticism. He had now coolly settled down into ■ rational semi-Arianism, de-

nying the deity of Christ and the atonement. Several Baptists were found treading the same path. Prominent among them were Augustus Easten, pastor of the Cooper's Run Church, Bourbon County, and James Garrard, then Governor of Kentucky.

To meet as soon as possible the difficulty, an extra session of the Association was called at Great Crossings the third Saturday in August, 1803. A committee was appointed to visit the three churches infected with Arianism—Cooper's Run, Flat Lick, and Indian Lick. At the next Association, "It was resolved, that the Cooper's Run be dropt from the union of this Association for denying the doctrine of the Trinity, and that Jesus Christ is truly God." The majorities of the other two churches adhered to the principles held by the Association.

Although talents, wealth, and extensive influence were possessed by the expelled party, their race was a brief one, and the injury inflicted but slight. Stone and his colleagues were then Pedobaptists and sprinklers, an insuperable bar to any union between Easten and the New Lights; and without any ecclesiastical association or support, his party soon entirely disappeared.

The Regulars and Separates were soon after permanently united; peace and prosperity smiled on them, and promised a continued harvest. But a new difficulty arose. Originating in a personal misunderstanding, it spread its influence through the bounds of the Association, and, becoming more and more serious at every step of its progress, at length threatened the dissolution of the whole organization. Of this we shall next speak.

Having given a synopsis of the minutes of this Association up to 1801, a continuation here follows:

SIXTEENTH SESSION.

At Cowper's Run, on the 14th August, 1802.

Introductory by Elder Redding.

A. Eastin, Moderator; John Price, Clerk.

Letters from thirty-six churches, members, and twelve new churches received, in all forty six churches, counting 5,310 members. New churches—Ridge of Drennon's Creek, Union, Mount Gilead, Mount Pleasant, Mill Creek, David's Fork, Hillsborough, Bank Lick, Brush Fork, Clover Bottom, Rockbridge, Twelve-Mile.

A serious difficulty between the church at Crossings and that at McConnell's Run. A committee sent to heal it.

South Elkhorn enquires what constitutes baptism valid?

Ans. The administrator ought to have been baptized himself, by immersion, legally called to preach the gospel, and ordained as the Scripture directs. And that the candidate for baptism make a profession of his faith in Jesus Christ; and that he be baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, by dipping the whole body in water.

Mode of Receiving Persons Excluded in other States.

The church which the person wishes to join should write to the church which excluded him for a statement of the offense committed; of which, with the acknowledgment, they are to judge. But if the remote church be dissolved, the other may act at discretion.

Town Fork church is dissatisfied with the union with the Separate Baptists. A committee sent to comfort her.

SEVENTEENTH CONFERENCE.

Occasional.

At Great Crossings, on 3d Saturday in April, 1803.

David Barrow, Moderator; John Price, Clerk.

Letters received from thirty-three churches; also from eighty-six churches on Green River.

Appointed a committee (Barrow, Price, Dudley, Redding, and Tarrant,) to visit the churches at Cowper's Run, Flat Lick, Indian Creek, and Union, to endeavor to convince them of their heresy respecting the Trinity, and make report.

Enquiry—Does this body believe the doctrine of the Trinity, as contained in the Confession of Faith?

Answered, unanimously—They do.

EIGHTEENTH CONFERENCE.

At Town Fork, on the 13th of August, 1803.

Introductory by G. Eve.

A. Dudley, Moderator; John Price, Clerk.

Letters from 40 churches; members, 4,422.

Cowper's Run church dropped from the union of this Association for denying the doctrine of the Trinity, and holding that Jesus Christ is not truly God.

Agreed, That that part of the Flat Lick church who hold to their constitution, and believe in the divinity of Christ, be considered the church.

Voted unanimously, That the union formed with the Baptists South of Kentucky does not remove them, in the least, from their constitutional principles.

NINETEENTH CONFERENCE.

At North Elkhorn, the 2d Saturday in August, 1804.

Introductory by Lewis Corbin, Ps. 84: 11.

A. Dudley, Moderator; John Price, Clerk.

Letters from 40 churches; members 4,220.

Present—Creath from Town Fork; Vardeman from South District.

Mount Gilead. *Query*—Is it constitutional of a member in good standing to have a letter of dismission to join a sister church nearer to him?

The Association *modestly* refused answering.

Sundry churches dismissed with leave to join other Associations.

A request from sundry black brethren, who dissented from Cowper's Run, when she embraced the Arian heresy, attended to.

Agreed, To insert in the minutes the death of our beloved brother, John Gano, who departed this life August 9th, 1804, in about his 80th year. He lived and died an ornament to religion.

TWENTIETH CONFERENCE.

At Bryans, on the 10th of August, 1805.

Introductory by Carter Tarrant, Mark, 16: 15.

A. Dudley, Moderator; John Price, Clerk.

Letters from 35 churches; members, 3,550.

Preached on Sunday—Elder Redding, from 2 Cor., 5: 17; Elder Vardeman, from 1 Cor., 16: 22; Elder Barrow, from 2 Cor., 5: 10.

Circular letter, by Brother James Johnson, rejected.

Query from Boone's Creek—What is a member to do, who, when in good standing, applies for a letter of dismission, and is denied?

Answer—Withdraw.

Several churches request a revision of the confession of faith and discipline. Accordingly, a committee was appointed, viz: Dudley, Redding, Price, Tarrant, R. Johnson, Bart. Collins, and Payne, to revise and report any necessary amendments.

Query from Glenn's Creek—Is it right for Baptists to go to barbecues on the 4th of July.

Answer—No.

This Association judges it improper for ministers, churches, or associations, to meddle with emancipation from slavery, or any other political subject; and as such, we advise ministers and churches to have nothing to do therewith in their religious capacities.

[NOTE.—Here began the emancipation dissension.]

THE DESIRE OF THE SOUL IN SPIRITUAL DARKNESS.

A Sermon,

BY REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

“With my soul have I desired thee in the night.”—ISAIAH, xxvi., 9.

NIGHT appears to be a time peculiarly favorable to devotion. Its solemn stillness helps to free the mind from that perpetual din which the cares of the world will bring around it; and the stars looking down from heaven upon us shine as if they would attract us up to God. I know not how you may be affected by the solemnities of midnight, but when I have sat alone musing on the great God and the mighty universe, I have felt that indeed I could worship him: for night seemed to be spread abroad as a very temple for adoration, while the moon walked as high priest, amid the stars, the worshipers, and I myself joined in that silent song which they sang unto God: “Great art thou, O God! great in thy works! When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained—what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visiteth him?” I find that this sense of the power of midnight not only acts upon religious men, but there is a certain poet, whose character, perhaps, I could scarcely too much reprobate; a man very far from understanding true religion; one whom I may, I suppose, justly style an infidel, a libertine of the worst order, and yet he says concerning night in one of his poems—

“’Tis midnight on the mountain’s brown,
The cold round moon shines deeply down;
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright;
Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turned to earth without repining,
Nor wish’d for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray.”

Even with the most irreligious person; a man farthest from spiritual thought, it seems that there is some power in the grandeur and stillness of night to draw him up to God. I trust many of us can say, like David, “I have thought upon thee continually; I have mused upon thy name in the night watches, and with desire have I desired thee in the night.” But I leave that thought altogether. I shall not speak of night natural at all, although there may be a great deal of room for poetic thought and expression. I shall address myself to two orders of persons, and shall endeavor to show what I conceive to be the meaning of the text. May God make it useful to you both. First, I shall speak to *confirmed Christians*; and from this text I shall bring one or two remarks to bear upon their case, if they are in darkness. Second, I shall speak

to *newly awakened souls*, and try if I can find some of them who can say, "With my soul have I desired thee in the night."

I. I am about to address this text to the more confirmed believer; and the first fact I shall educe from it—the truth of which I am sure he will very readily admit—is, that *the Christian man has not always a bright shining sun: that he has seasons of darkness and of night*. True, it is written in God's word, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace;" and it is a great truth, that religion—the true religion of the living God—is calculated to give a man happiness below as well as bliss above. But, notwithstanding, experience tells us that if the course of the just be "as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day," yet sometimes *that* light is eclipsed. At certain periods clouds and darkness cover the sun, and he beholds no clear shining of the daylight, but walks in darkness and sees no light. Now there are many who have rejoiced in the presence of God for a season; they have basked in the sunshine God has been pleased to give them in the earlier stages of their Christian career; they have walked along the "green pastures," by the side of the "still waters," and suddenly—in a month or two—they find that glorious sky is clouded; instead of "green pastures," they have to tread the sandy desert; in the place of "still waters," they find streams brackish to their tastes and bitter to their spirits, and they say, "Surely, if I were a child of God, this would not happen." Oh! say not so, thou who art walking in darkness. The best of God's saints have their nights; the dearest of his children have to walk through a weary wilderness. There is not a Christian who has enjoyed perpetual happiness; there is no believer who can always sing a song of joy. It is not every lark that can always carol. It is not every star that can always be seen. And not every Christian is always happy. Perhaps the King of Saints gave you a season of great joy at first, because you were a raw recruit, and he would not put you into the roughest part of the battle when you had first enlisted. You were a tender plant, and he nursed you in the hot-house till you could stand severe weather. You were a young child, and therefore he wrapped you in furs and clothed you in the softest mantle. But now you have become strong, and the case is different. Capuan holidays do not suit Roman soldiers; and they would not agree with Christians. We need clouds and darkness to exercise our faith; to cut off self-dependence, and make us put more faith in Christ, and less in evidence, less in experience, less in frames and feelings. The best of God's children—I repeat it again for the comfort of those who are suffering depression of spirits—have their nights. Sometimes it is a night over the whole church at once; and I fear we have very much of that night now. There are times when Zion is under a cloud; when the whole fine gold becomes dim, and the glory of Zion is departed. There are seasons when we do not hear the clear preaching of the word; when the doctrines are withheld; when the glory of the Lord God of Jacob is dim; when his name is not exalted; when the traditions of men are taught, instead of the inspirations of the Holy Ghost. And such

season is that when the whole church is dark. Of course each Christian participates in it. He goes about and weeps, and cries, "O God, how long shall poor Zion be depressed? How long shall her shepherds be 'dumb dogs that cannot bark?' Shall her watchmen be always blind? Shall the silver trumpet sound no more? Shall not the voice of the gospel be heard in her streets?" Oh! there are seasons of darkness to the entire church! God grant we may not have to pass through another! but that, starting from this period, the sun may rise ne'er to set, till, like a sea of glory, the light of brilliance shall spread from pole to pole!

At other times, this darkness over the soul of the Christian rises from *temporal distresses*. He may have had a misfortune, as it is called—something has gone wrong in his business, or an enemy has done somewhat against him; death has struck down ■ favorite child—bereavement has snatched away the darling of his bosom; the crops are blighted; the winds refuse to bear his ships homeward; a vessel strikes upon ■ rock, another founders; all goes ill with him, and, like a gentleman who called to see me this week, he may be able to say, "Sir, I prospered far more when I was a worldly man than I have done since I have become a Christian: for, since then, everything has appeared to go wrong with me. I thought," he said, "that religion had the promise of this life, as well as of that which is to come." I told him, Yes, it had; and so it should be in the end. But he must remember there was one great legacy which Christ left his people; and I was glad he had come in for a share of it—"In the world ye shall have tribulation: in me ye shall have peace." Yes! you may be troubled about this; you may be saying, "Look at so-and-so: see how he spreads himself like a green bay tree. He is an extortioner and wicked man, yet everything he does prospers. You may even observe his death, and say, there are no bonds in his death. "They are not in trouble ■ other men, neither are they plagued like other men." Ah! beloved! ye are come into the sanctuary of God this morning, and now shall ye understand their end. God hath set them in slippery places, but he casteth them down to destruction. Better to have a Christian's days of sorrow, than a worldling's joys. Ah! happier to be chained in ■ dungeon with ■ Paul, than reign in the palace with an Ahab. Better to be a child of God in poverty, than ■ child of Satan in riches. Cheer up, then, thou downcast spirit, if this be thy trial. Remember that many saints have passed through the same; and the best and most eminent believers have had their nights.

"But oh!" says another, "you have not described my night, sir. I have not much amiss in business; and I would not care if I had—but I have a night in my spirit." "O sir," says one, "I have not a single evidence of my Christianity now. I was a child of God, I know; but something tells me that I am none of his now. There was ■ season when I flattered myself that I knew something about godliness and God; but now I doubt whether I have any part or lot in the matter. Satan suggests that I must dwell in endless flames. I see no hope for me. I am afraid I am an hypocrite. I think I

have imposed upon the church, and upon myself also. I fear I am none of his. When I turn over God's Scriptures there is no promise; when I look within, corruption is black before me. Then, while others are commending me, I am accusing myself of all manner of sin and corruption. I could not have thought that I was half so bad. I am afraid there cannot have been a work of grace in my heart, or else I should not have so many corrupt imaginations, filthy desires, hard thoughts of God; so much pride, so much selfishness and self-will. I am afraid I am none of his." Now, that is the very reason why you are one of his, that you are able to say that: for God's people pass through the night. They have their nights of sorrow. I love to hear a man talk like that. I would not have him do so always. He ought at times to enter into "the liberty wherewith Christ hath made him free." But I know that frequently bondage will get hold of the spirit. But you say, "Surely no one ever suffers like that." I confess I do myself constantly, and very often there are times when I could not prove my election in Jesus Christ, nor my adoption, though I rejoice for the most part that I can cry,—

"A debtor to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing."

Yet at other seasons I am sure the meanest lamb in Jesus's fold I reckon ten thousand times more in advance than myself, and if I might but sit down on the meanest bench in the kingdom of the heaven, and did but know I was in, I would barter everything I had; and I do not believe there ever existed a Christian yet, who did not now and then doubt his interest in Jesus. I think, when a man says, "I never doubt," it is quite time for us to doubt for him; it is quite time for us to begin to say, "Ah, poor soul, I am afraid you are not on the road at all, for if you were, you would see so many things in yourself, and so much glory in Christ more than you deserve, that you would be so much ashamed of yourself, even to say, 'It is too good to be true.'"

2. The first part, then, is fully established by experience, that Christian men very frequently have their nights. But the second thing here is, that a *Christian man's religion will keep its color in the night*. "With my soul have I desired thee in the night." What a mighty deal of silver-slipper religion we have in this world. Men will follow Christ when every one cries "Hosanna! Hosanna!" The multitude will crowd around the man then, and they will take him by force, and make him a king when the sun shines, when the soft wind blows. They are like the plants upon the rock, which sprang up and for a little while were green; but when the sun had risen with fervent heat straightway withered away. Demas and Mr. Hold-the-world, and a great many others, are very pious people in easy times. They will always go with Christ by daylight, and will keep in company so long as fashion gives religion the doubtful benefit of its patronage. But they will not go with him in the night. There are some goods whose color you can only see by daylight—and there are many professors the color of whom you can only see by daylight.

If they were in the night of trouble and persecution, you would find that there was very little in them. They are good by daylight, but they are bad by night. But, beloved, do you not know that the best test of a Christian is the night? The nightingale, if she would sing by day when every goose is cackling, would be reckoned no better a musician than the wren. A Christian, if he only remained steadfast by daylight, when every coward is bold, what would he be? There would be no beauty in his courage, no glory in his bravery. But it is because he can sing at night—sing in trouble—sing when he is driven well-nigh to despair; it is this which proves his sincerity. It has its glory in the night. The stars are not visible by daylight, but they become apparent when the sun is set. There is full many a Christian whose piety did not burn much when he was in prosperity; but it will be known in adversity. I have marked it in some of my brethren now present, when they were in deep trial not long ago. I had not heard them discourse much about Christ before, but when God's hand had robbed them of their comfort, I remember that I could discern their religion infinitely better than I could before. Nothing can bring out our religion better than that. Grind the diamond a little, and you shall see it glisten. Do but put a trouble on the Christian, and his endurance of it will prove him to be of the true seed of Israel.

3. A third remark from this to the confirmed Christian is, *all that the Christian wants in the night is his God.* "With desire have I desired thee in the night." By day there are many things that a Christian will desire besides his Lord; but in the night he wants nothing but his God. I cannot understand how it is, unless it is to be accounted for by the corruption of our spirit, that when everything goes well with us, we are setting our affection first on this object and then on another, and then on another; and that desire which is as insatiable as death, and as deep as hell, never rests satisfied. We are always wanting something, always desiring a yet-beyond. But, if you place a Christian in trouble, you will find that he does not want gold then—that he does not want carnal honor—then he wants his God. I suppose he is like the sailor; when he sails along smoothly, he loves to have fair weather, and wants this and that to amuse himself with on deck. But when the winds blow, all that he wants is the haven. He does not desire anything else. The biscuit may be mouldy, but he does not care. The water may be brackish, but he does not care. He does not think of it in the storm. He only thinks about the haven then. It is just so with the Christian; when he is going along smoothly, he wants this and that comfort; he is aspiring after this position, or is wanting to obtain this and that elevation. But let him once doubt his interest in Christ—let him once get into some soul-distress and trouble, so that it is very dark—and all he will feel then is, "With desire have I desired thee in the night." When the child is put up stairs to bed, it may lay while the light is there, and look at the trees that shake against the window, and admire the stars that are coming out; but when it gets dark, and the child is still awake, it cries for its parent. It cannot be amused by aught else. So in

daylight will the Christian look at anything. He will cast his eyes round on this pleasure and on that; but, when the darkness gathers, it is "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" "O why art thou so far from me, and from the word of my roaring?" Then it is,

"Give me Christ, or else I die;
These can never satisfy."

4. But now one more remark before I leave my address to confirmed saints. *There are times when all the saint can do is to desire.* We have a vast number of evidences of piety: some are practical, some are experimental, some are doctrinal; and the more evidences ■ man has of his piety the better, of course. We like a number of signatures, to make a deed more valid, if possible. We like to invest property in a great number of trustees, in order that it may be all the safer; and so we love to have many evidences. Many witnesses will carry our case at the bar better than a few: and so it is well to have many witnesses to testify to our piety. But there are seasons when a Christian cannot get any. He can get scarcely one witness to come and attest his godliness. He asks for good works to come and speak for him. But there will be such a cloud of darkness about him, and his good works will appear so black, that he will not dare think of their evidences. He will say, "True, I hope this is the right fruit; I hope I have served God; but I dare not plead these works as evidences." He will have lost assurance, and with it his enjoyment of communion with God. "I have had that fellowship with him," perhaps he will say, and he will summon that communion to come and be an evidence. But he has forgotten it, and it does not come, and Satan whispers it is a fancy, and the poor evidence of communion has its mouth gagged, so that it cannot speak. But there is one witness that very seldom is gagged, and one that I trust the people of God can always apply, even in the night: and that is, "I have *desired* thee—I have desired thee in the night." "Yes, Lord, if I have not believed in thee, I have *desired* thee; if I have not spent and been spent in thy service, yet one thing I know, and the devil cannot beat me out of it, I have *desired* thee—that I do know—and I have desired thee in the night, too, when no one saw me, when troubles were round about me."

Now, my beloved, I hope there are many of you here this morning who are strong in faith. You do not, perhaps, want what I have said; but I will advise you to take this cordial, and if you do not want to drink it now, put it up in ■ small phial, and carry it about with you till you do; you do not know how long it may be before you are faint. And ■ Mr. Greatheart gave Christiana a bottle of wine to take with her that she might drink it when she was fatigued, so you take this, and do not laugh at ■ poor despised believer because he is not so strong ■ yourself. You may want this yourself some day. I tell you there are times when a Christian will be ready to creep into ■ mousehole if he might but get into heaven; when he would be glad to throw anything away to get into the smallest crevice to escape from his fears; when the mean-

est evidence seems more precious than gold; when the very least ray of sunlight is worth all the riches of Peru; and when a dole of comfort is more sweet than a whole heaven of it may have been at other seasons. You may be brought into the same condition, so take this passage with you and have it ready—have it ready to plead at the throne: “With desire have I desired thee in the night.”

II. The second part of my sermon is to be occupied by speaking to *newly awakened souls*; and as I have made four remarks to confirmed Christians, I will now endeavor to answer three questions to those who are newly awakened.

The first question they would ask me is this—*How am I to know that my desires are proofs of a work of grace in my soul?* Some of you may say, I think I can go so far as the text—I have desired God; I know I have desired to be saved. I have desired to have an interest in the blood of Jesus; but how am I to know that it is a desire sent of God, and how can I tell whether it will end in conversion? Hear me, then, while I offer one or two tests.

1. First, you may tell whether your desires are of God by their *constancy*. Many a man, when he hears a stirring sermon, has a very strong desire to be saved; but he goes home and forgets it. He is a man who seeth his face in a glass, goeth away, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he is. He returns again: once more the arrow sticks hard in the heart of the King's enemy; he goes home, only to extract the arrow, and his goodness is as the morning cloud, and as the early dew; it passeth away. Has it been so with you? Have you had such a desire? Will to-morrow's business take it away? Are you wanting Christ to-day? and will ye despise him to-morrow? Then I am afraid your desires are not of God; they are merely the desires of a naturally awakened conscience, just the stirrings of mere nature, and they will go as far as nature can go, and no farther. But if your desires are constant ones, take comfort. How long have they lasted? Have you been desiring Christ this last month, or these last three or four months? Have you been seeking him in prayer for a long season? And do you find that you are anxious after Christ on the Monday as well as on the Sunday? Do you desire him in the shop when the intervals of business allow you to do so? Do you seek him in the night—in the solemn loneliness, when no minister's voice breaks on your ear, when no truth is smiting your conscience? Is it but the hectic flush of the consumption that has come upon your cheek? which is not the mark of health. Or is it the real heat of a true desire, which marks a healthy soul? Are you desiring God constantly? I admit there will be variations even to our more sincere desires, but a certain measure of constancy is essential to their real value as evidences of a divine work.

2. Again: you may discern whether they are right or wrong by their *efficacy*. Some persons desire heaven very earnestly, but they do not desire to leave off drunkenness: they desire to be saved, but they do not desire salvation enough to shut their shops up on Sunday morning; or to bridle their

tongues and leave off speaking ill of their neighbors. They desire salvation; but they do not desire it enough to come sometimes on the week-day to hear the gospel. You may tell the truthfulness of your desires by their efficacy. If your desires lead you into real "works meet for repentance," then they come from God. Wishes, you know, are nought unless they are carried out. "Many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in, but shall not be able." "Strive to enter in at the straight gate." Seeking will not do; there must be striving. Our prophet here informs us, that whilst he desired God in the night, that desire was very efficacious. For, in the 18th verse, he declares, "In the way of thy judgments, O Lord, we have waited for thee." This desire made me wait for thy judgments. How many do I hear say I am waiting for God, it is all I do: there I lie at the pool of Bethesda, and one of these days an angel will come and stir the pool. Stop! How do you know you are not deceiving yourself? There is a friend waiting for me to tea: I will step into the room. There is no kettle on the fire: there is not a bit for me to eat. "Sir, we have been waiting for you." But there is nothing ready in the house! I do not believe them; they could not have been waiting for me, or else they would have been ready. And waiting for God always implies being ready. Says a man, "I am waiting for God." But he is not ready for God at all: he still keeps on his drunkenness; the house is still unswept; he is as worldly as ever. He is waiting. Yes, but waiting implies being ready; and nobody is waiting that is not ready. You are not waiting for the coach until you have your coat and hat on, ready to start, and are looking out at the door for it; and you are not waiting for God, until you are ready to go with God. No man ought to say, I am waiting for God. No, beloved, it is God who is waiting for us generally, rather than any of us waiting for him. No sinner can be beforehand with him. But the prophet waited "in the way of God's judgments:" that is, waited in the right place—waited in the house of God—waited under the sound of the gospel. And then this desire led him to seek. "With my spirit within me will I seek thee." It led him to seek after God. Oh! the poor pitiful desires of some of you are very little good. An old writer says, "Hell is paved with good intentions." I was not aware that there was any pavement at all—because it has no bottom; but, at the same time, I believe that the sides of the pit are hung round with good intentions; and men will feel themselves pricked and goaded from side to side with good designs that they once formed but never carried out—children that were strangled at the birth—desires that never were brought into living acts—desires that sprang up like the mushroom in the night, and like the fungus were swept away—like smoke from the chimney, that stopped as soon as the fire had gone out. Oh! Brethren, if these are your desires, they are not practical, they do not come of God. But, if your desires have made you give up your drunkenness—have compelled you to renounce your theater-going—have constrained you to seek God with full purpose of heart—have brought you to give up one lust and another—take comfort, you are in the right road, if your desires are practical desires.

3. Again: you can tell these desires by their *urgency*. Ah, you want to be saved, some of you, but it must be this day next week. But when the Holy Ghost speaks, he says, "*To-day* if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." It must be now or never. "*To-day* give me grace; to-day give me mercy; to-day give me pardon." Some of you hope to be saved before you die, before the pit closes on you; you hope Jesus Christ will look down upon you in some years to come. You have not set down how many years, I suppose; but it is always in the distant, hazy future. But the true desire is *now*. Does the poor man who stands upon the scaffold with a rope round his neck say, 'Pardon me in a year's time?' No; he is afraid he shall the next minute be launched into eternity. He who feels his danger will cry "Now!" He who wants Christ really will cry, "Now!" He who is spiritually awakened will cry out "Now, or never!" What! sinner, will it do to postpone salvation? Doth thine heart tell thee it will do by-and-by? What! when the fire is just coming through the boards of thy little chamber? What! when thy ship has struck upon the rock, and is filling? Yes, she is filling; while the fire at the other end is rushing up; and fire and water together are seeking thy destruction. Wilt thou say, "to-morrow?" Why, thou mayest be dead ere to-morrow's sun has risen. To-morrow! where is it? In the devil's calendar; it is not written in any book on earth. To-morrow! It is some fancied islet in the far-off sea that the mariner has never reached. To-morrow! It is the fool's desire; which he ne'er shall gain. Like a will-o'-the-wisp it dances before him, but only lands him in the marshes of distress. To-morrow! There is no such thing. It is God's, if there is such a day; ours it cannot be. Tillotson well remarks:—"To be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to set about it; this is as if a man should put off eating, and drinking, and sleeping, from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed."

But you say, "If I have desired God, why have I not obtained my desire before now? Why has not God granted my request?"

In the first place, *you have hardly a right to ask the question*; for God has a right to grant your petition or not, as he pleases; and far be it from man to say to God, "What doest thou?" He is a sovereign, and has power to do what he will. But since thine anxiety has dictated the question, let my anxiety attempt to answer it. Perhaps God has not granted thy desire, because he wishes thine own profit thereby. He designs to show thee more of the desperate wickedness of thine heart, that in future thou mayest fear to trust it; he wants thee to see more of the blackness of darkness, and of the horrible pit of sin, that like a burnt child thou mayest shun the fire forever. He lets thee go down into the dungeon, that thou mayest prize liberty the better when it comes. And he is keeping thee waiting, moreover, that thy longings may be quickened. He knows that delay will fan the desire, and that if he keeps you waiting, it will not be a loss to you, but will gain you much, because you will see your necessity more clearly, seek him more

earnestly, cry more bitterly, and your heart will be more in earnest after him. Besides, poor soul, God keeps thee waiting, perhaps, in order that he may display the riches of his grace more fully to thee at the last. I believe that some of us who were kept by God a long while before we found him, loved him better perhaps than we should have done if we had received him directly; and we can preach better to others, we can speak more of his loving-kindness and tender mercy. John Bunyan could not have written as he did if he had not been dragged about by the devil for many years. Ah! I love that picture of dear old Christian. I know when I first read that book, and saw the old wood-cut in it of Christian carrying the burden on his back, I felt so interested for the poor fellow, that I thought I should jump with joy, when, after the poor creature had carried the burden so long, he at last got rid of it. Ah! beloved: and God may make you and I carry the burden for a long time, till he takes it off, that we may leap all the higher with joy when we do get deliverance; for depend upon it, there is no penitent who loves mercy so well as he who has been tarrying for it for a season. Perhaps that is the reason why God keeps you waiting.

One more thought here. *Perhaps it has come already.* I think some of you are pardoned and you do not know it. I think some of you are forgiven; though you are expecting something wonderful as a sign which you will never receive. Persons have got the strangest notions in the world about conversion. I have heard persons tell the queerest tales you could imagine about how they were converted; though of course I did not believe them. And I fancy some of you think you will have a kind of electric shock—that a sort of galvanism, or something or other, will pass through you, such as you had never had before. Do not be expecting any miracles now. If you will not think you are pardoned till you get a vision, you will have to wait many a year. Some people fancy they are not pardoned because they have never heard a voice in their ears. I should be very sorry to have my salvation dependent on a text of scripture applied to my heart; I should be afraid that the devil had applied it, or that it was the wind whistling behind me. I want something more sure than that. But perhaps you are forgiven, and you do not yet know it. God has spoken the tidings of mercy to your spirit, and you have not yet heard it, because you are saying “It cannot be that.” If you could but sit down and think of this:—“This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief,” methinks you would find that after all you are not excluded. There is no great need for any of these miraculous things that you are reckoning upon. God may have given them to some of his people, but he has never promised them. Perhaps, then, the question may be answered by saying, “The pardon is there, but you do not know it.” Oh! may God speak loudly in your soul, that you may know really and certainly that he has forgiven you.

But there is one more serious inquiry: and it is, *Will God grant my desire at last?* Yes, poor soul, verily he will. It is quite impossible that you should

have desired God, and should be lost, if you have desired him with the desire I have described. For I will suppose that you should go down into the chambers of the lost with the desire still in your spirit: when you entered within the gates you would have to say, "I desired mercy of God, and he would not give it me: I sought grace at the hands of Jesus, and he would not give it." You know what would be said at once. Satan would be so pleased. "Ah!" he would say, "here is a sinner that perished praying: God has not kept his promise; he said, 'Whosoever calls on the name of the Lord shall be saved:' and here is one that did it, and he is lost!" Ah! how they would howl for joy in hell! They would sing a blasphemous song against the Almighty God—that one poor desiring soul should be there! I tell you one thing: I have heard many wicked things in my life—I have heard many men swear and blaspheme God, till I have trembled; but there is one thing I never did hear a man say yet, and I think God would scarcely permit any man to perpetrate such a lie; I never heard even a drunken man say, "I sincerely sought God with full purpose of heart, and yet he has not heard me, and will not answer me, but has cast me away." I scarcely think it possible, although I know that men can be infinitely wicked, that any man could utter such an abominable falsehood as that. At any rate, I can say I never heard it; and I believe there are some of you who can say, "I have been young and now am old, yet have I never seen one penitent sinner who could say, in despair, I am not saved; I have sought God and he will not hear me; he has cast me away from his face, and will not give me mercy;" and, I think, as long as you live, you will not meet a case. Then why should *you* be the first? Why, poor penitent, shouldst thou be the first? Dost thou think thou art a chosen mark for all the arrows of the Almighty? Hath he set thee for a butt against which he will direct all the thunderbolts of his vengeance? Art thou to be the first instance in which mercy fails? Art thou to be the one who shall first out-do the infinity of love? Oh, say not so. Despair is mad; but for one instant gather up thy reason, thou despairing one. Would God wish to see thee damned? Hath he not said, "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, but would rather that he should turn to me and live?" Do you think it would be a pleasure to the Almighty to have your blood? Oh! far be it from you to conceive it. Do you not think that he loves to pardon? Hath he not said himself he delighteth in mercy? And is it not written, "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." What advantage would it be to God to destroy your souls? Would it not be more to his honor to save you? Ah, assuredly; because you would sing his praise in heaven, would you not? Yes, but recollect, the best argument I can use with you is this: Do you suppose that God would give his Son to die for sinners, and yet would not save sinners? It is written in the scriptures, that "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners;" and you are a sinner! you feel that you are a sinner; you know it. Then he came to save you;

Only believe that. As a poor penitent, you have a right to believe it. If you were a Pharisee, you would not have that right; but as a penitent, humble, contrite soul, you have a right to believe in Jesus. The Pharisee has none, for it is never written that he came to save the righteous; and if he believed he did, he would believe a lie: but every man who is a sinner, every man who lays claim to that title, has a right also to believe that Christ died for him; and not only so, but it is the truth. He came into the world for a certain purpose; and what he came for he will do. He came into the world to save sinners; and now it is written, "Whosoever believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned." When, last Friday, I had the honor of preaching to many thousand persons in the open air, such an assembly as I never dreamed of seeing, and such a vast number as I could scarcely have fancied would have met for any religious purpose, I noticed a most singularly powerful echo, constantly taking up the last words of my sentences and sending them back, as if some great giant voice had spoken to confirm what I had said. When I had repeated the words, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," echo said, "Saved!" and when I proceeded, "He that believeth not shall be damned," I heard the echo gently say, "Damned!" Methinks this morning I hear that echo: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved;" and the saints above cry, "Saved!" Hark! how they sing before the throne! Hark! how your glorified parents and your immortalized relatives, cry, "Saved!" Hear ye not the echo, as it comes from the blue sky of heaven?—"Saved!" And, oh! doleful thought, when I utter those words, "He that believeth not shall be damned," there comes up that dread word,—“Damned!” from the place where there are “hollow groans, and sullen moans, and shrieks of tortured ghosts.” God grant that you may never know what it is to be damned! God give you to believe now; for, “to-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.”

BIOGRAPHICAL.

WILLIAM HICKMAN, SENIOR.

PIONEER PREACHERS—harbingers of light, breaking through the mist-wreaths of morning, and heralding the full-orbed day—worthy are their memories of permanent record. A pity and a shame were it to consign their names and their labors to oblivion. To wipe the dust from their tomb-stones, and trace the record of their toils, has, thus far, been left to this hand; and most cheerfully is the laborious yet pleasing task prosecuted.

Near the town spring at Harrodsburg, Kentucky, in the spring

of 1776, ere the fathers of independence had signed their immortal declaration, William Hickman, with a fellow-laborer, David Tinsley, announced for the first time in the "tangled wilderness" of the dark and bloody ground, the "glorious gospel of our blessed God." Around that spring were gathered nearly the whole population of Kentucky. Into the hearts of those warrior-hunters the leaven of truth was cast. At the head spring of that vast stream of western life were the "sweet waters" dropped. The effects—look at them. Not only Kentucky, "the mother of the West," but every new State of which her sons were the pioneers, impressing more or less her character on them all—the wide West exhibits the effects of those mercy drops, as that ever-swelling, widening stream sweeps onward to the Pacific wave. To the pioneers of Kentucky they preached the gospel.

William Hickman was born in the county of King and Queen, Virginia, on the 4th of February, 1747. His father, Thomas Hickman, and his mother, died while William was quite young, leaving "myself," he tells us, "and a dear little sister." The orphans were removed to the home of a pious grandmother, who taught them "the fear of the Lord." At fourteen years of age he was bound out to a trade, at which he spent seven years. In the twenty-second year of his age he was married to the daughter of the man with whom he served his time. They were both careless, fond of mirth and dancing, without education, and comparatively poor. Though Hickman had been raised in a moral family, he had not, up to his twenty-fifth year, heard a real gospel sermon. He had frequently heard of the Baptists, or "dippers," as they were usually called, and imbibing the prejudice of the times, resolved never to go where they were. The deplorable state of society under the influence of the established church threatened a complete extinction of vital religion in the colony. "I went often to hear the parson preach," writes Hickman, "when he was sober enough to go through his discourse." Such was the moral purity of "the church," as some still would call it, in the eighteenth century.

For lifting up their voices against the vices, as well as the foundations of this establishment, Childs, Waller, and others, were led to judgment and to prison. Feeble unlearned men, with public

opinion, wealth, learning, an organized established Church, backed by the power of the English throne—all against them, and threatening their liberties and their lives, these men fearlessly met the whole array, and with the weapons of spiritual warfare revolutionized Virginia.

“In the year 1770,” says Hickman, then living in Buckingham county, Virginia, “curiosity led me to go some distance to hear these babblers. The two precious men were John Waller and James Childs.” It was ■ Sabbath morning. Thousands were gathered, like Hickman, through curiosity. There was in the hearts of those apostolic men no fear of the mighty multitude; no misgivings of failure because the profane or the rabble were there. The soft voice and trembling heart of some modern lover of good order would have turned with despair from the sea of upturned faces, with their frowns of defiance, or smiles of scorn. But these preachers were men who believed the gospel had power in it, and was mighty through God to the pulling down of the strongholds. And mark the effects of that day’s preaching. Hickman continues:

“When I got to the meeting I could not get sight of the preachers, there was such a multitude of people. Each of them preached. God’s power attended the word, and numbers cried out for mercy. I went home heavy-hearted, knowing myself in a wretched state. I informed my wife what I had seen and heard. She was much disgusted for fear I would be dipped too. She begged I would not go again, but I told her I must go and see them dipped. I went the next day; and an awful day it was to me. One of the ministers preached before baptism, and then moved on to the water near a quarter of a mile; the people moved in solemn procession, singing—‘Lord, what a wretched land is this.’”

“It was ■ strange thing,” he says, “in this part of the world.” Yes, a strange—yet affecting sight. That little company, surrounded by the vast, staring multitude, with newly-enlisted soldiers in front, joyous in new found hope, marching on to the melody of plaintive song. “Many tears were dropped,” says Hickman, “and not a few from my own eyes.” Ah! there is something sublime in such a sight.

The first man Waller led into the water had been a dancing

master, to whom Waller said he had given a gold piece to learn him to dance. Among those baptized that day were two who afterwards became useful ministers—Rana Shasteen and William Johnson.

HIS CONVERSION.

In the fall of the next year he moved down to Cumberland county. Here David Tinsley, who afterwards accompanied Hickman to Kentucky, preached.

“I concluded, (he says), to go with my wife to meeting, and after singing and prayer he took his text, which is found in the fifth chapter of Daniel, twenty-seventh verse, ‘Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting.’ It was a glorious day to me, for God made use of it to show me what a wretch I was. By a metaphor he made use of, supposing a man to go in debt five hundred pounds to a merchant, and he proved insolvent and had nothing to pay, he would say to the merchant, I can’t pay the old debt, but I want more goods, I now will pay as I go. He stormed out, for he was a son of thunder, says the preacher. Would that satisfy the merchant? no, he would take him by the throat, say, ‘pay me what thou owest.’ Then calmly he let us know how we are indebted to God’s righteous law, and now if we could live as holy as an angel in Heaven, to the end of our days, how were we to atone for all our past sins? God by his Holy Spirit, I trust, sent it home to my heart. That night I withdrew in secret prayer; there I felt the wretchedness of my wicked heart. I could not pray, but sin and evil thoughts were in my best performance. Considering that God was holy, and how I was to stand before him, condemnation seized my troubled soul. From that time I thought I grew worse and worse, for I saw sin enough in my best performances to sink me to hell. When I heard the truth preached it all condemned me. I often wished I had never been born, or that I had been a brute, that had no soul to stand before the holy God. For months I tried to pray, but thought I grew worse and worse, till all hope of happiness was almost gone. When I heard preaching I was condemned. I often went to meeting to get converted. I heard the gospel was free, but not for me, I was such a wretch and condemned. One cold and gloomy afternoon, the 21st of February, 1773, I went over a hill to try to pray. My heart appeared as hard as a rock. When I got to the place I put myself in every position of prayer. I must have been an hour in that dismal condition. It was so cold I had to return to the house and sit awhile before the fire. I thought that hell was my portion. There was a young woman that lived in the house at that time, a professor of religion. In passing by where I sat, in a kind of ecstasy, said I was converted. I thought she spoke unguardedly, but

said not a word. I got up immediately and went out and walked about fifty yards, about the setting of daylight. All at once the heavy burden seemed to fall off, I felt the love of God flow into my poor soul. I had sweet supping at the throne of grace; my sins pardoned through the atoning blood of the blessed Saviour. I heard no voice, no particular scripture applied. I continued there some time. I went back to the house; made no ado for fear of loosing the sweet exercise. The woman cried out aloud and praised God, I kept still. That was one of the happiest nights that I ever experienced in all my life. The next morning when I rose and looked out, I thought every thing praised God; even the trees, grass, and brutes, praised God. I thanked God for all his favors. In the month of April I was baptized by that worthy old servant of God, Reuben Ford, who baptized my wife the fall before. We both joined the Church after being baptized as above written."

This is what Baptists nearly a century ago called an experience. This is what infidels have denounced and hypocrites scorned. And yet with this, each true heart, on which the dew of blessing has been shed, will feel a holy sympathy.

HIS REMOVAL TO KENTUCKY.

In the beginning of the year 1776, the glowing accounts of Kentucky were recited by the returning hunters. Hickman determined to visit this Eden of the far West, as it was then and afterwards termed. We will let him relate the circumstances of his journey:

"On the 23d of February, 1776, I started from home with five others, to-wit: George S. Smith, Edmond Wooldridge, William Davis, Thomas Wooldridge, and Jesse Low, and in the back parts of Virginia we were joined by three more, Peter Harston, Christopher Urvin, and James Parberry. We came to the resolution, three of us professors, to go to prayer every night. Our new companions in their hearts opposed it, but submitted and behaved well. It is too tedious to name every thing that transpired in our disagreeable journey; we had to travel a small and miserable track, over mud and logs, and high waters. Before we got to Cumberland river, we met three or four men turning back, like poor cowards, and no doubt, like the ten spies of Canaan, carried back an evil report; but one by the name of Harrod fell in with us, and went on. We thought him much of a coward, though he boasted very much. We went on and crossed the river; saw no Indians or signs. It was on Sunday, early in March, one of the company killed a buffalo, which suited us for provisions, and we

prepared it by jerking, which made it necessary for us to stay all night. It being on the Indian war road, there was abundance of cane. Two large log fires were made. Late in the night a dreadful alarm was made. The dogs broke out like they had seen something. Poor Harrod rose up, scared half to death to appearance, cursed and damned the Indians, and said, there they are. The men rose and flew to the trees. I did not believe there was an Indian there, or that Harrod saw any. I did not think I was to be killed by an Indian, I therefore kept my station by the fire. No doubt the wolves smelt the beef, and the dogs were after them. After a little they left the trees and came to their rest again. Probably my readers may think my behaviour at the fire was fool-hardy; but I could not believe I should be killed there. I am that kind of a man who never believed any thing could happen by chance. However, we were all spared. Next morning we all started on our way, and nothing of moment transpired till we came to the Crab Orchard; there we discovered a wonder. Part of the company went on to Boonsborough, and the rest of us went on to Harrodstown, now Harrodsburg. When we came to the beauty of the country, I thought of the Queen of Sheba, that came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon, when she said, "the half was not told." So I thought of Kentucky. I thought if I never could get but ten acres of land, I determined to move to it. I have ever been a true whig to the country. God never intended me to own much of it. My thoughts were, if I could get my children to this new country, it might be to their advantage, which I hope it has been. We got to Harrodstown the first day of April, and a poor town it was—in those days, a row or two of smoky cabins, men with their breech clouts, hunting-shirts, leggins, and moccasins. I there ate some of the first corn raised in the country; but little of it, as they had a very poor way to make it into meal. We learnt to eat wild meat without brest or salt. Myself, Brother Thomas Tinsley, my old friend Mr. Morton, took our lodgings at Mr. John Gordon's, four miles from town. Mr. Tinsley was a good old preacher, Mr. Morton a good pious Presbyterian, and love and friendship abounded among us. We went nearly every Sunday to town to hear Mr. Tinsley preach. I generally concluded his meetings. On Sunday morning, sitting at the head of a spring at this place, he laid his Bible on my thigh, and said to me, you must preach to-day. He said if I did not he would not. It set me in a tremor; I knew he would not draw back. I took the book and turned to the twenty-third chapter of Numbers, tenth verse: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be as his." I suppose I spoke fifteen or twenty minutes, a good deal scared, thinking if I had left any gaps down, he would put them up. He followed me with a good discourse, but never mentioned any blunder."

HIS SETTLEMENT IN KENTUCKY.

Hickman, after making a tour through Kentucky, returned to Virginia; and after spending some years in North Carolina returned to Kentucky.

Of his parting with his little flock, and his journey, I quote again from his journal:

“I wound up all my affairs, and started on the 16th of August, 1784. I sold my little place—it was small and poor, but there was a good frame house and orchard on it. The purchaser paid me the money down for it, or I should not have been able to have moved. I attempted to preach my last sermon, but in vain; I was entirely unmanned. There were a number of preachers there, and a weeping time it was, indeed. When we began our journey, Brother George Smith was with us, and assisted us in our packages. Several of our friends followed us a day or two; but Brother Smith went with us to help us along, for at least one hundred miles. My oldest son, about seventeen years old, very strong and active, was the best hand we had. I was good for but little. The other boys did their part as well as they could. The next oldest, Thomas, got kicked by a horse the second morning, which laid him up several days. After he recovered, we went on tolerably well. After our friend Smith left us, we felt more lonesome, and missed his advice and aid. We took plenty of provisions with us, and drove two milch cows, that gave milk for the children and my wife’s coffee. The fatigues of the journey are too tedious to mention. We proceeded to the wilderness. It rained almost every day, which made it dreadful traveling. The waters were deep and no ferry boats—the children and myself wet both day and night. There were, also, vast crowds in the wilderness, large droves of cattle, and the trace small—provision with a number run out; but we, as poor as we were, had a plenty. I had written to Brother George S. Smith to meet us, but he failed to get the letter as soon as I expected. The night before we got in, we concluded to stop and rest. There were five hundred in company. My friend Smith rode up, inquiring for Hickman’s camp. He came loaded with bread and meat. The next morning we started, and got to his cabin about an hour by sun, which was the 9th of November, 1784. Wet and dirty, poor spectacles we were, but thank God, all in common health. The Lord was with us through the whole journey.

“The next day, which was Sunday, there was meeting at Brother Smith’s, and as unprepared as I was I had to preach, though there were three other preachers there. I spoke from the fourth Psalm, ‘The Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself.’ I was followed by a Methodist preacher, Mr. Swope.

Old Brother W. Marshall was there, and invited me to where he lived, a place called the Knobs. Sometime afterwards I went to see him, and we soon got acquainted. He appeared to set some store to me, but thought I was tinctured with Armenianism. I thought he was strenuous on eternal justification, but never disagreed so as to have hard thoughts. There was a church at Gilbert's Creek, but I had not inclination to join so soon after I moved there. We lived in Brother Smith's family. Brother John Taylor came from the north side and preached at a Brother Robertson's. William Bledsoe was there. Brother Taylor took his text, which was, 'Christ is all in all.' I fed on the food. It was like the good old Virginia doctrine.

"We built a cabin near Brother Smith's, where our families lived very agreeable together. On the 11th day of January, my daughter Mary was born. Brother Edmond Wooldridge had purchased a large tract of excellent land of Col. Campbell, near Lexington, where we concluded to move. I agreed to take one hundred acres of him, and sent my two oldest boys to build a cabin. As it was customary in those days to help one another, with help the boys finished one room. We moved over the fifth day of April, without any accident. My wife never appeared satisfied until now. The spring came on, and every thing appeared so very beautiful and rich, that it seemed we once more had got home. The fourth Saturday in that month was monthly meeting at Brother Lewis Craig's, within two miles, where we went to meeting. We found a people whom we thought we could live happy with. We gave in our letters and was cordially received in the church. My wife was soon reconciled to the country and church, and would not have gone back on any condition. We lived here near three years in love and friendship. I shall here give some account of what transpired in that time. The next year we had a severe affliction with what is called the scarlet fever, or French measles; eight of the family were down at once, and myself among the rest. We lost a young daughter, the first of the family that died. The Lord raised the rest. But myself and several of the children were afflicted with rheumatic pains, and it was long before we recovered. The Lord's ways are the best, but we are too apt to murmur at it. After joining the church as above, Brother Lewis Craig and myself were yoke fellows in the ministry. After some time, Brother Smith moved over and joined the Church with us, where we labored together in friendship; and in the fall of the same year the Elkhorn Association was formed at Brother John Craig's on Clear Creek. The gospel began to spread in different parts. A church was established at Clear Creek. Brother Taylor was the successful minister. A blessed work of God was produced by his labors. Sometime after, a

church was established, now called Mount Pleasant. Brother Smith served them until the Lord took him home."

FORKS OF ELKHORN.

The Forks of Elkhorn, some six miles from Frankfort, was then on the very outskirts of the settlements. A few families were living there, and no sooner had they a little land cleared and fenced, than they determined to have a minister of the gospel among them. Without the knowledge of Hickman they made arrangements to give him one hundred acres of land, and settle him in their midst. The invitation was accepted. In the bitter month of January, 1787, through almost impassable tracts then gorged with snow, he reached his new home on the night of the 17th.

The following Sabbath he preached. Nearly the whole settlement was present—about thirty whites, and a few blacks. "It was a blessed day," he tells us. About four or five experiences came from that day's labor.

"When April came, it brought a fine spring, and we began to talk of becoming an organized church. Several brethren moved down that spring. Brother Taylor hearing of the work came down from Clear Creek to preach to us, and help us on; and, as well as my recollection serves me, there was a number baptized before the constitution of the church, for Brother Lewis Craig was with us at times. We sent for helps from Clear Creek, South Elkhorn, and I think Marble Creek. We got together, and, after due examination, we were constituted a church of Christ. This took place the 2d Saturday in June, 1788, and they were pleased to call me to go in and out before them. The dear man I so much dreaded I baptized, and the church chose him as one of her deacons. He was a member four or five years, when he wandered out of the way, and we had to exclude him. He is now gone to his long home. I think in the course of a year I must have baptized forty or fifty. I baptized nine of old Sister Cook's children, and among the rest that well-known Abraham, now the minister of Indian Fork Church, in Shelby county. The same year I baptized Philemon Thomas and his brother Richard, the latter a minister of the gospel, the former a statesman. My meeting was at Philemon's house. Richard had a great appearance of a fop, finely attired, but God sent the word home to his heart, and he never found rest till the Lord gave it to him."

VISIT TO SHELBY.

There are at this day some seventeen churches in Shelby county. Wealth and its accompaniments surround them. From the midst of their multiplied blessings, a glance at the past will not only be interesting, but it surely will awaken emotions of gratitude and devotion :

“About this time, (says Hickman,) in the midst of the work, two young gentlemen were often with us, sons of Mr. Bracket Owen, living in Jefferson county, now Shelby, and solicited me to come down to their father’s and preach, as their mother was an old professor. I first thought it a kind of compliment, being decent young men, and as they were old neighbors with Brother Major’s family, and often came on friendly visits, I concluded to go. I gave them an appointment, but before the day came that I was to start, there was a cold season, so much so that everything froze up, and I thought it impossible to get there. Wm. Major, Benjamin Haydon, and a lady were to go, to visit two of her brothers, who lived there. When the morning came that we were to start, I had declined going, as there was no way to cross the river but in a little tottering canoe. Mr. Major was very intent to make the attempt. Although I had declined early in the morning, as they were so anxious I concluded to go. We started about the middle of the day to go for Mr. Haydon, who was to be our pilot. When I got to his father’s he was not at home, having gone over the river to hunt his horses. Then I thought the journey was at an end, but I desired his mother to give me his clothes, and I would take them to Frankfort, where the woman lived that was to go with us. At that time it was a perfect forest, there being only two little cabins in it. When I went to Mr. Pulliams, whose wife was to go, she had a fine turkey before the fire. I told her to have it done, and in the meantime be ready to start, and I would go to the bank of the river and call Mr. Haydon. After some time he answered, a long ways off. When he came, he had no horse. Now, I thought, it was all over, as he was our guide. But Providence had a hand in it, and a relation of Pulliams was there, who told Benjamin rather than the journey should be stopped, he would lend him his mare. We dined on the turkey, and crossed the river, one at a time, and swam our horses by the side of the canoe. When we all got over, and put our saddles on, the moon was shining. We then had twenty miles to go in the night. Sometimes it was snowing, and then the moon shining. We crossed Benson nineteen times. At some fords the ice would bear us over ; at other fords some steps would bear us, the next step break in. We continued this disagreeable road until we fell on the waters of what was then called Tick Creek. We passed a

number of evacuated cabins, the owners of which had either been killed or driven off by the Indians. It was a very cold night. We had no watch along, but we judged it must have been two o'clock in the morning when we called at the fort gate for admittance. The old gentleman was not at home, and the old lady had all barred up. It was sometime before we could convince her who we were, as she was afraid of a decoy. But at last she let us in. The weather being so cold she had given me out, but she soon had a good fire raised, and got us a warm supper, or rather breakfast, put all to bed, and covered us warm. Early in the morning she sent out runners to the different forts, and about noon collected one of the rooms nearly full of people. About two years before, a small church was constituted by two old ministers, Brother William Taylor of Nelson, and John Whitaker of Jefferson, I believe eight in number. The Indians were so very bad among them, that they scattered and kept up no government. They could not meet together, and nobody preached to them till I went as above named. I preached on Saturday night and Sunday to nearly the same people, and knew none of them but what went with me. On Sunday night I went about a mile to another fort, and I hope the Lord did not send me there in vain. On Monday morning I was to start home. This short visit attached our hearts to each other. They insisted very hard for me to leave them another appointment before I left them. At last I consented to come again. I set a time in March, but it was with difficulty I could leave my people at home. But I went to the time, on Friday, and continued with them till Wednesday, day and night, at three or four different stations. They still urged harder for a continuation of my attendance. They promised, if I would, they would send me several loads of grain, and would every time send a guard to the river to meet me, and guard me back. I thought I would consult my wife and family, and the church, whether it would meet their approbation, and I would send them word. I did so—they had no objection. I sent word, and in May went down, and stayed longer. In that tour they came together, and agreed to stand as a church on the old constitution, and I baptized one member. The next month I baptized another. Brother James M'Quade stood by me from the first, was my singing clerk. A little after, Brother Gano baptized him and two or three others. I repeated my visits to them, and baptized a number. The church grew. While going from meeting to meeting, sometimes twenty or thirty in a gang, we were guarded by the men. It looked more like going to war than to meeting to worship God. They urged me hard to move among them. I told them that request could not be granted; I had not long been moved on Elkhorn; I was attached to my people there; I could not leave them; besides all,

they had given me a little home. I felt bound to them as long as I lived. Buying and selling never was my object. Then they told me if I could get some good minister to come and live with them, it would be what they wished. I told them I would do my best for them. Brother Joshua Morris had just moved to the country, and I thought he would suit them. I saw Brother Morris, told him the situation of that people and their wish. He consulted himself and family. I told him if he would take a tour there I would go with him. We both went. Himself and people were pleased with each other. Soon after he moved, and his labors were much blessed. The church grew and flourished, but many a tour I took with him, long circuits round, till at last, concluding they were well supplied, I gave out going so often. But now I know of no county in the State so well supplied as Shelby—flourishing churches and good ministers. Great changes have turned up in thirty odd years. I went in front there, through cold and heat, in the midst of danger, but my God protected me till now, blessed be his name.”

But we must pass over many interesting periods in the life of this good man. In his life he constituted some twenty churches. Among them the church at McConnell’s Run, now Stamping Ground, and continued its pastor for ten years, during which period he baptized nearly five hundred persons there. From the church at the Forks of Elkhorn went forth several young churches, Glen’s Creek, South Benson, North Fork, Mouth of Elkhorn, and Buck’s Run. He attended these churches after their constitution, they being destitute of ministers, and baptized a number of members in each; and at one period baptized more than five hundred in the course of a year.

HIS CLOSING YEARS.

When William Hickman wrote the brief record of his work from which these frequent quotations have been made, he was nearing the close of his laborious life. “I have nearly come, he says, “to the close of my poor pilgrimage. I am now in my *eighty-first year*, and have a greater charge on me than ever I had. I am called upon to attend three other churches besides my own, which takes up all my time. BUT I WANT TO SPEND MY LATTER MOMENTS TO GOD’S GLORY.” Noble, thrilling words! Is it to be wondered at that men such as this should have left an indelible impression, and that their names and their memories should be cher-

ished in grateful remembrance ? And on the old patriarch labored. "I am a poor sinner," he writes, but believing that the great God knew me from eternity, and included me in his purchase, he called me by his spirit, and made me willing in the day of his power ; for it is by grace I am saved, through faith, and that not of myself ; He deserves the glory."

In the fall of 1830, the venerable man of God, in his eighty-fourth year, his noble form still erect, with his flowing silver hair, and voice still strong, was found in company with his son, preaching with tenderness and energy. He had eaten heartily at dinner, and complained of oppression. He made towards home, accompanied by his son. At Frankfort he found he could travel no farther, and they sought repose at the house of a friend. On a pallet made at his own request upon the floor, he conversed sweetly of his trust in Christ, his hope of heaven ; and in the midst of the conversation, his spirit passed gently from his tired frame. He died in the Lord, and his works follow him.

In the old church-yard at the Forks of Elkhorn sleeps the good man's dust ; and not far from it the remains of those sainted ones, his fellow-laborers, John Taylor and John Gano. But around the throne their ransomed spirits sing, "worthy the lamb that was slain."

S. H. F.

RISE OF THE CURRENT REFORMATION.

Thus far have we followed the windings of that stream, from its sudden out-gush amid the fervors of the great revival. The Protestants, or Reformers, guided by their inner light or law, of which the New Testament was a copy, had slipped the moorings of Presbyterianism, and in their own well-manned ship had struck boldly out to sea. But the onward current was destined to bear on its flood the shivered wrecks of this new organization. Its apology, since eulogized as "The first declaration of freedom in the Western Hemisphere, the first in the world since the intrepid Luther," its load-star the inner light of experience, its machinery, its chart, its compass—all were given to the winds. Another magnetic mountain was neared, and wide welter ensued.

"Can it be a crime," says Stone, "to withdraw from those with whom we cannot live in peace?" Certainly not, every sane man will answer. "Because we have constituted ourselves into a separate Presbytery," he asks, "is this a cause of such a nature as to warrant suspension?" Such was his common-sense plea for a separate organization; nor had it as yet entered into the mind of Stone or his friends to perpetuate this separation. "Time," say they in their 'Apology,' "has a wonderful power in legalizing bodies. A few more years may legalize our self-created body in the estimation of synods, when we hope they will condescend to treat with us, and unity be restored." Such a hope, soon afterward, seemed on the very point of realization. The General Assembly sent a delegation to the Synod of Kentucky, charged with healing, if possible, this schism. They proceeded to unfold the plan whereby the object of their mission might be accomplished, in which the Synod concurred. Messrs. Marshall, Dunlavy, Stone, and Thomson being present, gave their concurrence. But after a conference with their assembled brethren, the hope of reunion was abandoned;* the Seceders pertinaciously objecting to certain articles in the confession.

Here, then, was the real cause of difficulty. The Seceders were opposed to the principles laid down in the Westminster Confession. Nor was there a confession of faith extant but what announced principles against which these men, or some of them, would have protested. Two courses were open to them—to make a new confession or declaration, or denounce all confessions as human inventions. The first plan was attempted. The "Apology" was such a declaration or confession, with its *five articles*. "But with all man-made creeds," says Stone, "we threw it overboard—Presbytery, creed, and all." But their reasons for this dissolution, and for their abandonment of creeds and party names, are worthy of remark.

"They concluded," says their Address, "that while they continued in the connection in which they then stood they were off THE FOUNDATION OF THE APOSTLES AND PROPHETS, OF WHICH CHRIST HIMSELF IS THE CHIEF CORNER STONE."

* Report of Com. appended to Address.

This was June the 28th, 1804. At that moment there was not on earth a party sect or church on the foundation of apostles or prophets. No where was to be found a church, a people, built on the *rock* Christ Jesus. Against his church the gates of hell HAD prevailed—swept it from existence. These Protestants, after concluding that they were off this foundation, discovered by their inner light that it was a barren rock, without a single habitation. Let it be recorded! Hear, O Earth! Be astonished, O Heavens! Amid the death-throes of the Springfield Presbytery, “the first churches since the great apostacy, the Bible as their only creed or church-book, and the name Christian as the only family name, was organized in Kentucky in the year 1804.”*

But whatever may be our doubts of this, these men were unquestionably sincere. The men who had rejoiced in the apparent miracles of the great revival, and recorded with gratitude, as did Stone, the sudden death-strokes which felled careless sinners by hundreds to the ground,—“the momentary reviving, as from death—the humble confession of sins—the fervent prayer, and the ultimate deliverance; then the solemn thanks and praise to God—the affectionate exhortation to companions and to the people around to repent and come to Jesus;” and whose “conviction was complete that it was a good work—the work of God”†—these men would naturally expect that these astonishing displays of pentecostal power would be followed by the appearance of the Church of Christ, which for fifteen hundred years had been blotted from existence. “From this period,” says Stone, “I date the commencement of that reformation which has progressed to this day.”

The discovery, that they and all were “off the foundation of apostles and prophets,” was of course followed by a general destruction of the wood, *hay*, and *stubble*, and a firm planting of themselves on that only foundation. But strange to say, with the exception of the “Presbytery” which had existed but a year, they professed no change from their previous views. Each doctrine or dogma put forth in the “Apology” for forming the new Presbytery they clung to tenaciously amid the dissolution. Ac-

* Elder T. A. Gano’s Address on the Death of Stone. † Life of Stone, p. 50.

knowledging that they were "off the foundation of apostles and prophets" while called the Springfield Presbytery, to get on that foundation they professed to abandon nothing but a name. Their principles were the same; were equally true or false, whether written down in articles or contended for by word of mouth. Their assemblies were equally true churches or false ones, whether called by this epithet or that. The point to be gained, however, was this: The dawn of a new century has beamed on a world, where for fifteen centuries the Church of Christ has been extinct. God has opened this new century with the wonders of a new era. He has again set up his lost Kingdom. We are that Kingdom; on us the rays have descended. But with the ordinary weapons of warfare, how shall we impress this on the dark world of sects?

The dogmas or doctrines we hold and teach we are convinced are true. To give them full and rapid currency we must assume their truth as something unquestionable—not debatable. To accomplish this we must assume that every dogma or doctrine which we cannot admit, is necessarily of human invention; while every dogma which we teach is necessarily divine. In fine, we take the Bible; those who differ from us do not. The word of God is our creed; the word of man is theirs. Transparent and ridiculous as is this sophism, it did not originate with the New Lights; nor is it confined to the reformation. "We have no opinions of our own." "We hold nothing but the Bible." "You shall not differ with us, for we have nothing of our own to offer." "If you differ, you shall differ with Paul, and Peter, and Christ." These, the most contemptible sophistries that brazen effrontery can advance, or doting imbecility receive, have been the catch-words of every reformer from Arius down to Joe Smith. The new church accordingly wrapped up their errors in the *ad captandum* assumption that the Bible was their creed or belief, and theirs only. If there be in the world a plain and pitiable *petitio principii*—begging the *whole* question—this is one.

But the power of a name, recognized and used in every age in the formation of new parties, religious and political, was not overtasked by these reformers. The plausible plea of Romanists, that theirs is the general or catholic church, thus distinguishing it from the "sects," has ever had immense influence on its myriads

of votaries. The scriptural appellation, "Saints," ■■ contrasted with sectarian names, has influenced thousands to become Mormons. "Did ever an apostle address ■ letter to Baptists, Methodists, or even Christians?" we have often heard a Mormon Elder ask. "How often did they address the Saints?" Well, we are the Saints of these latter times, for before we arose there were none, nor do any claim this title now except us." Before the time of Marshall or Stone there were those who called themselves the Church of Christ, or Christians, holding errors which they would have denounced. Yet there is something captivating in the word Christian, when it is assumed as the proper name of one people only. It is true, the apostles never in any case addressed the churches ■■ Christian churches, their ministers as Christian ministers, or the ordinances as Christian ordinances. Yet the word was found three times in the New Testament, once from the lips of an unbelieving king, once by an apostle, cheering those thus stigmatized, and once incidentally mentioning the Gentile city where the name originated. But there had been, among various other ideas represented by the term, this: a Christian, whatever class he may belong to, is ■ real, ■ sincere, a truly converted follower of Christ. Once succeed in fixing a name, suggesting such characteristics, to a party or organization, and by this appellation distinguish it and them from all others, and especially over the unthinking, you have gained an immense advantage. The new-born Church of Christ, flashing with its new light on the darkness of ■ *churchless* world, was accordingly called the CHRISTIAN CHURCH—a combination of terms, however, found on *no leaf of their professed creed*—the Bible.

It must not be forgotten that we have given the true date, as fixed by B. W. Stone and his friends after his death, of the origin of the current reformation, and the organization of the first churches of Christ since the apostacy. They were *the* Christian churches. All others were sects. They took the Bible alone. All others were built on man-made creeds. But these first *Christian churches*, with no opinions of their own, were composed, without a solitary exception, of Pedobaptists. Not one of them had been baptized on ■ profession of faith; not one of them had been immersed. In the language of Stone's disciple and eulogist,

Elder Gano, "The first churches planted and organized since the grand apostacy, with the *Bible* as the only church-book, and the name Christian the only family name," were made up of unbaptized men and women. Yet the cry of union was passed along the ranks. All were invited, even the Baptists, to come to the Bible where these unimmersed churches stood. To fling away their opinions and stand where these Pedobaptists stood. Believe the Bible as they did—infant sprinkling and all.

In the meantime another phase of the reformation was displayed.

"For some time after the separation," says David Purviance, a co-laborer with Stone and a pillar in the reformation, "we believed in the Calvinistic plan of atonement; we only differed (with the Presbyterians) in its extent. Calvinists hold that Christ, as a surety for the elect number, satisfied all the demands of the law, and that they all (and not one more) must certainly be saved. We held that he satisfied justice in the room and stead of all men. Finally, we were led to *question* and examine the doctrine of vicarious suffering."* "In 1804, my mind," says Stone, "became embarrassed on the doctrine of atonement. I had believed and taught that Christ died as a substitute or surety in our stead, and that he died to make satisfaction to law and justice for our sins, in order to our justification." Driven from this foundation, he tried that of the Methodists—that Jesus died to reconcile the Father to us. This he found an unscriptural assertion. He further inquired, Did God, in his law given by Moses, admit of substitute or surety to die in the room of the guilty? He did not. For according to the law, every soul was to die for his own sins; even a son could not die for the father, nor the father for the son. His conclusion was, that "the doctrine of surety-ship"—of vicarious suffering—*is wrong*. This was the next, and saddest shipwreck; and these unbaptized Christian churches, which rose above the desolation of a *churchless* world, abandoned the world's only hope, the Christian's only trust, the church's only glory—Christ, the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world. "The first sermon," continues Pur-

* Life of Stone, p. 115.

viance, "he preached on the plan of free grace, without payment [atonement], was at a big meeting at Concord. 'Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood.' I was glad to see the people pleased, but thought few of them perceived that the doctrine would uproot the doctrine of vicarious sufferings, for he said nothing directly on that point. We all continued rather on the reserve till Stone's letters on the Atonement appeared, in 1805."

A characteristic this, which we shall have frequently to notice, and one which has had a singular effect on many of the proclaimers of the reformation, but especially on those holding Mr. Stone's views. That peculiar ambiguity, now affirming in vague terms the atonement and the value of Christ's blood, leading the most observant to suppose the preacher believed in a proper atonement, and the smile of satisfaction of understanding between those who saw the well-turned evasion, the quirk and smart inuendoes, and sudden remark—who has not witnessed this, in a perfection of which Purviance knew little?

Finally the dogma was fully elaborated and announced. The Atonement was not expiatory. It meant agreement and reconciliation. God and the sinner were "*at two's*." Christ came to "*at one*" them. This atonement is effected when men become holy, and so conformed to the nature of God.* Atonement, reconciliation, propitiation, redemption, ransom, purging, cleansing, regeneration, salvation, he found meant the same thing—bringing God and sinners together. The Jewish sacrifices were not typical of the sacrifice of Christ; and the efficacy of both consisted solely in producing proper feelings on the part of the worshiper; and finally, justification is the result of personal obedience. "They are justified," says Stone, "*made just, or righteous, and declared so because they are so indeed.*"

But here it was impossible to pause. The vicarious nature of Christ suffering, his death as a surety—this grand central element of attraction, of power and glory in the gospel system—is inseparably allied to the eternal divinity of the Messiah. He who denies the one will reject the other. In answer to Stone's pamphlet

* Stone's Letters, p. 20, 25.

Dr. Campbell, of Lexington, accused him of denying the deity of Christ. "One thing," says Stone in his *Memoirs*, "I have since regretted—that the Dr. accused me of being heterodox on the Trinity. My views I had never committed to paper, and for years had been silent on that subject in my public addresses. But this disclosure was abroad, and induced me to defend myself and the doctrine I believed." In stating his doctrine, he says: "That the Son was very and eternally God, and eternally begotten, to which I cannot subscribe." If the Son be very and eternally God, and as there is only one true God, then it could follow that the Son begat himself. Did the Son exist before he was begotten? If he did, he never was begotten at all—if he did not, he was not begotten from eternity, therefore not the very and eternal God."

Such was the belief, the creed of the first Christian churches since the grand apostacy. The great foundation of union, the glorious gem adorning this new-born Christianity of the eighteenth century.

But though the plea for union was ever urged; union on this glorious Bible creed; and though the wandering tribes were invoked to fly from Babylon, to leave their parties and sects, and come into the Christian fold, the ground from under them was beginning to slide, another magnetic mountain was exerting its influence. To this let us turn. It is Shakerism, the first off-shoot of the current reformation.

NOTE.—I have thought it necessary, to take in a full view of what will follow, to dwell thus fully on the doctrinal developments of the reformation. The next acts on the drama will be, 1st. Shakerism. 2d. Immersion. 3d. Baptism for the remission of sins. 4th. Thomas and Alexander Campbell. And finally, the divisions in the Baptist churches of Kentucky. All I shall write shall be from authentic records, *nothing* from guess or hearsay; nor shall those who claim ecclesiastical descent from these *Reformers*, whose progress it will be my aim to develop, complain at my course.

S. H. F.

A CHURCH WITHOUT A CREED.—*No. III.*

Elder B.—"It was proposed, at the close of our last interview, that our views on the subject of *baptismal regeneration* should be presented when we should next meet. We are charged with teaching this popish dogma, falsely, I will not say maliciously—though it requires not ■ little charity to concede that many who thus misrepresent us do so from honorable motives."

Layman.—"Before taking up this subject, suppose we recapitulate a little, and see where we stand—what progress we have made. You admit, I believe, that your creed—your 'good confession'—is, at best, an unintelligible proposition, susceptible of different interpretations, and that it requires explanation before any two persons adopting it can know that they have the same faith. You admit that, with this confession, Unitarians, Universalists, and those who deny the inspiration of the sacred writers, may be baptized and received into your churches. On our part—the Baptists—we cannot recognize as gospel churches, societies of men thus organized, whatever we may think of their individual fitness for membership in a gospel church.

"But suppose that this 'good confession' of the Eunuch should be found to be as many believe it is, an interpolation, a forgery perpetrated by some wicked monk ■ thousand years after the Acts of the Apostles were written?"

Elder B.—"If it is ■ forgery, it is a poor foundation for a church. But what authority is there for such a supposition?"

Layman.—"I believe it is admitted by all our learned bibli-cists, that the answer of the Eunuch as found in ■ version of the N. T. is not found in any of the earlier manuscripts; and you know, I suppose, that Alexander Campbell has rejected it in his last edition of the 'Living Oracles' as *spurious*."

Elder B.—"I think you must be mistaken, surely. For I do not recollect having seen any statement of the fact, if it be one, in his Harbinger; and he, of all others, should have warned our churches against perpetuating ■ forgery in the shape of ■ confession of faith."

Layman.—"Perhaps he took it for granted that, as new discoveries are constantly being made in biblical science, all his

ministerial brethren would procure every *new* edition of his 'Oracles,' in order to keep pace with the progress of the age in this department of investigation. However, you have not answered the question—what would you do if the passage should be demonstrated to be a human invention?"

Elder A.—"As honest inquirers after the *truth*, we should, of course, cease to make any further use of it."

Layman.—"And what then?"

Elder A.—"Well, in that case, we might think well of your suggestion, and construct a confession of faith, in scripture language, embracing all that we regard as essential to man's salvation. We should undoubtedly do so; and if such a creed should exclude Unitarianism and Universalism from our churches, the exchange would be a good one. One of your objections to a union with us would be removed; and then, if you should be convinced that we are right on the design of baptism, I can see no reason why we should longer remain separated from each other either in name or form."

Layman.—"As the new version, which the American Bible Union will soon furnish us, may deprive you of your creed and leave you free to make a better one, we will lay this item over for future consideration, and take up the *design of baptism* as you hold it. In your sermon a few days since, you succeeded very well, I thought, in proving, as you proposed, from their creeds, that the Methodists and Presbyterians, and Pedobaptists generally, hold to baptismal regeneration; but I am compelled to confess that you failed to relieve yourselves from reasonable suspicion of holding the same doctrine."

Elder A.—"I really do not know how I can make myself better understood than by repeating the discourse to which you refer. I stated, and reiterated the statement, that baptism never saved a soul—that faith and repentance are, to those whom the gospel is preached, essential prerequisites of baptism—that, without these, a thousand immersions in the river Jordan would avail nothing."

Layman.—"So I understood you. But did you not affirm, also, that faith, repentance, and baptism, are all equally binding, equally enjoined—and that you had no right to separate what Christ had united in the same command? That all three are

equally essential because they are enjoined in the same precept? You quoted the command to Paul, 'Arise and be baptized, and wash away your sins,' and the language of Peter, 'Repent and be baptized, every one of you, for the remission of your sins,' in such connection as to indicate very clearly, I thought, that you regarded baptism *essential* to remission of sins."

Elder A.—"But remission, pardon, and regeneration, are terms of very different import, and he who confounds their meaning will never interpret the Scriptures correctly."

Layman.—"As I desire to understand you, rather than to enter upon a discussion of the distinctions of which you speak, let me suppose a case: A penitent believer has been immersed by you—was he pardoned *before* his immersion, or *in* the act, or *after* the act?"

Elder A.—"I have remarked that there is, as we understand and use the terms, a difference between remission and pardon, which ——."

Layman.—"Excuse me for interrupting you. Whatever this difference may be, if there is any, you certainly believe that the penitent believer, in the case supposed, was, or that he was not, pardoned before his immersion; and this is precisely what I desire to learn from you."

Elder A.—"Well, I will give you a scriptural answer, and you can dispose of it as you think proper."

Layman.—"That would not be giving me your opinion—and this is what I want. We might differ in our interpretations of the Scripture adduced in illustration of your views in the premises; but I can understand you when you give, in your own language, a direct answer to my interrogatory."

Elder A.—"We cannot know any thing beyond what Christ has affirmed."

Layman.—"I did not ask you what you *know*, but what you *believe*. Absolute knowledge in this case is impossible, except with God."

Elder B.—"I think you will have to answer the question, Brother A. Brother L. makes his *points*, and he intends to bring us up to them."

Elder A.—"Well, as I said before, we cannot know certainly,

but I suppose a really *penitent believer* in the Lord Jesus Christ is pardoned, in the mind of the Lord, before immersion."

Layman.—"If you believe this, you cannot believe that immersion is *necessary* to pardon, in the case of a penitent believer."

Elder B.—"I agree with Brother A. in the case supposed, where the believer was immersed. But if a believer should refuse to be immersed, knowing it to be the command of Christ, he would not be pardoned before immersion."

Layman.—"Certainly not. But such a refusal to obey a known command of Christ, would demonstrate very clearly, that, whatever the individual might *believe*, he could not be a 'penitent' believer; for his *refusing* to obey would be rebellion, and such a spirit cannot exist in a *penitent* heart."

Elder A.—"In the mind of God, a penitent believer, willing to obey the command, 'be baptized,' is pardoned; but ——."

Layman.—"I desire not to misunderstand you. Do you make a distinction in being pardoned in reality and being 'pardoned in the mind of God?' Is the penitent believer, in fact, already pardoned before baptism?"

Elder A.—"He is so, though he may not know it."

Layman.—"If, then, you believe, as you affirm, that a penitent believer is pardoned *before* baptism, why do you not thus preach? If you thus believe, you certainly do not believe in baptismal regeneration; and if you would thus preach, you would have no occasion to complain of being misrepresented. But I have never heard from your pulpit, nor read in your standard theological writings, such an admission as you now make—that a penitent believer is pardoned *before* baptism. The case I have supposed is not a particular or a peculiar one; it is the case of *all* penitent believers. All penitent believers, therefore, you believe to be pardoned before baptism. I repeat it, if you would preach this doctrine as you now avow it, you would have no occasion to complain of being misrepresented."

Elder B.—"We have always maintained this doctrine in the pulpit as well as in our doctrinal publications. But the distinction which we make between *pardon* and *remission* seems to be ignored, and because we preach, as did Peter, baptism for the re-

mission of sins, we are pertinaciously charged with holding to baptism for the *pardon* of the sinner."

Layman.—"Please state what you understand to be the difference between pardon and remission."

Elder B.—"A knowledge of the divine favor, communicated through an intelligent obedience to the conditions of pardon, is what I conceive to be meant in the New Testament by remission of sins. And in this sense, and with the limitations, must we be understood, when we speak of a believer being *pardoned* before his sins are remitted."

Elder A.—"By remission, the believer is brought—not into the *possession*, but into the *knowledge* and *enjoyment* of the divine favor. His obedience necessarily pre-supposes his possession of that spirit which the Lord approves, and without which no man can have God's approbation. No man can have scriptural evidence that he loves God without keeping his commandments; and the immersion of a penitent believer, in accordance with the command of the Messiah, we regard as the only infallible test of our love, and condition of our enjoying the assurance of his favor."

Layman.—"You hold, then, if I understand you, that the penitent believer is actually in the possession of the divine favor, that he has that spirit and temper which the Lord approves, but that he has no scriptural evidence of his being in this state until he has been immersed—that his immersion alone brings him into the knowledge and enjoyment of the divine favor."

Elder A.—"Exactly."

Layman.—"What evidence have you that the penitent believer is in possession of the divine favor before immersion?"

Elder B.—"The declarations of Scripture."

Layman.—"And if you believe this respecting him, from the declarations of Scripture, why may he not believe the same respecting himself? He has the same Scripture that you have, and why cannot he believe it as you believe and explain it? You certainly do not mean to say that an unimmersed person cannot understand and believe the plain teachings of the New Testament Scriptures! And yet I cannot see how otherwise you can account for the fact, that a penitent believer cannot, until he is immersed, have Scriptural evidence of what you firmly believe from

the declarations of Scripture. He has better evidence than you can have—the evidence of his own consciousness, that he repents and believes; and he has all the evidence from Scripture that you can possibly have, that such a person is in the divine favor; and yet, according to your views, he cannot believe it!

Elder A.—"I said it was by immersion that he came into a *knowledge* of his being in the divine favor, not into a *belief* of the fact."

Layman.—"I thought we were discussing the subject of *faith*—what you *believe*, not what you *know*. But is not this knowledge derived from scriptural evidence?"

Elder B.—"Certainly. There is nothing miraculous about the matter."

Layman.—"Why may you not, then, affirm that you *know*, and not that you *believe*, what the Scriptures teach?"

Elder A.—"It is *possible* that we may not rightly understand what are the teachings of Scripture; and hence we may not affirm that we *know* them. We may mistake, and do sometimes mistake the true import of the inspired writings."

Layman.—"And is it not equally *possible* that a candidate for immersion may misapprehend the scriptural import of the terms *repentance* and *faith*, and, supposing himself to be 'in the divine approbation' when he is not, rejoice on being immersed in a knowledge, as he deems it, of being in the divine approbation? And does not the immersed, pious Christian, sometimes doubt whether he has ever been pardoned—whether he has ever been the subject of that repentance which needeth not to be repented of? Respecting our acceptance before God, the most we can do is to *believe*; and it is no indication that one is not a child of God, that he believes with trembling."

Elder A.—"There are too many doubting Christians. If one knows that he has complied with the proposed terms of pardon, he can no more doubt that his past sins are forgiven, than he can believe it possible for God to lie."

Layman.—"And this knowledge, you say, is derived through the performance of a physical action—baptism. But you will not deny that all acceptable acts of obedience are induced by love to God?"

Elder A.—"Certainly not."

Layman.—"Nor will you deny that, in order to know, after immersion, that he is in the divine favor, one must know that he loved God before he was immersed, else he cannot know that his is an acceptable obedience. And hence you cannot consistently affirm that baptism is ordained to be a 'test of love.' A consciousness of love to God must *precede* the act, must prompt to its performance, or it will be unacceptable in His sight."

Elder B.—"May not one be truly penitent, exercise faith in Jesus Christ and love to God, and yet have serious doubts of the genuineness of this repentance, faith and love, until they have resulted in a cheerful obedience to His commandments?"

Layman.—"He may doubt whether these feelings are as strong as they should be; but if he be the subject of them, no physical act is necessary to convince him of their existence. A present consciousness is the only witness whose testimony is admissible in the case. The man who should affirm that he did not know that he loved his benefactor until he had performed a certain act of obedience to him, would be regarded as a singular specimen of rationality."

Elder A.—"We certainly do know whether we love God or not; at the same time we may not know that we are in the divine favor—that our sins are pardoned."

Layman.—"You hold, then, that a man may be actually pardoned, may be the subject of divine favor, may know that he loves God and desire to obey all his commandments, but cannot know, nor have scriptural evidence for believing, that he is pardoned, until he has been immersed; that then, and not till then, does he *know* that he is pardoned; that by this act he receives *remission*, that is, a knowledge of his being in the divine favor. If these are not your views, I must confess to a want of capacity to comprehend what you say."

Elder A.—"I think you understand our views sufficiently well to perceive that we do not hold to the dogma of baptismal regeneration, about which you professed to be in doubt at the commencement of this conversation."

Layman.—"But I think your notions of baptismal *remission* equally absurd and scarcely less dangerous."

Elder B.—"I propose, then, that you give us an exposition of *your* views in reference to 'baptism for the remission of sins.' You have been catechising us pretty closely for some time; and, I confess, have shown considerable skill in assaulting our positions; and no doubt you will exhibit equal ability in defending your own. Permit me, therefore, to ask, how do you interpret those passages of Scripture which so obviously teach baptismal remission?"

Layman.—"I have no objection to being catechised respecting my creed; and if it can be shown to be repugnant to reason or to Scripture, I will abandon it. But as it might be necessary for us to refer to sources of illustration not now at hand, we had better defer the matter to our next interview."

Family Visitant.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. S. R. FORD.

WILLIAM WINTERFIELD, THE YOUNG PASTOR.

BY MRS. F. E. GARNETT.

CHAP. VIII.—CONCLUSION.

THE calm, holy quiet of a lovely summer eve threw its hallowing influences over the face of nature, and sweet thoughts occupied the mind of Julia Summer, as she looked out from the window of her pleasant chamber upon the rich landscape, clad in its emerald robe, sparkling with diamonds, deposited by a recent shower, which caused the flowers to send out perfume most grateful to her senses.

The sun of her existence was just shedding out its most exhilarating rays, when the gloomy cloud of disappointment obscured its brightness. She had laid her young heart's first pure offering

of affection upon a neglected altar, and the revelation of this fact came upon her with a power which threatened to annihilate all hope of future happiness. But she was not made of a material which would permit her to sit down and indulge in vain repinings. She felt that there were duties to be performed which imperatively demanded action. She deposited her burden of sorrow at the foot of the Cross, and devoted herself with renewed assiduity to the performance of them.

About this time the cloud, which had hung so portentiously over the church, discharged its fearful thunders.

Julia's heart was deeply pained at the unhappy condition of the church, which she loved with a perfect affection, and her thoughts were busy revolving plans for its restoration to peace. She prayed earnestly that she might be made instrumental in accomplishing the much-desired object; and after conferring with her aunt, she set about the work with an earnestness which ever characterized her efforts.

She visited the members at their homes, conversed with them, read the Scriptures and prayed, exhorted them to brotherly love and Christian forbearance with an intensity of feeling so startling that it at once enlisted their attention. She continued this course for weeks, and even months, until the leaven began to work; the brethren and sisters became all anxiety, for peace and brotherly love, in all its vigor, was renewed among them.

Peace was finally restored, and no heart sent up its thanksgivings with more fervor than the dear young creature who had exerted herself so nobly in its restoration.

A pleasant smile lighted up her sweet face as she thought of the happy condition of the congregation, compared with its past, and her thoughts were busy with scenes and circumstances connected with it, when Hetty opened her door, hurriedly exclaiming:

"O, my patience, Miss Julia! I has had sich a time of it wid dis letter."

"What kind of a time, Hetty?" said Julia, as she eagerly extended her hand to receive the missive.

"Well, I'll jes tell you how it was. I heard missus say once that Miss Lucy Banks had so much *curoosity*, and now I know it. I was comin' from de office, and met her right on de side-walk,

and she called me, 'What you got, Hetty, a letter?' Yes, ma'm, says I, and started off as fast as my feet would take me; but she stopped me agin. 'I want to see the velope,' says she, and I had to let her see it, you know. She gazed at it, and peeped in it. 'As I live,' says she, 'its from Mr. Winterfield. I do wish I knowed what is in it.' Says I, please let me go, Miss Julia is a waitin' for me."

Julia cut short Hetty's story by informing her that her mistress wanted her; and tearing off the envelope, with tearful eye read the following:

"MISS JULIA SUMMAR:

"*My Dear Friend*—Twelve months have elapsed since I bade adieu to the loved friends and pleasant scenes of Luray, and I sincerely hope and believe that the change has made me a better and more useful man. I have been thrown into the crucible of affliction, and hope that much of the dross of my nature has been thrown off in the purifying process. The chastening has not been joyous, but grievous; yet by it have I been made sensible of many errors, the abandonment of which has greatly increased my happiness and usefulness, I sincerely believe.

"When I arrived here I found my uncle prostrate from disease, his days evidently approximating their close, and no friend or relative near to adjust his suffering pillow, or present to his parched lip the refreshing draught, except an old Baptist minister, who often visited him, earnestly endeavoring to direct his thoughts to 'Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.' I seconded his efforts to bring the mind of the unhappy old man to reflect upon the subject, in which we finally succeeded, and had the gratification of hearing him, before he expired, rejoice in the Saviour with exceeding great joy.

"Since that time I have devoted myself with renewed ardor and energy to the work of the ministry, in which I have experienced a peace of mind which more than compensates me for the privations endured, and I can say of a truth, that in His service there is exceeding great reward.

"My intercourse with Bro. Butler has been greatly beneficial to me. Oh how little and insignificant do I feel when beholding his meek and self sacrificing life! He is entirely unlike the self-important, assuming specimens of the minister to be found in some localities; and yet they might sit at his feet and learn wisdom. He appears 'to know nothing, save Jesus and him crucified.' Would to heaven that gospel ministers were all moulded after the same admirable model; the world would not be able to resist the potency of their moral influence.

"Intercourse with this upright man has been to me a blessing, for which I can never be sufficiently grateful. Contrasting his life of sacrifice for the cause of his 'Master' with my own, which has been so unprofitable, has discovered to me the position I occupied, and the points in which I was defective.

"I have received much instruction from his sermons and the frequent conversations we have had upon the doctrines of the Bible, and am now fully convinced that I held some erroneous opinions relative to its teachings. I bless God that I have been thus enlightened, and have had grace afforded me to abandon them.

"We have been engaged in a series of meetings, which resulted in the conversion of many; and oh how grateful am I that one so unworthy should be instrumental in accomplishing something in the vineyard of the Lord.

"I have just read a letter from Bro. Freeman, containing sad intelligence of the Danvers family, which information has not probably reached you. He wrote from B——, where they have been residing in obscurity for the last six months. He happened to be there in time to administer to their necessities. Mr. Danvers failed in business, and his estate, which you know was considered immense, proved insufficient to satisfy his creditors. The shock was so great to him that he died suddenly of apoplexy, to which he was predisposed; and his wife, who was ill at the time, was laid beside him, in an humble grave in an obscure burying-ground, a few days subsequent. What an impressive lesson to those who trust in uncertain riches! Poor Isabel! Misguided daughter of vanity, having united her destiny with that of a confirmed drunkard, she is now reduced to penury.

"Thornsby's estate was not near as large as she supposed, and was covered by mortgages. He had created large debts by his dissipated habits, and supposed that Isabel's fortune would enable him to pay them off immediately. Finding that he was deceived in this supposition, he became enraged, was very unkind to the wretched woman, and grew more depraved, if possible, than ever. They are now living in the suburbs of B——, in the most abject poverty, with scarcely the necessaries of life to sustain them. God grant that they may be brought to realize their dependence upon Him, and become truly the subjects of converting grace.

"I was much deceived relative to my feelings for Isabel. Her beauty of person only excited my admiration for the time being, but did not excite the fountains of genuine affection in my heart; no, never. That fountain has been fathomed, however, and those affections warmly, fondly centered upon you. And may I hope that one so pure and good will regard with an eye of favor and interest my suit? May I expect that reciprocity of feeling which alone can secure to me the happiness I so earnestly desire?

"My earthly prospects have been hitherto blighted; yet the star of hope again gleams faintly upon the horizon of my future, and can I but secure the co-operation of one who loves the cause of the Redeemer, and labors for its prosperity as you have ever done, I may yet become an efficient minister of the gospel, even at Luray.

"I feel greatly the necessity of having such a friend to tread with me life's pathway, and feel that our hopes, wishes, and aspirations are one. Am I mistaken? Heaven forbid. Tell me sincerely, if I may hope to occupy an humble place in that heart which ever readily responds to the call for human sympathy?

"My earthly destiny is now, to some extent, at your disposal, and be assured that I am governed by no momentary impulse of admiration in thus addressing you, but by the promptings of an affection which, I am convinced, was generated upon my first acquaintance with you, and has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength since that period.

"Can you consent to unite your destiny with one who offers you an undivided heart, connected with the cares, perplexities, and responsibilities of a minister's wife? Deliberate the matter seriously, calmly; and may your decision be in accordance with my wishes.

"I received a note from Bro. Gray yesterday, informing me that the church had called me back to Luray. I have prayerfully considered the subject, and in compliance with the promise made them previous to my departure, will respond affirmatively. I will be there at the next church-meeting. I hope you will reflect upon the subject presented for your consideration, and decide my fate at once. Until then, farewell.

"Your sincerely attached friend,

"WILLIAM WINTERFIELD."

With much emotion did Julia read the lines which brought to her heart so much of joy and peace. The consciousness that she was beloved by him whose image was hung up in her heart forever, caused a rush of feeling, which, for a moment, almost overpowered her.

She had buried deeply within the folds of her heart the hopeless affection which she felt could not be eradicated, and she would fain have enclosed it in the tomb of forgetfulness, and placed upon it the signet of *silence*; but memory would, ever and anon, unfold its pages, and compel her to read a lesson of regret from the past, too bitter and heart-rending to be forgotten.

But now the sunlight of hope again threw its roseate beams

along her pathway, and in the out-gushing of a grateful heart she returned to God an earnest thanksgiving for his mercies and goodness.

Upon examining the date of the letter, she perceived that it had been detained some time, as it was written three weeks previous to its reception. The next day was the church-meeting, and she was confident that William would arrive some time during that day.

She immediately descended to her aunt's room, and handing her the letter, requested her to read it and advise her what to do. Mrs. Selwyn glanced over its contents with a tearful eye, and closing it, cast upon Julia a scrutinizing glance as she remarked :

"I am much gratified to hear of Bro. Winterfield's success in his new field of labor, and hope he may be eminently useful to us on his return ; but what response will you make to the important interrogatory he has propounded for your consideration ?"

Julia hesitated a moment ; a crimson hue suffused her cheek and brow as she simply remarked :

"I love Mr. Winterfield, aunt."

"I doubt it not, my dear, but you must do as he requests, think well upon the duties and responsibilities of a minister's wife ere you decide. I fear that you are not prepared to do this, however," said she, smilingly, "your heart has already decided ; judgment will have but little show in the decision. I think, however, that you will fill this important position as well as any one I know ; and may the God of Heaven bless you both in this new and responsible relation."

* * * * *

The clear, distinct tones of the bell rung out on the stilly air, and the members of Luray church are already hastening to the house of prayer. It is a season of intense interest. Their beloved pastor has returned, and, in the presence of assembled hundreds in the meeting-house of Luray, led to Hymen's altar the being whom they loved with an intensity of affection equal to that they experienced for him.

Subsequent to that event he commenced a meeting, which, being protracted, resulted in a considerable accession to the church. Having buried in the baptismal grave many willing converts, the

church assembled upon this interesting occasion to extend to them the hand of Christian fellowship. Among the number is Mark Hornsby, who came like a poor prodigal desiring admission to his father's house. Isabel, upon her couch of death, experienced peace in believing in Jesus Christ, and extorted from him a promise that he would prepare to meet his God in judgment. True to that pledge, he has presented himself, a miserable wreck of what he once was, giving evidences of conversion and a desire to dedicate the remainder of his life to the service of that God whom he has so shamefully neglected. The stillness of death pervades that large assembly, as in clear, distinct, and solemn tones the pastor delivers the impressive charge to those who recently put on Christ by baptism. A hymn was then sung, and with gushing tears the hand of Christian congratulation was extended.

*

*

*

*

*

Brief years rolled on. William and Julia, happy in each other and the uninterrupted affections of their people, pursued lives of usefulness and tranquility, not exempt, 'tis true, from the cares and perplexities incident to human existence, but cheered and comforted by the presence of Him who has promised "never to leave or forsake" his people who confide in Him.

William ever manifested peculiar interest in young ministers, often remarking to them that he stood out as a beacon-light to warn them against the shoals and quicksands of coquetry; and advising them by all means to marry as soon as practicable, but be very judicious in their selection.

THINGS TO CONSIDER.

How painful it must be to a righteous man, when he contemplates the enormity of sin prevalent. Considering the mighty efforts made by wise and good people to enlighten and instruct a world slumbering in depravity, it is astonishing that sin should so abound.

Within the shadow of God's temple, where vital truths are promulgated, stands the theater, where the Evil One, in his most fascinating and seductive charms, contests with the Holy One for sovereignty. Here are recklessly spent the hard-earned pennies of aged parents. Here the young girl exposes

herself to the gaze of licentious men, and her syren voice, like a lullaby, steeps the bewildered senses in torpid depravity.

Lay not up treasures in this world, we are charged by the Divine Teacher. The industrious farmer and good father loses no opportunity in enforcing by precept and example to his son the necessity of accumulating property. Earnestly he expostulates with him to be frugal and economical in all his transactions, thus inculcating a spirit of acquisitiveness. How often he reminds him of the old adage, "Take care of the pennies, and the dollars will take care of themselves." Now let us look cautiously into this system of education. Is it not a little incompatible with the scriptural command, "take no heed of what you shall wear?" Do not the widow and fatherless often suffer from this rigid system of education? No one admires a profligate, yet it is noble, and even worthy of admiration, to see a man part with his last penny to mitigate the sufferings of a fellow being. The man who makes the emoluments of this world paramount, would no doubt look upon such a man as an idiot, which would be correct enough if the purpose of this life was to amass its treasures. And when that object is attained, how perishable are they! After one-half a lifetime employed in gathering them, it requires the other half to prevent them from rusting away, when lo, the end comes, and we find ourselves gliding away from this world, and unprepared to enter another.

Young Hamilton was a model of moral propriety. The world saw no flaw in his character. A strict disciplinarian; punctual in all his business transactions, and prompt to defray debt; and what rendered his character still more admirable, he had even made a profession of religion. But when we came to analyze his motives, we find the whole based upon selfishness. He was well aware this course of conduct would most conduce to his aggrandizement. He loved himself too well to neglect a method, however rigid, which would insure the applause of mankind; and when the world offered a bribe, its approving smile for charity, none gave more munificently. Alas! it was not done secretly, that none might know, save Christ, from whom the reward should come. No, the closet was too lonely a place to pray in, and it was a dull business reading the Bible alone. It was more interesting to hear it expounded from oratorical lips, than make an internal effort to understand by a systematic course of reading. A man, imagining himself right, and supported by the opinion of the multitude instead of Bible evidence, is not likely to grow in grace. In most emphatic language we are told "to keep ourselves unspotted from the world," that we cannot serve God and Mammon too.

In the family of good neighbor Thornton, where every worldly comfort abounded, and uninterrupted health was enjoyed, no sound of prayer or thanksgiving ever went up to the throne of God, from whom all blessings flow. Many sons and daughters gladdened his hearth-stone, accomplished in every grace and virtue society required. With them time flew on unwearied wings. Broad fields glowed in the harvest sun, and extended meadows filled the air with fragrance.

Time went on, and the stream of prosperity continued ; and yet good farmer Thornton never thought of returning thanks for all this superabundance of wealth and happiness. On a few occasions, when the ambassadors of God would promulgate from the pulpit some startling denunciation, he would mentally resolve to give the matter his serious consideration. But Mammon is too diplomatic, too vigilant, to allow his votaries any indulgence for the worship of other gods than himself. 'Tis true, each Sabbath saw him in the house of God, but the morning had been consumed in seeing the gilded coach, with its pampered steeds, made ready to convey his patrician family to where the multitude congregated.

The snow of many winters is now lying on the old man's head, and a mist is gathering over his eyes, obscuring his vision so much he sees not he is on the verge of the grave. Alas, alas, how was it, so wise and provident a man would neglect so important a thing as the salvation of his own soul ? Reader, the reason was this : Mammon never allowed him time to search the holy Bible. On the marble center-table it lay undisturbed, its vital truths concealed between its gilded lids. From these he might have discovered true and undefiled religion was to keep himself unspotted from that very world he so loved, and made him ready to inherit a better one.

In marble mansions, where luxury and indolence reign, the poor of this world are not permitted to enter. The widow, in abject poverty, reduced by necessity to pamper to the vitiated taste of the rich by stitching away her feeble health, is painfully aware the Christian lady draws a line of demarcation she dare not cross. And thus she and her fatherless ones may suffer on ; but into this abode of fashion and opulence she must not intrude with a tale of woe. A rebuff from an insolent servant at the door chills the warm hope which stimulated her shrinking frame, and sends her once more destitute and heart-broken to her cheerless abode. May this not be the reason it is so hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God ? He heaps about him treasures, until they become insurmountable obstacles in the narrow path which leads unto salvation. High up they rise, shutting out the light, leaving him to grope in total darkness at their base, until the huge idol falls, covering its worshiper in its own ruins.

In her elegant boudoir sat Mrs. Stanly, suffering from lassitude and ennui. She wraps her robe about her, and places her tiny foot upon the brass fender. She awaits her morning meal. From a bay-window comes the rich, melodious notes of the canary, surrounded by brilliant exotics, making the air redolent with beauty and sweetness. But the fair young woman's face bore not the impress of contentment. A French clock musically tells the hour is eleven !

A servant enters, which induces the mistress to lift her languid eyes in expectation of the morning's meal. But she only brings a message from a poor wanderer at the street door, who solicits aid. In no gentle mood she bids her begone, and re-orders her breakfast. Her own unappeased hunger might have plead for the beggar. No, gentle reader, she had never in all her life known

what it was to be hungry. His Satanic Majesty is too politic to allow his votaries to know by experience what Christ's followers sometimes endure for his sake. Oh, could that blind devotee to fashion have followed that repulsed outcast from society to her squallid home, would not her callous heart have melted at the picture of woe? Who would have been most to blame had that penniless, miserable, unenlightened being cursed her Creator and died?

The Upas tree is not more deadly in its influence than the soporific charm sin casts about its followers. So various are the allurements to this broad road, with unwearied steps we gently glide along, until the descent becomes so smooth and rapid we can with difficulty retrace our footsteps. O, vacillating youth, look not upon the flowery path. Beneath each blossom a serpent lies coiled. Listen not to syren songs which allure you to a yawning abyss. I have known one who steadfastly resisted the most eloquent appeals of the world to become its favorite, and he was calculated to take the ascendancy among the most gifted and refined. But he counted all nothing, and freely gave all to become a meek and humble follower of the lowly Jesus. Ah, well do I remember an incident which occurred during my childhood.

A revival of religion, as it is called, was going on in the village near by. Egremont asked me at the tea-table if I would accompany him to church? I most readily acquiesced. It was a lovely night. The moon shone in unclouded grandeur, lighting up the steeple of the church in the village, which lay embosomed in forest trees. A stream lay before us; we stood upon the rustic bridge which spanned the water sparkling in the moonlight. Not a sound broke the speaking quietude of the hour. What a perfect emblem of purity is yon white steeple, glowing in the moonlight," said he, in a low, subdued tone. I turned, for I had been gazing in the water as it broke in white foam around the rough pillars that supported the bridge. Looming in the distance, it stood out against the darkened sky in beautiful relief. "Immaculate," he continued, in the same soft voice, "thus must we be ere we can ascend to where yon steeple points. Out of the midst of darkness it rises without spot or blemish. How few, oh how few professing religion, are thus isolated from sin." He seemed unconscious of my presence, or probably thought I was not heeding him. But those words sank deep, deep into my heart. And though little child as I was, I resolved to become one of the few who were as spotless as that church steeple, glowing in the pure and soft light of the night's queen. And ever since, like a warning ghost, it has stood prominent in my sight when tempted to deviate from the path of rectitude. It was a long time ago, and the scene is afar, but never from my memory will fade that quiet village, bathed in soft radiance, with its church steeple so impressively pointing heavenward. And he, my guide! Though his mortal remains lie in an obscure corner in the village churchyard, I doubt not his emancipated spirit is with the redeemed in the realms of bliss.

Mrs. A. O. SMITH.



[For the Christian Repository.]

GETHSEMANE.

Sweet are the memories of Jordan's stream ;
 Bright waves close o'er a sinless form,
 A white dove floating as a dream,
 The mystic Spirit borne.

Thoughts holy cling round Tabor's wondrous height ;
 Fresh as the light of rosy morn,
 We see the robe of radiance bright
 Enfold that Holy One.

The opening zenith and mysterious cloud,
 The voice melodious from heaven borne,
 Revealing 'neath the frail flesh shroud
 God's well-beloved Son.

Yet thou, Gethsemane, doth visions bring
 Of scenes more dear to mortal sight,
 More pure than e'en a dove's white wing,
 Sad as approaching night.

Beneath the olive's dark and mournful shade,
 Pierced scarce by moonlight's silver ray,
 Where Kedron laves thy verdant glade,
 He meekly kneels to pray.

From brow more pale than moon-lit lilies are,
 Dark drops of blood are trickling down,
 While unseen, save by hosts afar,
 Descends his fiery crown.

The shrinking, feeble form, a fearful cry
 Sends piercing through the midnight air,
 While speeds from angel bands on high
 A strengthening angel there.

The crown of thorns, the cross, the grave's deep gloom,
 His vision sees in dread array,
 The fearful cup he drinks alone,
 It might not pass away.

Gethsemane! thy name shall nerve my soul
 Affliction's furnace fire to breast,
 Till, floating upward to yon goal,
 I in His bosom rest.

M. B. HAY.

CAMDEN, August 21, 1857.

LUMPS OF GOLD.—“The Christian ought to live up to his income, and not below it.”

“While the shepherds find Christ, the wise men miss him.”

“There is a dignity about manhood—a dignity lost one day in the garden of the Fall, but regained in the garden of the Resurrection.”

“The tomb is the royal chamber of the ransomed race, the closet where they lay aside the garments of labor, to put on the vestments of eternal rest.”

“Man always looks for a yet-beyond; he is a mariner who never gets to port; an arrow which never reaches the target.”

“A Roman once said, he wished he had a window in his heart, that all might see what was going on there. I am very glad I have not; if I had, I would shut it up as closely as Apsley-house used to be. Most of us would have great need of shutters, if we had such a window.”

“Nothing makes a man have a big heart like a great trial.”

“If you are the children of God, you will have the whip; and, when you have that whip, you will run to your Father.”

“It is a fine day, and the child walks before its Father. But there is a lion in the road; now he comes and takes his father's hand. He could run half a mile before him, when all was fine and fair; but, once bring the lion, and it is, ‘father! father!’ as close as he can be.”

“The only discharge possible is pardon by God: but then, it is the only pardon necessary.”

“There is such a thing as making a weight lift you; if I have a weight chained to me, it keeps me down; but give me pulleys and certain appliances, and I can make it lift me up. Yes, there is such a thing as making troubles lift one toward heaven.”

“The Epistles of John are perfumed with love.”—*Spurgeon*.

WIDOW'S MITE.



“And Jesus looked up and saw the rich men casting their gifts into the treasury.” There are those who would divorce forever money and gifts from religion. But Jesus turned not away from the streams of benevolence that flowed from rich and poor into the treasury of the temple. He “saw the rich men casting in their donations.” They were evidently under as much obligation to do this as comply with any other requirement of God’s law. It is the bounden duty of those whom God has prospered to give, and give liberally; and a violation of that duty is a crime.

But among those well-clad men of wealth, with their full-handed offerings, stood a poor widow. Perhaps in tattered garments, and countenance speaking of deep sorrow. Poor woman! the companion of her youth slept in the grave; the record of her love was written in sorrow on her crushed heart. And the cold world looked cheerless, as in poverty she had to meet its storms alone.

And yet in that sad heart was love still—to God and his cause. The storm had not blasted it; the cold waters of affliction had not chilled it. It still thrilled to the cry of other’s wants, and responded to the call of benevolence.

All she had amounted to no more than one cent of our money. And this with trembling hand she cast into the treasury. But the eye of Jesus saw it, and to him her two mites were a rich oblation.

And He said, "Of a truth I say unto you: That this poor widow has cast in more than they all. For these have of their abundance cast in unto the offerings of God; but she of her penury hath cast in all the living that she had."

Ah! where is he among us, whatever his splendid donations, whose sacrifices amount to this? Think of it, ye rich, who hoard up God's bounties, or lavish them on your own selfish enjoyments. Think of it, ye poor, who make poverty an excuse for covetousness. *She, out of her penury, cast in all the living that she had.* And the beaming eye of Infinite Goodness beheld it; and the riches of glory are now her reward.

MOMENTS WITH MASTER MINDS.

There is only one cure for the evils which newly-acquired freedom produces—and that cure is freedom! When a prisoner leaves his cell, he cannot bear the light of day; he is unable to discriminate colors or recognize faces; but the remedy is not to remand him into his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage; but let them gaze on and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason; the extreme violence of opinion subsides; hostile theories correct each other; the scattered elements of truth cease to conflict, and begin to coalesce; and, at length, a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos. Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim! If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may, indeed, wait for ever.—*T. B. Macaulay.*

I have observed one ingredient somewhat necessary in a man's composition toward happiness, which people of feeling would do well to acquire—a *certain* respect for the follies of mankind. For there are so many fools whom the world entitles to regard, whom accident has placed in heights of which they are unworthy, that he who cannot restrain his contempt or indignation at the sight, will be too often quarreling with the disposal of things to relish that share which is allotted to himself.—*Mackenzie.*

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

OCTOBER 1, 1857.

University of Louisville—Medical Department.—The renovation of this Institution, from its disastrous fire last winter, is beautiful and complete. The arrangements of the new structure, however, are vastly superior to those of the former edifice. The general lecture room occupies the end of the building formerly used for the chemical room. It is large, finely lighted, and is so constructed that a full voice can be distinctly heard in every part of it. It is so contrived that the professor of chemistry uses it in connection with his colleagues. The admirable apparatus, a great deal of which was purchased by Prof. Silliman in Paris and Berlin, has received considerable accessions from Prof. J. Lawrence Smith.

Immediately over the general Lecture Room is the amphitheatre, arranged and planned by Dr. Palmer, Professor of Anatomy. Its adaptation to the end for which it was designed leaves nothing to be desired. It is unsurpassed, and we think unequalled. On the same floor with the amphitheatre is the large and splendid room for the Museum. The Anatomical and Pathological specimens for this room have been shipped from Paris, and many of them have arrived in safety.

In the story below is the large room for the Library. It is worthy of the magnificent choice and various material that is to adorn its shelves. Among its rich and curious volumes we noticed the works of Hippocrates, the father of Medicine. The edition in the Library was printed in Geneva, in 1665. The Library seems to be peculiarly full in the matter of Plates; certainly a very important matter in a Medical Library. We feel persuaded that this is the best Medical Library in our country, and that its facilities in this essential branch of Medical Education entitle it to the earnest attention of all Medical Students who may desire to pursue their profession with honor to themselves and usefulness to those who confide in them.

We subjoin a list of the Faculty:

CHARLES W. SHORT, M. D., Emeritus Professor of Materia Medica and Medical Botany.

HENRY MILLER, M. D., Professor of Obstetric Medicine.

LUNSFORD P. YANDELL, M. D., Professor of Physiology and Pathological Anatomy, and Dean of the Faculty.

BENJAMIN R. PALMER, M. D., Professor of Descriptive and Surgical Anatomy.

J. LAWRENCE SMITH, M. D., Professor of Medical Chemistry and Toxicology.

ROBERT J. BRECKINRIDGE, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica.

JOSHUA B. FLINT, M. D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Surgery.

LEWIS ROGERS, M. D., Professor of Clinical Medicine.

THEODORE S. BELL, M. D., Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine.

With several of these gentlemen we are personally acquainted, and each of them has won an enviable medical reputation. Professor Smith, as a Lecturer on Chemistry, has few equals anywhere; and never shall we forget the pleasure and benefit received while attending a course of his popular Lectures.

With Dr. Bell's name all the readers of the *Repository* are acquainted. But it is as the profound Biblical scholar and eloquent advocate of Revision. They will be surprised when we tell them that Biblical and antiquarian research have been but collateral studies with the Dr.; and learning this, they will be prepared to appreciate his vast attainments in the Theory and Practice of Medicine.

To this School of Medicine, with its ample and complete arrangements, and surpassing facilities, with a Faculty we honestly believe unequalled in the Union, we desire to direct those desiring a thorough Medical Education.

Pedobaptist Minister Baptized.—Elder Hardwich, of Virginia, writes: "Tell Mrs. Ford her book is doing great good; and this should cheer her in the midst of the opposition it meets from Pedobaptist divines." A young man, trained for the Moravian ministry, highly educated, and an eloquent speaker, through reading *Grace Truman*, became satisfied in regard to our views of baptism and communion. He was recently baptized, and gave the reasons for his course before a large audience.

Circulate it!—We have learned of numbers of Pedobaptists who have been reached and led into the truth by reading *Grace Truman*.—"If you want your neighbors to know what Baptists believe, and why they believe it, get them to read *Grace Truman*."

This work has been pronounced by authors, who themselves have written on the subject, "The most triumphant argument for what is termed Close Communion extant."

Tell your Pedobaptist Friends that the leading incidents in *Grace Truman* are facts—not fictions. They really occurred, and similar occurrences are frequent. Tell them that the arguments used in it by the Pedobaptists are the best that Presbyterian D. D.'s can use. Tell them that Dr.'s Hill and Rice have been challenged to show up one false scene in the book, and they both failed to do it. Tell them that these great men were challenged to show a silly argument put into the mouths of the Presbyterian ministers, and the same argument should be produced from one of their first authors; and again they declined. Again—GET THEM TO READ GRACE TRUMAN.

Philadelphia Confession of Faith.—At the last session of the Long Run Association it was

Resolved, "Inasmuch as the Philadelphia Confession of Faith is out of print, we recommend its republication in a cheap form, that the principles it embodies may become better known, both to its friends and its foes."

In accordance with this resolve, we have given to the compositor a copy of said venerable confession. It is entitled "A Declaration to friends and foes of the principles held by the Baptists of London in 1643," commonly called the

Philadelphia Confession. It is a most important document. We have appended a short preface, stating its origin, design, and our own view concerning it. It ought to be in the hands of every Baptist. "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good." It will be ready for delivery by the time this number reaches our subscribers. It will be mailed to any address in the United States for *Fifteen* cents, so that any one can get a copy. Send your orders at once. A liberal discount on wholesale orders. They can be found at the Baptist Book Concern.

In Press.—A brilliant work on "Dancing. Is it a sin?" It is the first production of a Baptist lady of Kentucky, and is just *the* work needed now. It will contain 200 pages, beautiful type, and bound handsomely in muslin, and sold at Sixty Cents. We shall speak of it more fully next month. *Look out for this Book!*

One Thousand More copies of *Grace Truman* are just received. These belong to the authoress as her copyright. We have for some time back been unable to supply orders on account of delay in receiving books from New York. We have now a fresh supply. This book, after passing through the severest ordeal—attacked by Dr. N. L. Rice with severity; by Henry W. Beecher, in the N. Y. *Independent*, with sarcasm, meeting with dire, bitter opposition from open Communion Baptists generally—has been admitted by all to be an able production, and a charming book. The call for it has not declined, but is still steadily increasing. It is the production of a young Kentucky female—a Kentucky Baptist. Will the Baptist sisters of Kentucky back it with their hearty co-operation? It is sent by mail for One Dollar. If you have not the book, send for it at once.

Elder T. J. Drain.—This devoted minister of Christ has resigned the charge of the East Church in this city, and has already entered into his new field of labor—the First Church, Memphis. Bro. Drain, while sojourning in this city, has been eminently useful and successful. Seeking neither praise or notoriety, he has worked silently, but efficiently; and he leaves with the warm wishes of all who knew him. He has been our pastor for the past two years, and our relations have been the most amicable, pleasant, and uninterrupted. We commend our Bro. to the friends at Memphis. They will find him an active, able, and useful man. May the blessing of the Lord be with him and them.

G. W. Robertson, of the Book Concern, and N. Robinson, of the *Recorder*, are so frequently addressed as the same person as to create annoyance. G. W. Robertson has no connection with the *Recorder*, nor N. Robinson with the Book Concern. Will our friends remember this.

Childrens' Book.—One of the neatest and most interesting periodicals for children has just been seen by us for the first time. It is edited by "Uncle Robin and Aunt Alice." There is something really lovable in the little thing—really sweet. Among other things there is the correspondence of the youthful subscribers with the Editors. It is beautifully illustrated, and is

truly a charming work. It has thirty-two pages, printed on fine paper, and is published monthly by Graves & Mark, Nashville, at One Dollar. We will receive and forward subscribers for this work. S. R. F.

Baptist Book Concern.—There will be found in the Store, on Market St., in this city, the largest stock of Baptist books ever opened in Louisville. This is the only House whose proprietors are *Baptists*, and who give all their attention to *Baptist* publications. Fuller's works, Hall's, Carson's, Psalmist, Dyr's Hymns. All the publications of Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. Graves, Marks & Co.'s Southern Baptist Publication Society always on hand.

Theodosia Ernest—have you read it?

Great Iron Wheel—Twentieth Thousand. A fresh supply on hand.

Little Iron Wheel—Only Thirty Cents.

South's Objections; Remington's Reasons; Remington on Communion; Orthodox History; Wayland's Principles of the Baptists. If this last work were but fully known and generally read, it would do more towards bringing some Baptists back to original principles than any work extant.

Is it so?—Is it a fact there is a tendency among Kentucky Baptists to Arminianism, Open Communion, and "Reformationism?" If there is, it is time the lines were drawn, and every man and every church come out and show their hands. With all affiliation, compromise, and compliance for peace sake, we, for ourselves, enter our solemn protest.

We claim no kindred, and ask no support of those, if such there be, who will sell the truth for the sake of peace. "If you continue that History of the Reformation," says a *Baptist*, in a recent letter, "and thus stir up strife with our brethren—the Reformers—I shall not continue to support you." Keep your support, *friend*! I would write it if all the Franklinites and their sympathizers among the Baptists combine and invent a thousand plots to ruin me. Let them show up one false statement, and I will yield to them. Are they ashamed of the facts of their own history? Then let them blush and hear it. Their whole organization sprung from the fanaticism of the Great Revival, guided by the light of experience. It was not, according to their own showing, the church Christ built, but was planned by unbaptized men, built of unbaptized materials, and by their own showing was established by unpardoned, unconverted, unchristian men. They cannot deny it.

Is this Campbellism?—"The spirit now dwells in the church by its moral presence, and in no other way. Physically it is not here; or if it is, one cannot know it, which amounts to the same thing. It is said of some of the ancient servants of God, that though dead they yet speak. They have their moral presence. Let me illustrate my meaning. Washington's Farewell Address breathes the spirit of Washington. In like manner we now have the spirit of God, and in no other way."

This is from a leading article in the *American Christian Review*. That something, nick-named Campbellism, has been hard to discover. *Is this it?* Is the spirit of God no more with us, or with his word, than the spirit of Washington is with his Farewell Address? Will Mr. Campbell answer *yes*, or *no*? Is this what people nick-name Campbellism, and which he properly names—something else? We respectfully ask Mr. Campbell himself to answer this. *Will he? Ah! will he?* We shall see.

The Christian Repository.

NO. LXXI.—NOVEMBER, 1857.

RISE OF THE CURRENT REFORMATION.

BY S. H. FORD.

CHAP. II.—NEW LIGHT—SHAKERISM—IMMERSION.

WHEN men leave the landmarks God has set, and launch out on the shoreless sea of speculation, whither will their helmless bark be driven? Name! They may adopt the most sacred. They may claim to possess a compass and chart the most marvelous and reliable. What boots it? They have left the old paths. They are out at sea. Helplessly are they drifted before the winds they have evoked.

To decide “whether the spirit within us was the spirit of truth,” was the starting point with the Reformers. Assured of this—which assurance could result only from experience—and by it every theological problem could be solved. It became the radical which entered into and effected every computation—the element which gave color and consistency to every new compound. By this inner light every question of Revelation was to be tested and explained; for the New Testament was “the drawn out copy of this inner law.” In the midst of an extravagant revival, B. W. Stone, whose feelings had previously led him to doubt certain doctrines, “knew the voice and felt the power,” and returned fully satisfied. His doubts departed, and with them the principles around which they had lingered. The mists and the mountains dissolved together before the blaze of “New Light” glory.

Such was the formative principle underlying the "Current Reformation"—the conception which gave it being and character.

An appeal to the divine light of consciousness, to the voice of God in the soul, the supreme law—this is the common meeting ground of Pantheists, Rationalists, and fanatics of every grade and age. *It was the foundation principle of the Current Reformation.*

The New Lights, or Stoneites, or, as they called themselves, Christians, had no sooner placed themselves on the vacant foundation of apostles and prophets, and loudly denied the vicarious sufferings and deity of Christ, than a new and startling discovery was made, and a change or division in the current of the Reformation followed.

"The churches and preachers grew and multiplied," says Stone. "We began to be puffed up at our prosperity. But this pride of ours was soon humbled by a very extraordinary incident. Three missionary Shakers, from the East, came amongst us—Bates, Mitcham, and Young. They informed us that they had heard of us in the East, and greatly rejoiced at the work of God amongst us, and thus far we were right, but we had not gone far enough in the work."*

They scented their prey from afar, these Shakers. They saw that one more step and the New Lights were in their hands. Men who had discovered that the church of Christ was totally extinct, and that they themselves, with all others, were "off the foundation of apostles and prophets," and who, by one sublime stride, placed themselves on that barren rock on which they stood proudly alone, appeared, very naturally, as *the* people whom these missionary Shakers might lead a little farther on in the work.

But of Shakerism a few words. In the month of May, 1774, a small company of religionists, under the direction of a singular woman, Ann Lee, embarked from Liverpool for New York. She was the lawful wife of one Abraham Stanley, who, together with her father, brother, and six others, made up the company of emigrants. While cook and general servant in a family in England, she professed to be favored with wonderful revelations from

* Life of Stone, page 62.

heaven. These she made known to the pastor of a little independent congregation in Manchester, who encouraged her fanaticism, and acknowledged her as a leader. After her arrival in New York, she engaged herself as a servant in the family of a blacksmith, where her husband worked as a journeyman. Her husband at first acknowledged her divine mission, but finally relapsed into infidelity. What this woman claimed to be, and how her followers still regard her, is such an approach to blasphemy that a few passages only will be transcribed, and those with a trembling pen :

“As the true church of Christ is composed of male and female, and as there must be a corresponding spiritual union between the male and female to render the church complete, so it is essentially necessary that such a spiritual union should exist between the head of that body, which is Christ. And it would be very unreasonable to suppose that the *body* of Christ would be more complete and perfect than its head. And since he has appeared in one man, is it not reasonable that the same anointing power should appear in a woman, and distinguish her as a leader and example to all women ? Therefore it was necessary for God to endow a female with the spirit of eternal life ; to make her a partaker with Jesus Christ in the power of salvation, and co-operate with him in the work of salvation.” * * “Ann Lee was the distinguished female who was chosen for that purpose. And having received the spirit of Christ, by the operation of which her soul was purified from the fallen nature of the flesh, she rose superior to it, and by her example and testimony she actually led the way out of that nature and all its works, and was prepared to stand in a proper order to manifest the spirit of Christ in the female line. Jesus was the first-born son. Ann Lee the first-born daughter. God is the Eternal Father, whose image was found in Jesus. The Holy Spirit is the Eternal Mother, whose image was found in Ann Lee.”*

Such is the wild, and, indeed, shocking theory of these peace-loving Shakers. The first coming of Christ was the appearance of Jesus—the man in whom the Christ was manifested. The

* See Millennial Harbinger.

second coming of Christ was the appearance of Ann Lee—the woman in whom the Christ was manifested. He was the Messiah, she was the paraclete, or comforter. As continence marked the holy man Jesus, so Ann Lee, or Mrs. Stanley, forsook her husband and “took up the Cross.” His life was an example, which, if followed by man, will lead to eternal felicity. Her life is a similar model for woman. Hence the literal interpretation of the words of Jesus is followed—“He that loveth father or mother, wife or children, houses or lands, more than me, is not worthy of me.” And in villages characterized by neatness and peace, the Shakers live in families of females, and families of males, in the enjoyment of what they esteem the temporal reign of Christ and the Millennial glory.

Of their modes of worship, praising God in the dance, and speaking or remaining silent as moved by the spirit, every one has heard. They are a strange, fanatical, unreasonable sect; yet gentle, moral, industrious and frugal, awakening almost at the same time our contempt and our respect.

Between these Shakers and the New Lights there were several points of agreement in which both differed from all others.

“The first point of doctrine,” says McNemar, a leading Reformer, “which distinguishes the New Lights was that which respected divine revelation. The established opinion in the churches had been, that the scriptures, explained according to sound reason and philosophy, was light sufficient.” “But these (the Reformers) adopted a very different faith, and taught as an important truth, that the will of God was made manifest to each individual who honestly sought after it by an inward light which shone into the heart. Those who were the subjects of this inward light did not call it *new light*, but a received manifestation of that which at sundry times and in divers manners had been opened to those who were willing to know the truth.” “This new light first broke out in the Presbyterian Church among those who held the doctrine of Calvin.”*

Stone “knew the voice and felt the power, and was satisfied,” testing the truthfulness of certain doctrines by the spirit within

him. A step farther was all that the Shaker missionaries required—a step farther and the new revelation of the spirit would guide them on to the Millennial church.

In doctrine, too, there were peculiar points of agreement. The vicarious sufferings of Christ—his death as a substitution and propitiation, was denied by the Reformers and Shakers. They both denounced all existing creeds and confessions as human inventions; proclaimed the total apostacy of the church of Christ, and its absolute extinction through centuries of darkness; both flung away party names; the one calling themselves Believers, the other Christians.

A *Millennial* church was the great desire of the Shakers; that it had opened with the nineteenth century was fully believed by the Reformers. The coming of the Holy Spirit was the leading feature of Shakerism; its miraculous manifestations in the revival was testified to by the New Lights.

At a meeting at Turtle Creek, Thomson, a leading Reformer, danced for an hour round the communion table, repeating as he danced, "This is the Holy Ghost! Glory!" At the meetings of the New Lights, the right hand of fellowship was given to those who were admitted into the community, and finding that it tended to increase the inward workings of the spirit, it was gradually introduced as a common act of worship; "and taking each other by the hands, bent their whole bodies, like one churning, with such violence that the place would seem to quiver under them." "One step farther" and the Shaker dance might be adopted.

During this long and gloomy period (thirteen centuries said the Shakers) THERE WAS NOT FOUND UPON EARTH A CHURCH.* The Reformers had alone discovered that they, with all others, were "off the foundations of apostles and prophets;" or, in the language of the eulogist already quoted, "these Protestants published the first declaration of religious freedom in the western hemisphere; the first in the world since that of the intrepid Luther was nullified by the yoke of bondage framed at Angsburg." "The Millennial church," say the Shakers, "being established, the testimony began to go forth from the true gospel temple about the year 1800."

"A new era," said the Reformers, "had, with a new century, dawned upon the religious world."

"O let us unite in the common cause," say the Reformers. "Then will Zion shake herself from the dust, shine forth as the sun in his brightness, and be terrible as an army with banners. Then shall she be a cup of trembling to all the people round about her, and shake terribly the nations. Then shall that man of sin be destroyed, and righteousness shall flow down as a mighty stream. These things, dear brethren, are not vain imaginations, for God is now about to take the earth. Thy kingdom come. Even so come, Lord Jesus. Brethren, yours in the Lord."

"From this period," says Stone, "dates the commencement of that reformation which has progressed to this day."

Here, then, as the Reformers and Shakers abandoned the stern truths of God's book for inner light, as both stepped from the only foundation of the world's hope—the vicarious sufferings of the God-man; as each in the extacies of fanatical religious exercises looked forth on a churchless world, and hailed the "new era" of a Millennial church, their mutual affinities were awakened, and each rejoiced that they were united in sentiments peculiar to themselves and denied by *all the sects*.

"Their coming," says Stone, "was at a most inauspicious time. Some of us were verging on fanaticism." Of this fanaticism, the following letter, which introduced the chief missionary Shaker to the principle Reformer, will give some insight:

"MY DEAR BROTHER RICHARD:—I never longed to see any person so much. If I was not confined in this clay tabernacle, I should be in your embraces in less than an hour. The floods of earth and hell are let loose against us, but me in particular. I am seriously threatened with imprisonment and stripes, I expect to receive for the testimony of Jesus. Kentucky is turning upside down. The truth pervades in spite of man—Cumberland is sharing the same fate—the young preachers, some of them, will preach Jesus without the covering put on him by the fathers—the scribes, the disputers of this world, are gnashing upon us—Brother Matthew Houston has clean escaped the pollutions of this world—and he and his people are going on to perfect holiness in the fear of God. A few more will soon follow. Come over and help us, is the cry made to us from every part. Brother Purviance is gone to Carolina, to preach the gospel there, by the request of some there. In a few weeks I start to fulfill a long daily

string of appointments to Cumberland ; by request I go. I have appointed two communions among many Christians, on the heads of Little and Big Barrens. Brother Dooley is among the Cherokees again ; his last route there was successful. Some poor Indians received the gospel. He was solicited to return. He is truly an apostle of the Gentiles. Some few are getting religion amongst us.

“The churches thus, quid dicam? Nescio: What shall I say? I know not; my heart grieves within me. Certain men from afar, whom you know, inject terror and doubt into many; and now religion begins to lament in the dust among us. Some, as I suppose, will cast away the ordinances of baptism, the Lord’s supper, &c., but not many as yet. Most dear Brother, inform me what you think of these men among us and you, from a distant region. Thank God he gave me his word. Letters show the substance and faith eats it. We all want to meet with you shortly; but by reason of my absence to Cumberland, Brother Purviance to North Carolina, Brother Houston in Madison, we cannot meet on Turtle Creek, nor sooner than third Sabbath June, and that in Kentucky. Brothers Marshall and Houston parted from us yesterday. We administered the Lord’s Supper at Cane Ridge the day before; many communicants, much exercise. I am pushed for time to write to you. We have five students of the Bible; all but one know the languages; full of faith and of the Holy Ghost; just ready to preach. They all fled from the Presbyterians, to their grief, pain, and hurt. Brother Stockwell exceeds expectation, and is beloved and useful. Our Apology is yet living and working, and tearing down Babylon in Virginia. It was re-printed there to the great injury of Presbyterianism. It is also re-printed in Georgia. We are just publishing a short tract on Atonement—I will send you one soon. This truth has unhinged the brazen gates already. I am hurried. Pray for me. Farewell.

B. W. STONE.”

“BY FRIEND BATES.”

“Great prospects were presented,” says McNemar, “according to the above letter, the truth pervading and turning the country upside down; the Apology and tract on Atonement tearing down Babylon and unhinging her brazen gates—some full of the Holy Ghost.”

These Lebanon brethren (Shakers) had paid their first visit to Malcolm Worley, one of the first fruits of the reformation. “Perhaps,” thought McNemar, “he has believed their testimony; how else can he,” according to Stone’s letter, “have escaped the pollutions of the world?” “They have also been with Brother

Stone, and opened their testimony there." Perhaps he has taken hold of it. "I found," said McNemar, "I could see nothing in the past work as a foundation to build upon." Bates preached to the congregation at Turtle Creek, and the results were McNemar, the first and foremost in the glorious reformation, against whom were charged the errors which distinguished that wonderful work; the man around whom gathered Stone, Marshall, and the other Reformers in the first battle with the leaders of Babylon—McNemar took one more short step, and danced with the holy brotherhood—a full-formed Shaker.

Next in prominence among the new seceders was John Dunlavy—a man of education and ability, of high standing in the Presbyterian Church, and one of the founders of these "first Christian Churches *since the great apostacy*." He left the ranks of the Reformers, to the *one step farther* in the begun work, and was a bright shining light among the "society of believers," or Shakers.

One of the first converts made to Stone's views of the Atonement, through the instrumentality of a tract published on that subject, was Malcolm Worley. He was an Elder in the Presbyterian Church, and favored the measures of the Great Revival. Immediately on entering into the combat against Babylon and creeds, he was sent forth by the Reformers as an evangelist. Some rejoiced over him as the convert to Shakerism. A man of independent fortune, unspotted character, and considerable abilities, he added greatly to their strength. Matthew Houston also, over whose escape from Babylon Stone had rejoiced in his letter to McNemar, followed with hundreds of less distinguished members into the Millennial church.

Thus pillar after pillar fell. The "*Chris-tian*" church, so long extinct, and so recently rebuilt on the foundation with unbaptized, and consequently (according to the Reformers) unconverted materials, was about to be swept away before the breath of the weakest and most ridiculous fanaticism that had ever preceded it.

It was, however, to be the *last magnetic mountain*, and clear of it and its influence the bark of the reformation steered boldly

out to sea again, proclaiming that now, at least, all was clear and prosperous.

But it must not be forgotten that the remaining Christian ministers, without one exception, were unbaptized. It was a Christian church, with nothing but the scriptures for their guide. From its establishment is dated *the* commencement of the Reformation—of all the *Christian* churches, without exception, that are this day in existence; but it was a Christian church without Christian baptism—than which can a contradiction be more palpable?

“In the midst of our trial with Shakerism,” says Purviance, “some of us became convinced that infant baptism was not in the Bible. We were cautious in speaking on the subject. With some confidential brethren we conversed privately, and found that there was a diversity of sentiment amongst us. John Thomson, who was a leading and very influential preacher, was a strenuous advocate for infant baptism. However, we rested quietly till 1807.”*

Cautiously they spoke of what they were *convinced* the Bible taught. *Cautiously* and *privately* they treated an error which *they were* “convinced was not taught in the Bible.” These were the champions of truth, who rallied under the Bible alone, and besieged the brazen gates of Babylon! They had so much opposition that they rested for three years, daring to lift no voice, to utter no word against what they were convinced was an error—an error soon to be proclaimed by them as fatal to all who rested in it! For three years the Christian church, and the only one since the great apostacy, ignored baptism, was unbaptized. *Fearless Reformers!* Most exemplary adherents of the *Bible alone!* Ah, had the apostles and the poor imprudent Baptists possessed such caution, and rested dumb, in peaceful compromise in the face of opposition,—had *they* thus “shunned to declare the whole counsel of God,” what storms of blood would they have escaped? But caution to hide offensive views, or wrap up *real* sentiments in words of doubtful or double meaning, did not originate with these Reformers, and will not end with them.

Finally, “in 1807, a young woman, who professed faith in Christ and joined the church, applied to Stone for immersion.”

* Purviance and B. W. S., p. 127.

"In pursuance of which he published a meeting at a certain water on a day future. At the time and place appointed, a large congregation assembled. Reuben Dooley preached, and afterwards Stone immersed the young woman, and one or two more. I had not a thought of being baptized on that day when I went to the place; but during the exercises of the day I realized that it is a command of God, and I am bound to obey. I called Stone and Dooley aside, and made known my mind to them, and asked Stone to baptize me; to which he consented. I remarked to them that the way of duty appeared plain, but I was sorry to hurt the feelings of the brethren. Dooley said the best way to please brethren is to please the Lord. I then addressed the congregation publicly. It was the first time the subject had been publicly named amongst us. We went to the water; before we went in, Dooley said to me quietly, as soon as you are baptized, I shall want you to put me under the water. Accordingly, as soon as I was on my feet, Dooley came forward, and a number more followed, whom I baptized before I came up out of the water. Stone was not baptized on that day. None of us urged the matter."

And thus the "*first Christian churches*, three years after they were planted on the hitherto unoccupied "foundation of apostles and prophets," immersed one another and raised a new and all-imposing standard—*Baptism for the remission of sins!*

Not that this was even thought of in the investigations which led to the immersion of the Reformers. No hint of it was breathed. That Stone, or any of his zealous co-laborers in the great revival, thought for a moment that baptism and remission were so related that the one was a consequent of the other, would have been pronounced by them a baseless calumny. And such, in fact, would it have been. The numbers converted during the revival, says Stone, "will be known only in eternity." "My conviction was complete that it was the work of God, nor has my mind wavered since on the subject." "Many things transpired there," he further tells us, "which were so much like miracles, that if they were not, they had the same effect as miracles on infidels and unbelievers, for many of them were convinced that Jesus was the Christ, and bowed in submission to him." To say that these numbers that were converted were still unpardoned; that those who believed in Christ and bowed in submission to him were still unforgiven, out of Christ, would be a contradiction which few would be willing to state. And yet if baptism is in *order to*

remission—if it is that through which every individual *must* be inducted into the kingdom, and without which there is no participation in the privileges and blessings of the gospel—then the thousands converted, of whom Stone speaks, were deceived and in their sins; he and all the founders of these “first Christian churches were unconverted, unpardoned, unchristian men. If they were pardoned, their baptism was not in order to remission. If they *were* Christians, and their churches *were* Christian churches, there *may* be Christians, and there may be Christian churches without baptism. During the revival, and for some years afterwards, these churches did not baptize. Their churches were composed of unbaptized persons, their preachers were unbaptized ministers, taking “the Bible alone,” and professing to stand on it as their platform, and fearlessly attacking the brazen gates of Babylon, they *rested quietly* on the subject of baptism for six years, speaking privately and cautiously about it.

But Progress was the watchword of the reformation. “I remember once,” says Stone, “about this time, mourners were invited every day to collect before the stand in order for prayers, this being the custom.” It had been *the custom* during the revival, in which, as Stone long afterwards said, “the numbers converted will be known only in eternity.” It was the custom through which, in connection with other means, were rallied all who composed the Reformation, or “first Christian churches.” A custom from which issued the spring which has swelled into the Current Reformation. “The brethren,” continues Stone, “were praying daily for the same people, and some seemed to be comforted. I was considering in my mind what could be the cause. The words of Peter at Pentecost rolled through my mind, ‘Repent and be baptized for the remission of sins, and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.’ I thought were Peter here, he would thus address the mourners. I quickly arose and addressed them in the same language, and urged them to comply.”

Grand discovery! It rolled through his mind, suddenly, as though by inspiration. Another new era had now dawned. New light now flashed along the lines of the Reformers. Another

magnetic mountain was neared, and its influence was overwhelming. Henceforth baptism and conversion were synonymous. Baptism was the specific instrumentality by which the blessings of pardon and peace and heaven were secured.

About the same period another spring was rising amid the mountains of Virginia, soon to mingle its more powerful stream with the current of Reform. Of this, or rather of them, I shall next speak.

THE DUTIES OF PASTORS TO THEIR CHURCHES.

A Sermon.

BY ELDER JOHN W. BROWN.

"Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood."—*Acts*, 20: 28.

IN order to faithfulness and efficiency on the part of pastors and churches, it is essential that they should understand their relative duties. "The duties of churches to their pastors" have been faithfully presented on a former occasion. The duties of churches to their pastors, as specified in that discourse, are as follows: 1. Churches owe it as a duty to their pastors to provide for their temporal support. 2. The churches owe it to their pastors carefully to shield their reputation from injury. 3. The pastor ought to be supported and cheered by the cordial sympathies of his people. 4. It is the duty of the church to make her pastor and his ministry subjects of earnest and habitual prayer.

It is our object to specify some of the duties of pastors to their churches. A church, scripturally defined, is an assembly of baptized believers, associated for the purpose of maintaining the worship of God, promoting his cause, and observing the ordinances of the gospel. The church has a high responsible and heavenly mission to accomplish. That she may be better prepared for the fulfillment of this high mission on earth, and for the enjoyment of the heavenly rest, God has constituted the gospel ministry for the edification, encouragement, and comfort of his people. Hence says the apostle, "And he gave some apostles and some prophets, and some evangelists and some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ."

Ministers are not only to take heed to themselves, that is, to be sure that their own hearts are right before God, but they are commanded to watch over the spiritual interests of his people. The intimate and endearing relation subsisting between a pastor and his people is most beautifully represented

under the similitude of a shepherd and his flock. A pastor literally means ■ shepherd, but figuratively a minister of the gospel. While Christ is the great and good shepherd of his people, having pledged his infallible word for their protection here, and final preservation in heaven, ministers are his under-shepherds, and should be full of the spirit of their Divine Master, who cherished the strongest compassion and most tender sympathies towards his disciples. The man who undertakes to preach the gospel to others, and to oversee the household of faith, must possess a large measure of that love which prompted our blessed Redeemer to give his life for his people—to shed his blood that they might be redeemed from all their sins, and purified unto himself as a peculiar people, zealous of good works.

1. The first and most important duty that we shall specify is *the obligation of the pastor to preach the gospel to his flock*. This is the primary and highest duty of a faithful pastor. It must be performed in the spirit of a good minister of Jesus Christ. The Gospel, with its precepts and promises, is the bread of life to the soul of the believer. It is the most potent instrumentality that he can employ to infuse into the hearts of his people the spirit of Christ, and urge them to a prompt and efficient discharge of Christian duties. It is from this source that the people of God derive spiritual nutriment. It improves and develops their graces. The gospel, like the refreshing and reviving showers of heaven, enlivens and invigorates them, prepares them for extensive usefulness on earth, and matures them for the enjoyment of the inheritance of the saints in glory. The pastor who endeavors to edify, please, and encourage his people by philosophical lectures, metaphysical disquisitions, and rhetorical flourishes, will soon find them sinking into barrenness and inactivity. In his pulpit labors he cannot substitute anything for the faithful presentation and clear illustration of God's word. In proportion as the promises, motives, and claims of the gospel are pressed upon the minds of Christians, will their zeal, usefulness, and happiness be enhanced.

What does the apostle mean by *feeding* the Church of God? He certainly means that it is the duty of the pastor, as a good shepherd, to conduct his flock into the fertile fields of God's grace, in the gospel of his Son. It is in the rich pastures of grace, and by the fountains of his love, that their souls are refreshed and strengthened, comforted and animated in their earthly pilgrimage. Appropriate, nutritious food is not more essential to the support and growth of the body, than the truths and doctrines of the gospel are to the spiritual sustenance and growth of believers.

The gospel must be preached doctrinally and practically. The great doctrines of the gospel are designed to enlighten and strengthen the minds of believers, and lead them to practical godliness. We find that the apostles in their instructions to the churches adopted this method. They presented the great fundamental truths of the gospel, and urged them, in view of these truths, to the practice of holiness and the performance of duty. The apostle,

in his epistle to the Romans, inimitable for its eloquence and argument, enforces the doctrinal and practical parts of the gospel.

The judicious and vigilant pastor will not only adapt his discourses to the condition and capacity of his flock, but will adopt that method of preaching best calculated to render them efficient in the service of Christ, and to supply their spiritual wants.

He will feel that the great end of all his ministrations is to expound and enforce the word of his Divine Master. In his regular ministrations to his people, he should judiciously combine the expository and topical methods of preaching. Expository preaching possesses less of human thought and arrangement, and is the best to edify a church, and render them familiar with the true sense of the scriptures. The pastor must preach the great truths of the gospel *proportionally*. Every truth should be so presented to the minds of his people, that they may discover its due importance in the gospel system. Each doctrine, promise, and precept is essential to the development of the Christian character. If one be preached to the exclusion of others, the church will be ignorant of her whole duty, inconsistent in her practice, and fearfully defective in her doctrinal views. Every doctrine, truth, and command should be so presented as to render the gospel one grand harmonious system.

The gospel should be preached with zeal, energy, and faithfulness. In order that the pastor may thus address his charge, it is indispensable that his soul be full of the love of Christ. His people must witness in every word, action, and gesture, the spirit of his Divine Master. Words proceeding from a man whose mind and heart are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Christ, will have the desired effect. He will often find his people, who are necessarily connected with the pursuits and cares of the world, and who frequently forget the great end of their conversion to God, immersed more or less in secular business. If he would inspire them with energy in the work of the Lord, and awaken in them a sense of their responsibilities to God, he must speak with a voice that alarms the indifferent with words that burn, and with a countenance that glows with the fire of heaven. Much of the coldness and lukewarmness that prevails in the churches is ascribable to a want of zeal in ministers. His people expect him to commune with God by study, meditation, and prayer, and to come forth from this spiritual atmosphere in the spirit and power of the gospel. From such faithful preaching his people will catch the spirit of true consideration to God, and ever be ready to support him by their presence, prayers, and means. Therefore, O man of God, pastor of God's chosen flock, if thou wouldst be a good minister of Jesus Christ, making full proof of thy ministry, preach the Word. Preach it in season and out of season, in simplicity and power, in the hovels of the poor and the palaces of wealth, in the pulpit and out of the pulpit, to the bereaved and disconsolate, to the afflicted and dying.

"I charge thee before God and the Lord Jesus, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and kingdom, preach the word—nothing but the word."

We mention in this connection, because of its importance, that the pastor should thoroughly indoctrinate his people, and labor firmly and perseveringly to fortify their minds against the encroachment and ultimate triumph of error. When the apostle delivered this solemn charge to the elders of Ephesus, he foresaw that grievous wolves or false teachers would make their appearance, and endeavor to divert the minds of the disciples from the doctrines and simplicity of the gospel. The good minister will endeavor to satisfy himself that his flock are thoroughly established in the faith. Rooted and grounded in the truth, and confirmed in the doctrines and practice of the gospel, they will successfully withstand the floods of error that sometimes sweep over the world, corrupting the hearts and perverting the minds of Christians. Thousands are arrayed this day on the side of error for the want of fidelity and stability in their spiritual guides. What God said to his prophet he says to every pastor, "So thou, O son of man, I have set the watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me." "Wo unto that pastor who has failed to fortify the minds of God's people against the inroads and assaults of errorists.

We would also specify here that it is the duty of the pastor to teach his flock thoroughly and faithfully what they are required to do as disciples of Christ. A disciple is one who has been and is to be taught. The pastor sustains to believers the important relation of spiritual teacher. His people look to him for instruction, and have a right to expect it. Defective instruction produces inefficient and inactive churches. The pastor is to train his church for usefulness here, and for glory, honor, and immortality. Let the churches be thoroughly indoctrinated and instructed, and there will be a harmony of views and feelings, and a consistency of practice, that will array them in one unbroken phalanx against the host of darkness. We now see and feel the evil effects of the neglect of this duty. Had the duty of ministerial support and the obligation to make sacrifices for the spread of the gospel been duly impressed upon the minds of the church in this country years ago, pastors would be much better sustained at the present day, and our missionary operations more effectively prosecuted.

2. *That he may be an argumentative, eloquent preacher, and an efficient teacher, it is the duty of the pastor to labor for his intellectual improvement.* He who would consecrate himself to the good of the church must be a man of intellectual industry. This is a duty that the pastor owes to himself, to the church, and to his God. If he would meet the fearful responsibilities of his high position, he cannot neglect it. The church is expected to give him a competency, and having done her duty, she expects him to give his time and consecrate his talents and energies to the great work before him. The apostle admonishes Timothy to give himself to reading, study, and meditation. The same apostle speaks in another place of "approving ourselves as the ministers of God *by knowledge*." 2-Cor., 6: 4-6. He who would rise to intellectual greatness, and attain to extensive usefulness, must do it by dint of applica-

tion. The pastor who would secure the constant esteem, affection, and confidence of his people, must prove to them in his discourses that he is a man of thought and research. A popular writer has justly said, "The churches demand a higher instruction and an ampler reasoning from the pulpit than can be gleaned from the narratives of the nursery. They may be pleased for a time with the pleasant voice and pathetic tale; but, like the prodigal, they will soon turn away from the husks, and long for a more nutritive aliment, though presented in a homelier dish. The bare belief that a preacher has no excellence but that of elocution, and no grace but that of attitude, will soon degrade his authority; while the bare belief that he is a consummate theologian will invest his teachings with commanding importance." The man of thought and investigation will outlive in the estimation of his people, and, ultimately, outshine the corruscations of genius. He must study the scriptures thoroughly, critically, and systematically. He should furnish himself with the best theological and critical works to help him to understand the word of God. He ought to be acquainted as far as possible with the history of biblical criticism and interpretation. He ought to possess sufficient knowledge of history, philosophy, astronomy, and geology, to enable him to refute the arguments, and answer the objections of infidels. If infidelity penetrate the earth in search of arguments to unsettle the faith of Christians, let him, like the indefatigable and immortal Miller, make the rocks speak in attestation of the truth of the scriptures. If infidelity soar to the heavens to accomplish wicked purposes, let him make the stars and planets pour their combined light upon the pages of revelation, that its truth may shine forth with insufferable brightness. Thus laboring and toiling in defence of the truth, and for the good of the church, God's blessing will crown his efforts with success.

3. *The pastor should give himself wholly to the gospel and the services of the church unless circumstances render it impossible for him so to do.* There are circumstances sometimes beyond his control that render it expedient that he should pursue some honorable and useful avocation in connection with his pastoral duties. If it is impossible for him to procure a competency from the church, he must seek a livelihood either by manual or mental labor. "For ye remember, Brethren, our labor and travail, for laboring night and day, because we would not be chargeable unto any of you, we preached unto you the gospel of God." 1 Thess., 2: 9. He did not toil, however, for personal aggrandizement and for the accumulation of wealth, but, from the necessity of the case, that he might not be chargeable to any one, or oppressive and burdensome to the brethren.

Pastoral and ministerial duties are not to be considered as of secondary, but of primary importance. Hear the apostles instruction to Timothy: "Meditate upon these things, give thyself *wholly* to them, that thy profiting may appear in all things." 1 Tim., 4: 15. The pastor must not unnecessarily entangle himself with the cares of the world. "No man that warreth entan-

gleth himself with the affairs of this life, that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier." 2 Tim., 2: 4. A worldly-minded pastor cannot reprove the sin of worldliness in others. Precept and example must go together. His usefulness will decline in proportion as he becomes involved in secular business. He must live above the ostentation, vanity, and pride of the world. "But thou, O man of God, flee these things, and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness."

4. *The pastor must be an example of piety and practical godliness to the church.*

He must raise the standard of piety *high*, and himself live up to it. Faithful preaching united with a life of holiness will exert a powerful influence upon the church and the world. He cannot successfully exhort others to walk with God, unless he maintain this walk himself. The good pastor will ever say, "Brethren, be followers together with me, and mark them which walk so as ye have us for an example." Phil., 3: 17. He should be an example in deportment and conversation. "Let no man despise thy youth, but be thou an example of believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." 1 Tim., 4: 12. Piety is the very life of all his ministerial and pastoral labors. The pastor must take the leadership in every good work. He should inaugurate and advocate such plans and measures as shall best promote the welfare of his people and the cause of Christ. The influence of a good and exemplary pastor shall outlive himself. It shall be said of him as of Abel, "Being dead, he yet speaketh." The influence of Baxter and Bunyan still lives to bless the church and the world.

5. *It is the duty of the pastor to visit his flock as often as it is necessary and consistent with his other duties.*

Although churches sometimes make unreasonable demands in the number of visits, yet it must be admitted, that it is the duty of the pastor to hold frequent intercourse with his people in this way. By this means he gains the confidence and esteem of his church, and he will find his pastoral visits of great service to him in his public ministrations. Here we should draw the distinction between mere social visiting and pastoral visiting. The object of a social interview may be recreation—to promote cheerfulness in pastor and people. The object of a pastoral visit is to promote the spiritual welfare of God's people. It should be rendered instrumental in awakening in them new zeal and interest in the cause of Christ, and in deepening their piety. He should impress upon the minds of his flock that the object of his pastoral labor is to make them better and happier Christians. Here the pastor learns the spiritual wants and condition of his people, and he will naturally adapt the matter and character of his discourses to their necessities. Hearing the experiences of others will make him an experimental preacher, one great want of the present day. He should visit the feeble and afflicted, the young and unstable, that he may encourage and comfort the former, and guide and confirm the latter.

6. *It is the duty of the pastor to exercise his judgment and influence to guard the church against the admission of unworthy members.*

Mark the distinction. We only affirm that he should exercise his discrimination to prevent the reception of unconverted members. He has no authority either to admit or exclude—this is the prerogative of the church. He has a better opportunity to judge of the qualifications of candidates for membership, and the church is generally governed by his recommendation; hence the necessity of caution on his part. It is to be feared that churches and pastors are becoming too lax in their manner of receiving members. Receive none into the fellowship of the church except those who know what it is to repent and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and have found him precious to their souls by believing in his name. The pastor who encourages either tacitly or openly the admission of unconverted members, inflicts a positive injury upon the church.

7. *It is the duty of the pastor to refuse to assist in the ordination of any man who is in any way incapable of exercising the high and responsible functions of a minister of Jesus Christ.* Paul says to Timothy, “Thou, therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. And the things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also.” No man that is incapable of filling the ministerial and pastoral office should ever go forth bearing the credentials of a Presbytery.

8. *The pastor should pray for the temporal and spiritual welfare of his people.*

“For this cause we also since the day we heard of it, do not cease to pray for you, and to desire that ye might be filled with the knowledge of his will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding.” Col. 1: 9.

9. *The pastor should not dissolve his connection with his church for trivial causes; but seek to render his pastoral office permanent.*

There are sometimes good reasons why he should make a change. Among these may be enumerated the incompetency of his salary, and the prospect of enlarged usefulness. Where those causes do not exist, he is unjustifiable in breaking away from his people who love him. Pastors are becoming too migratory and unsettled. Numerous evils arise from the want of permanency in the pastoral relation that we cannot now mention.

10. *A pastor should be impartial in his attentions to his flock, making no distinctions between the rich and the poor, and uniform in his conduct.*

“I charge thee before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, and the elect angels, that thou observe these things, without preferring one before another; doing nothing by partiality.” 1 Tim., 5: 21. He should exercise great prudence in his attentions to his people, so as not to create the impression that he prefers one to another. His conduct should be uniform. He should not be friendly and social to-day, and to-morrow indifferent. He must recognize them as members of his flock at all times and under all circumstances; at home and abroad, on the Sabbath and the week day, in the shop and the fields, let him

make them feel that he is the same God-fearing, faithful, kind, and affectionate pastor.

In conclusion, we observe that the pastor should cherish an ardent affection for his people, and entertain for them a spirit of kindness and gentleness, and ever live in hope of that perfect and indissoluble union that he will form with them in heaven. The apostle says, "As ye know how we exhorted and comforted, and charged every one of you as a father doth his children, that ye would walk worthy of God who hath called you unto his kingdom and glory." 1 Thes., 2: 11, 12. The faithful pastor, in serving the church, is serving his Lord and Master. Every act of love and kindness done to his people he regards as done to himself. If the communion and fellowship of a pastor and his flock be so endearing and joyous on earth, how much will this joy and happiness be heightened in heaven. "The elders which are among you I exhort, who am also an elder, and a witness of the sufferings of Christ, and also a partaker of the glory that shall be revealed. Feed the flock of God which are among you, taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind; neither as being lords over God's heritage, but being examples to the flock. And when the chief shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away." The faithful pastor shall receive an unfading crown. All shall enjoy the presence and smiles of the chief Shepherd. Heaven shall sweeten all our enjoyments, heighten all our pleasures, and consummate our mutual love and happiness. "Therefore, my beloved Brethren," pastors, and people, "be ye steadfast, immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

THE DOCTRINE OF REPENTANCE.

There is no doctrine, no duty, in which the human spirit is more deeply interested, than "Repentance towards God," and its consequent, "Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." Yet how confused are the views of most persons—of all unconverted persons—concerning this momentous subject. The shedding of a few tears, or the abandonment of some sinful habit, is, with many, all that is comprehended in the command. That it is something spiritual—something that stirs the deepest sympathies and sentiments of the soul—an utter prostration before God, an entire change of the whole moral nature—this is what few comprehend, and what many deny.

Among the many causes for this misapprehension is the indefi-

niteneſs of the term *Repentance*. “It has,” ſays Dr. Chalmers in his introduction to Baxter’s Call, ‘been reſtricted to the repentance of mere ſorrow, and is made equivalent to regret.’ But it needs no argument to ſhow that a man may regret a certain courſe becauſe of its conſequents; while, were it not for theſe, it would be the courſe of his choice and his love. Aye, and ſtill may the drunkard drink deeply of the poiſonous draught, while he regrets that he is a drunkard, and curſes the hour when he became a ſlave to the habit. “Now, we have much the ſame kind of exception to allege againſt the term *Reformation* that we have alleged againſt *Repentance*. The term Repentance is inadequate. Why? Becauſe in the common uſe of it, it is equivalent to regret, and regret is ſhort of the ſaving change that is ſpoken of in the New Teſtament. On the very ſame principle we count the term Reformation to be inadequate. In common language, a man would receive the appellation of a reformed man without any reference to the change of mind and of principle which gave riſe to it.”

But will not the original word itſelf throw ſome light on this queſtion. It is different from the word which expreſſes the repentance of ſorrow, and if translated according to the parts of which it is compoſed, it ſignifies neither more nor leſs than *a change of mind*: There is no ſingle word in the Engliſh language which occurs to us as fully equal to the faithful rendering of the term in the original, *metanoia*. Renewedneſs of mind, however awkward a phrase this may be, is perhaps the moſt nearly expreſſive of it. Certain it is, that it harmonizes with thoſe other paſſages of the Bible, where the proceſs is deſcribed by which ſaving repentance is brought about. We read of being transformed by the renewing of the Holy Ghoſt; “of being renewed in the ſpirit of our minds.” Scriptural repentance is therefore that deep and *radical change* whereby a ſoul turns from its idols of ſin, and of ſelf, unto God.

But if miſchief is likely to follow the want of an adequate word in our language to repreſent that repentance which is unto ſalvation, there is one effectual preſervation againſt it—a firm and conſcientious exhibition of the whole council of God. A man who is well read in his New Teſtament, and who reads it with

docility, will dismiss all his meager conceptions of repentance when he comes to the following statements: 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God;' 'If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his.' Such are the terms employed to describe the process by which the soul of man is renewed unto repentance."

This lucid statement of the spiritual import of repentance is condensed, and thus forcibly expressed by Gill: "It is a reduction of the mind from a rebellious and disaffected state, to that of submission and thorough separation from iniquity; by which converted sinners are distinguished."

It is strictly *a change of mind*—not, however, excluding the heart, the affections—for repentance is called a "godly sorrow;" a contrite, a broken heart. Indeed, a radical change of mind in regard to God's law, and the "sinfulness of sin," cannot exist without a corresponding change in the affections. To see sin in its real enormity and heinousness must necessarily produce a loathing of what is thus seen—an utter abhorrence of sin. That sin will be thus seen and thus hated by a heart in which dwells *no* love to God, is to us inconceivable. For the groundwork, the spring, whence it flows, what is its necessary antecedent, we refer our readers to an article in the February number of this work on the Order of Conversion, for a searching review of which we would really be thankful.

Repentance is therefore a change, not only of views, but a corresponding change of the affections. "Such a repentance," says Gill, "is accompanied with a loathing detestation and abhorrence of sin, as well as a turning from it to the Lord. And thus in the New Testament repentance and turning are mentioned together, and the latter explanatory of the former. 'Let the wicked man,' says the prophet, 'forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him turn to the Lord who will have mercy upon him, and to our God who will abundantly pardon.'"

Repentance, then, evidently includes three things, or conditions of mind and heart, which conditions are necessarily related to each other.

1st. There must be real *heart-felt* sorrow for sin, or there can

certainly be no true repentance. To say a man repents of that for which he feels no sorrow is absurd.

2d. There must be *heart-felt* hatred of sin. If a man still love sin, of course there is no repentance. But let its guilt, its vileness, its utter enormity, its damning nature be known, seen, felt, and sorrow for being its willing victim, and abhorrence of its corrupting loathsomeness will ever result. And

3d. There must be consequent *abandonment* of that from which with sorrow and loathing we turn. He who has heart-felt sorrow on account sin, who "hates it with a perfect hatred," will forsake it; and that he abandon it is the only evidence to himself or others, that he *has* godly sorrow, that he *does* hate sin.

Repentance, therefore, is sorrow for sin, hatred of sin, and turning from sin. Nothing short of this is true evangelical repentance.

But it must be evident to every mind that such repentance as this is not the shedding of a few tears, caused by a pathetic appeal or transient emotion. It is not the half-formed resolve to live better and refrain from outbreaching sin. It is not the soul's determination, however decisive or sustained, to be a religious man, to unite with God's people, and get to heaven. It is not even attention to religious ordinances, to God's house, God's work, or even the closet. There may be the tear, the resolve, the reformation, the prayer, the obedience to God's ordinances, the union with God's people, and all followed by a consistent life; and yet no repentance, no heart-felt contrition, no hatred of sin, no prostration of the soul before God as a guilty, worthless thing, blackened with sin and deserving eternal ruin. Repentance is to realize that the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" to feel the mire and the clay beneath our feet in the horrible pit of our iniquities; to hate sin as vile, shameless treason against my best, my dearest friend; to fly from it as from a loathsome, corrupting plague, that would cover my soul with abominable wretchedness.

Now such a repentance as this, moving the deepest depths of the man's whole being, must spring from the knowledge of and confidence in certain truths and facts, in their nature sufficient to produce such a condition of mind and heart. A man must

know there is a law, must believe that the penalties annexed to it will be inflicted on its transgressors. He must be convinced that he has broken that law, must realize the enormity of that transgression, and acknowledge the justice of its penalties and his own condemnation. "I acknowledge my transgression, and my sin is ever before me. Against thee only have I sinned, that thou mightest be just when thou judgest."

Farther, Christ tells us that when the Comforter shall come, he shall reprove, or convict—as the original has it—the world of sin, because they believe not in me. There is the world's sin, unbelief, "He that believeth not shall be damned." Now the man that repents, forsakes sin—all sin, consequently the sin of unbelief—until he receives Christ, he is rejecting him. Until he believes in Christ, he has not forsaken the sin of unbelief. But when he has really repented, forsaken all sin, the sin of unbelief included; when he has undergone that change of heart and mind taught by the term repentance, *he has believed*, has turned to Christ, has trusted in Christ. Until he trusts in Christ his repentance is but limited and partial. When he believes in "Christ to the saving of his soul," he has truly and thoroughly repented; the change of mind and heart has taken place.

From this it will be seen that repentance always terminates in faith or trust in Christ, as the refuge of the soul that feels its ruin and danger as a transgressor of the divine law.

Let us now sum up these statements. Repentance means ■ change of mind and heart, and includes ■ sorrow for sin, an abhorrence of sin, ■ turning from sin to God, and terminates in faith in the cross of Christ.

If this definition be accepted, and we see not how it can be denied, then a change of heart and repentance amount to the same thing. For a change of heart must mean a change of the affections, a revolution in the moral nature by which the individual is brought to "hate his former loves, and love his former hates." It is the awakening of a heart previously "dead in sins" to a sense of its pollution. It is such a change in the moral vision and taste, as that sin is seen in its real nature and enormity, and is consequently deplored and abhorred. In fine, a change of heart includes ■ sense of the guilt of sin, a sorrow for sin, and abhorrence of sin,

and a turning from sin to God, and must in every case lead to a hearty reception of Christ. This statement of what is meant by a change of heart, a new heart, a contrite heart, will not, we think, be objected to.

Well, then, what is repentance but a sense of the guilt of sin, a sorrow for sin, an abhorrence of sin, which, if genuine and thorough, must lead to a hearty acceptance of Christ. *Repentance* is a change. A literal translation of the original words is, renewedness of mind. Such a change the man who repents undergoes and experiences. And a change of heart is of course a change—a renewedness of mind. Both include the affections. They are equal to the same thing. Are they not equal to each other?

But now if it be said that a man is commanded to repent, and it is something which must be done by him, while a change of heart is the work of the Holy Spirit, we answer, that God commands us to make a new heart, to cleanse our hearts; and a change of heart or of affections—that is, turning from the love of sin to the love of holiness—is commanded of all, and is the present duty of all. But repentance is no more the work of man, than is a change of heart. He is exalted upon high, a Prince and a Saviour, to “*give repentance*.” A heart-felt sorrow for sin, a hatred of sin, and an abandonment of sin—repentance—renewedness of mind—never originated or was developed in the heart of any fallen being, but by the operation of the eternal Spirit. “It is God that worketh in us, both to will and to do, of his own good pleasure.” But if this radical change is what is meant by repentance, is not repentance and regeneration synonymous?

It is true that such a change as comprehends the whole work of a sinner passing from death unto life includes the spiritual life of the soul, over which it has passed.

We do not presume to speak with positive certainty of the time or mode of the Spirit’s operation on the human mind. We know but little of the mind’s own operations. We attempt not to draw a definite line of demarcation between the operations of the one or the other, and point out where the one terminates and the other begins. “In what way,” says Coleridge, “or by what manner of working God changes a soul from evil to good; how he im-

pregnates the barren rock with priceless gems and gold, is to the human mind an impenetrable mystery, in all cases alike." But in the transition from spiritual death and darkness to the joy that streams down from the eternal heaven over the heart mantled in light and kindled to rapture by the smile of his reconciled Father, there are, doubtless, processes antecedent and consequent, while the soul, struggling into life and light—in the words of Pascal—"makes repeatedly fresh efforts to lower itself to the last abysses of nothingness, while it surveys God still in interminable multiplying immensities," and finding itself at last prostrate at the foot of the Cross, it is lifted up, and made to sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. All this is the work of repentance. Its termination is faith in Christ. Its beginning is the first awakening of the soul beneath the quickening influence of the Spirit.

We have shown that repentance is a change of mind and heart. "Now," in the words of Gill, "regeneration is a passing from death unto life. It is a principle of spiritual life implanted in the heart." But he defines repentance to be "a change of mind, which includes the whole of that alteration with respect to views, disposition, and conduct, which is effected through the gospel."

It will be evident, from what has been said, that repentance, which includes a change of heart; and regeneration, which is a principle of spiritual life implanted in the heart, necessarily involve each other.

God quickens the soul dead in trespasses and sin. This is being begotten from above—regeneration. The soul, quickened into spiritual life, feels the guilt of sin, mourns over it, and abandons it. This is repentance. Regeneration is a work done in us, and for us, by the Holy Spirit. Repentance is a work done by us through the spirit. The former is the awakening of the soul; the latter is the soul's first awakenings. Regeneration is the life breathed into the quickened soul. Repentance is the contrite breathing of the soul thus quickened. The one is the breaking up of the heart's deep fountains; the other, the gushings of that broken heart. In every instance they are inseparable. But we have said that repentance always terminates in faith—that it precedes faith, and is that state of heart which always meets with mercy. But we shall speak of this again. S. H. F.

MINISTERIAL EDUCATION.

THE pulpit is to the church what the press is to society. As the press, to a great extent, moulds and controls public sentiment, so the pulpit fashions and directs the religious views of the church. Hence the necessity of a well informed and deeply religious toned ministry. The great demand for effective laborers in the vineyard of the Lord is awakening an earnest inquiry as to the best means of filling our pulpits with God-fearing, zealous and intelligent men. While it is a conceded fact, that the Baptist pulpit of America will compare favorably with that of any other denomination, yet it is also true, that it is very much inferior to what it should be, and to what the intelligence of the Baptist denomination, and the literary progress of the age demand. The pastor is to the church what the shepherd is to the sheep. It is the duty of the shepherd not only to *feed* the flock, but to *defend* it. So it is the duty of the pastor, not only to counsel the Christian, by presenting gospel truth, but also to *defend* that truth. The former may be done by the truly pious, though unlearned minister. The power of truth is inherent in itself, and when presented unmixed with error, the mind, almost unconsciously, receives it. Hence the simple story of the Cross, presented by the faithful minister, in the unadorned and artless style and language of the regenerated soul, carries conviction to the sinner's heart, and hope to the bosom of the Christian. But, unfortunately, the great burden of ministerial duty is not alone to *present* truth, but also to *defend* it.

The defense of any cause depends upon the nature of the attack. At the present day, the great enemy of religion is infidelity in some form or other. It can be successfully met only upon its own assumed grounds. "The war must be carried into Africa." The sophistry that has been thrown around truth by modern theology and the supposed teachings of science, must be exposed. This can be effectually and triumphantly done only by an educated mind—one that can *knowingly* thread the mazes of metaphysics, or safely rest his cause upon reason's broad basis—the Gibraltar of infidelity.

We need, then, a thoroughly educated ministry to defend the truth. But *how* best obtain it? This is the question to be solved. And upon its solution depends, to a great extent, the prosperity and usefulness of the Baptist denomination. B. F. H.

NEW LIBERTY, Ky., 1857.

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

BY B. T. P. CAKE.

THE Press has become a first power in the world. That the “pen *is* mightier than the sword” is now not only claimed, but conceded. Not only does it in the political world disintegrate old theories, and found new dynasties of sentiment, and in the literary world sit as a very king upon its throne of power, and spread its light, influence, and learning, from the “rivers to the ends of the earth,” but it comes into the realms of Christian mind, and proves itself a giant influence here, in the formation and direction of religious sentiment, around which cluster the hopes of the world, in reference to eternal things.

The religious press, indeed, is fast rivaling the pulpit in influence with the masses, from the fact that it not only has equal talent, but far more tact and practical adaptedness for the popular mind. And while its influence is so omnipotent and far-reaching, its responsibilities bear to its power and influence a just proportion. No man, then, who is a public religious journalist for the million, can honestly believe in the power and influence of the press, and urge it as an argument for its hearty and liberal support, who does not practically acknowledge and act up to the responsibilities of his position before God and his fellow men.

It should be well understood, that the conductor of the religious press occupies a high moral position, for the religious press comes into the world's arena, and into the great battle that is waging in all the earth between sin and holiness, truth and error, and takes ground for God and his cause, as one of the very first powers, in point of influence, that is to measure strength with the enemy in this great contest.

It raises the standard of Immanuel, and consecrates itself to its defense. That banner is the representative of principles as high and holy as heaven, as important to the world as the souls of men are inestimable in value, and as uncompromising in their character as God's invariableness can make them.

The responsible office of the religious press, in reference to these principles, is one of affirmation and maintainance: it comes to affirm for God, and maintain for him. How illustrious the duty—how peerless the office-work—how responsible the position!

First, in reference to its *affirmations*. Does it come to affirm for God, he holds over its witness-stand this blazing truth—"He that hath my word let him speak my word faithfully, for what is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord."

It *must*, then, affirm faithfully the whole truth as it is in Jesus, and teach the nations all things whatsoever he has commanded them. It must not dare to cater to preconceived opinions, the prejudices of education, the errors of the multitude, or succumb to the flattery, patronage, or high and influential position of any who oppose the whole truth as it is in Jesus.

As it stands up amid the realms of mind to affirm for the God of heaven, in the thunder-tones of its far-reaching and gigantic power, that speaks to thousands and millions in a breath, and utters words that bear vitally on their eternal weal or wo, it must "*give the trumpet a certain sound*," and utter an inviolable and explicit testimony.

Wo from God betides that conductor of the religious press that in such a position, and under such solemn circumstances, refuses to do his duty, and his *whole* duty, to God and the souls of men. He must not only affirm faithfully, but *unreservedly*. He must "keep back no part of the price," for if he "add aught to, or diminish aught from," the truth of that Book which is given to guide his every affirmation, God declares that he will add unto that man the plagues that are written in the Book. No rule-and-line-hampers of any theological Shibboleths, or worldly-wise, or churchly-wise policy, are to fetter the liberty of God's eternal truth, which is the birthright of the nations, or clothe their tyrannous sounds for its intimidation or suppression.

That conductor of the religious press who has taken his proper position, the only position compatible with his high and dignified office-work, and its solemn responsibilities, has, in the first place, unshackled himself from every fear *of* man, and every allegiance to man, in any sense of mastership or censor; has dared with the truth to face a world in arms against its Sovereign, though it is led on by the devil, and flanked and supported by every lust and pride to which the carnal heart is heir. He boldly affirms to it, unreservedly, every truth, great and small, backing them all up with the weighty authority and mighty moral power of a "*thus saith the Lord.*"

But again—He not only affirms, faithfully and unreservedly, but resolutely and solemnly. As truth is strong and explicit, he speaks no weak and vacillating words, that must needs, as it were, lean against each other for support. No! his affirmations are the resolute, bolt-upright utterances that become the man who feels his press is wrought on the rock of God's eternal truth, and under the shadow of his invulnerable throne.

His affirmations are as solemn as they are resolute. If God has held the scales, and weighed each word of the truth he is to affirm for him, and decided that no one of them is so light but that it *weighs* for eternal weal or wo, and has a bearing on the destinies of souls; if he has consecrated every "jot" and "tittle" to complete and just fulfillment, then his business in affirming that truth is a solemn one, and should be solemnly performed.

No more flippant, facile, fancy-tempting, or world-and-flesh-catching-manner of affirming the truth, which leases out the consciences of the church to error and sin, will either please his Master or exonerate him. Does he affirm for *God*, he must do it as one that is to give account.

But we remarked that the office of the religious press was not only to affirm, but *maintain*. That conductor of a religious press, who does the one and refuses the other, is not worthy of support. Having "put his hand to the plow, he must not look back." In discharging this part of his duty he must expect to meet the most subtle and skillful combinations of error, and of truth and error combined, supported and defended by the use of weapons the most facile and efficient that cunning and learning could forge, and

wielded with a dexterity and unscrupulousness which often pauses not at any consequences, and is only rivalled by the determined persistence with which error seeks an ultimate victory.

The conductor of the religious press then, in coming to this part of his duty, must not only bring with him much of the spirit of God's grace, that will give him a calm, patient, and deliberate purpose, signalized by the utmost wisdom and prudence in its execution—but he *must have* added to these, and standing out in bold relief, the mind to maintain the truth of God *courageously* and *uncompromisingly*!

He must maintain with *courage*. Courage is not rashness, or fool-hardiness. It is the iron nerve of a soul that rises calmly, majestically, but *unalterably*, under the influence of proper motives, and in view of the preciousness of truth and his own accountability to God, to a *level* in the most formidable opposition, and quails not before any threatened consequences, keeping its unblanched eye alone upon that pole-star of eternal truth, which is at once its guide and its goal.

To maintain, he must often aggress into the very camp of the enemy, for they will often drag the truth *there*, to hawk at and crucify it, as they did its Divine Master. Then, like the beloved disciple, and the holy women of old, he must follow the Cross of truth into the midst of the camp of the enemy, where they are “railing and wagging their heads,” hissing their hottest spite, and thrusting upon its representatives their bitterest gall, and *stand by the Cross*.

It is written, “Now (under these circumstances) there stood by the Cross, Mary the mother of Jesus, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene.”

Immortal record! When others “forsook him and fled,”—when he was surrounded by his enemies to be put to death—when the hope-star of truth seemed to dip lowest in the horizon, and that of error and sin seemed to shoot up to zenith;—when the object of their faith, thorn-crowned, bleeding, groaning, dying, was hung between two thieves to aggravate the ignominy of his death;—when the wicked shouted their most hellish spleen, and pointed to his writhing body as the prestige of their triumph—when that sea of voices railed out its hate, and human depravity

dabbled its thirstiness in his innocent blood, alone, undismayed, these noble disciples courageously identified their faith, and stood throughout all that terrible tragedy firmly, uncompromisingly, by the Cross of their Lord.

O! if the recording angel of heaven has made one part of that record brighter than another, that tells the connections of faithful discipleship in the Jesus' Cross on earth, methinks it is where he has written down this glorious instance of heroic courage and martyr-devotion to our ascended Redeemer.

Such will often be the duty of the faithful conductor of the religious press. Where the battle wages thickest and hottest, even among the very citadels of the enemy, he will be called to stand by the Cross; or, sounding the clarion of truth, and drawing the double-edged gleaming scimitar of the spirit, *strike home to the very heart's core of error and sin*, with a courage as fearless and unblanched, and a spirit as resolute and uncompromising, as the martyrs of the rack and the stake.

Yes, he must maintain *uncompromisingly*! For, "what concord hath light with darkness," or truth with error, or "Christ with Belial?"

Since the day Satan headed the hosts of darkness in rebellion against the allegiance of heaven down to the present time, truth has not changed in its character, consistency, or demands. Its demands are to-day as they were then—*Heaven-high*; and if no vaulting ambition of hell might o'erleap them *then*, no compromises that it proposes *now*, can bring an armistice to this war between light and darkness, or lower the eagle-crest of that eternal truth, which, flashing from Sinai, or rocking the mountains round Golgotha, kindling its peerless radiance around the Cross of Calvary, or winning its highest prestige and triumph at the resurrection of Jesus, alike declares, that it is the same, "yesterday, to-day, and forever."

He, then, that comes to maintain such truth, and fight its battles, must have a spirit breathing its own indomitableness, and inheriting its own impregnability. He must be no spiritual craven, no religious *trimmer*, between the uncompromising issues of light and darkness, truth and error; no obsequious lacquey to wait on pomp and patronage, to hear *them* speak, and *then* take

his stand. No, he must be the spiritual freedman, who, when he grasps the battle-axe of truth and comes into this contest, knows no law but the Bible's, no king save Jesus.

He must unshackle his soul as did Paul, and, ascending to the Pisgah's height of his faith, that takes within its scope at once the *whole* moral battle field of the truth on earth, with all its toils and trials and sacrifices, and the scene of that eternal weight of glory that lies beyond, and bringing himself before the high altar of heaven, immolate itself, and say, "*Yea, doubtless, I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord.*"

THIS is the vow that must be upon his soul, and *this* the heroic devotion of his spirit, who would worthily take his stand upon the platform of the religious press, and lead and guide its mighty influences and sublime powers amid the raging elements of that battle that is waging for the truth of God and the salvation of the souls of men.

That God may descend this mantle from heaven upon every one of the conductors of our religious press, and cause them to wear it in all the contest, "without spot or blemish, or any such thing," is our prayer for Christ sake.

FAYETTE, Mo., June, 1857.

HOW WAS THE CHURCH BUILT ON PETER.

In an able article in the *Christian Review* for October, by T. M. C. Breaker, of South Carolina, the following passage occurs:

"In reply to Christ's inquiry, Peter, speaking for the other apostles as well as for himself, uttered his noble confession: 'Thou art Christ,'—that is the Messiah—'the son of the living God.' After which our Lord says, 'And I say unto thee,'—that is, as *you* have made this confession,—'I on my part declare that tkou art Peter,' (or rock,) 'and upon this rock I will build' (or more properly build *up*) 'my church,' &c. This is plainly an example of *paronomasia*; but in what sense was Christ's ecclesia or congregation built upon Peter? Not upon his person—not upon the man—but upon his preaching, as was literally the fact on the day of Pentecost, and which was evidently the fulfillment of the

promise here made to him by Christ. Through Peter's preaching in one day, 'there were added unto them,' that is, to the ecclesia or the congregation, about three thousand souls. The church, as the organized company of Christ's disciples, was in existence at the time of his uttering this promise, and was only to be *built up* upon Peter," &c.

I can see no reason for the statement, that the church was built upon *Peter's* preaching on the day of Pentecost. For, "Peter standing up *with the eleven*, lifted up his voice;" and of the three thousand added to the ecclesia or congregation on that day, we may well conclude that some were converted under the preaching of the other apostles. But if the conversion of souls under Peter's preaching was a literal fulfillment of Christ's promise to build the church *on Peter*, then the conversion of souls under any man's preaching is a literal fulfillment of the same promise, and the church was built up on each of the eleven, on Paul and Apollos, and every successful minister since. This interpretation of the Saviour's words would, in our estimation, strip it of all significance and force.

But it is evident, even to the English reader, that the words of Christ point to "ON THIS ROCK." In the original it is still stronger, for it is literally, "on *this*, the rock.

But there is another and I think incontrovertible fact, which destroys Brother Breker's, (as he must excuse us for saying,) the papistical interpretation of this passage.

Let it be remembered that when Peter was first brought to Christ, "when Jesus beheld him he said, 'Thou art Simon the son of Jona, thou shalt be called Cephias, which is, being interpreted, *a stone*.'" Cephias is not a Greek, but a Syriac word, and therefore required to be translated into the Greek language, in which the scriptures were written. The Greek word, therefore, is *petros*, a stone. Mark it. It was not *petra*, a rock, but *petros*, a stone.

Now let us notice the bearing of this on the passage before us: "And I say unto thee, thou art *Cephias*," or, in Greek, *petros*—in English, *a stone*. Thou art a stone (*kia*), "but upon this, **THE ROCK**, will I build my church.

To an English reader this may need a few words more. There

is in Greek, as in English, two words sometimes used interchangeably, yet by no means synonymous—*petra*, a rock; *petros*, a stone. Now, when these words are used in the same sentence, the difference in their signification at once appears. The shadow of a great rock in a weary land brings before us a very different image from the stone which can be moved, lifted, or thrown. The word that Christ applies to Simon—*petros*—is, I believe, frequently used by Homer to mean a stone, or fragments of rock such as his heroes might throw; never for a massive rock. But more especially, it is the Greek translation of the Syro-Chaldaic word which Christ used, Cephias, which is, interpreted, *a stone*.

The particle *kia* is frequently rendered BUT, and I believe should be in this instance. The reading would then be, “I say unto thee, thou art *a stone*, but upon this *rock* will I build my congregation”—upon the rock of ages, not on the moveable stone to which Simon was comparable. Simon Cephias, that is Simon *Stone*, was the name of him we call Peter, and a literal translation will so render it whenever it occurs. That it was on the noble confession that Peter had just made, on which Christ declared he would build his congregation, though more plausible than the interpretation under consideration, is open to objection of another character, yet equally serious.

If it be said that on the truth confessed by Peter the church is built—the truth as it is in Jesus—I have no objections to offer. But to say that the *confession* itself is the rock—the foundation of the church or any individual—is absurd. It is giving a prominence to a mere utterance, which may be silenced through cowardice or fear, shame or treachery, an importance and stability belonging to an eternal, unchanging principle. It is to say that each man lays his own foundation by making this confession, and then builds upon it; it is to make the kingdom of Christ dependent on the breath of man, instead of the immutable counsel of Jehovah; it is, in fine, to strip the words of Christ of all their assurance as a pledge of certain triumph. And yet this is the interpretation practicably enforced from a thousand pulpits in the Southwest—“the noble confession of Peter is the rock;” “make this good confession, and you know you are on the rock”—because, it may be added, you have made it.

S. H. F.

WHERE DID THE BAPTISTS COME FROM ?

MILESTONE VII.

FROM the banks of the Euphrates, as a favor or a punishment, a great number of Paulicians were transported into Europe, and by this emigration their doctrines were introduced and diffused through Italy and the kingdoms beyond the Alps. Such is the statement of the Roman historian. Their principles, though recorded by their foes, proclaim their love of truth and freedom ; while their greatest crime was the rejection of infant baptism and the superstitions of an apostate church.

Of this link in the historic chain, a few plain statements from undoubted authorities.

“ The Paulician teachers,” says Gibbon, “ were distinguished only by their scripture names, by the modest title of Fellow-pilgrims, by the austerity of their lives, their zeal, and the credit of some extraordinary gifts of the Holy Spirit. But they were incapable of desiring the wealth and honors of the Catholic prelacy. Such anti-christian pride they bitterly censured. The new sect was spread over the provinces of Asia Minor, to the westward of the Euphrates. Six of their principle congregations represented the churches to which the epistles of Paul were addressed.” “ This current allegory,” continues Gibbon, “ revived the memory and example of the first ages.” Among their ministers were no distinguishing titles. From the fact that they had no acknowledged leader, they were called Acephi, or headless. These pure and peaceable people, who sought neither power nor earthly honor, but held forth amid the surrounding darkness the light of God’s truth, became the victims of merciless persecution. “ In the calamitous period of one hundred and fifty years, their patience sustained whatever zeal could inflict.” “ The feeble Michael the First, the rigid Leo the Armenian, were foremost in the race of persecution ; but the prize must doubtless be adjudged to the devotion of Theodora. Her persecutors explored the cities and mountains of Lower Asia, and her flatterers have affirmed, that, in her short reign, *one hundred thousand* Paulicians were extirpated by the sword, the gibbet, or the flames.”*

Such were the Paulicians, such their numbers and their sufferings. They were found thus numerous in the regions of apostolic labor as far back as the middle of the seventh century. "And their exile," says Gibbon, "has scattered over the West the seeds of reformation." Thus the Baptists, that lay concealed in almost all the countries of Europe before the time of Luther and Calvin, we have traced up to these Paulicians. And now, *Where did THEY come from?*

In Mananalis, in the neighborhood of Samosata, lived an obscure man, whose name was Constantine. A Christian, who had been a prisoner among the Saracens in Syria, having obtained his freedom, was returning to his home, and sought shelter in the humble house of Constantine. The pilgrim was kindly received by his guest, and remained some days beneath his roof. On parting, he gave to Constantine two manuscripts, which he had brought out of Syria. They contained the four gospels and the epistles of Paul. The stranger was a deacon. The gift was doubtless accompanied with an earnest exposition of the simple truths they contained. "These books," says Gibbon, "became the measure of his studies, and the rule of his faith. But he attached himself with peculiar devotion to the character and writings of St. Paul. The name of the Paulicians is derived by their enemies from some unknown and domestic teacher; but I am confident that they gloried in their affinity to the Apostle of the Gentiles."

"The apostolic labors of Constantine," continues Gibbon, "multiplied the number of his disciples—the secret resource of spiritual ambition. The remnant of the Gnostic sects, and especially the Manicheans of Armenia, were united under his standard. Many Catholics were converted or seduced by his arguments, and he preached with success in the regions of Pontus and Capadosia."

After a mission of twenty-seven years, Constantine, or, as he was known by his brethren, Sylvanus, who had retired from the tolerating government of the Arabs, fell a sacrifice to Roman persecution. The laws of the pious emperors, which seldom touched the lives of less odious heretics, persecuted without mercy or disguise the tenets, the books, and the persons of the

Montanists and Manicheans; the books were delivered to the flames, and all who should presume to secrete such writings, or profess such opinions, were devoted to an ignominious death. A Greek minister, endowed with legal and military power, appeared at Colonia, to strike the shepherd, and reclaim, if possible, the lost sheep. By a refinement of cruelty, Simon (the officer), placed the unfortunate Constantine Sylvanus before a line of his disciples, who were commanded, as the price of their pardon and the proof of their repentance, to massacre their spiritual father. They turned aside from the impious office. The stones dropped from their filial hands; and of the whole number, only one executioner could be found." Justine was the name of the apostate. But Simon, the officer, affected by the stern fortitude and triumphant dictates of these Baptists, was led to investigate their arguments and became a convert to the truth; and after years of zealous conflict, sealed it with his blood.

These links in the chain of church history should be constantly associated, so that a familiarity with the unbroken connection become familiar. We have found Baptists (according to the portrait drawn by friends and foes) on the banks of the Euphrates in 650. We have seen their sufferings, as thousands upon thousands were crushed beneath the merciless feet of anti-christ. We have followed their emigration to Constantinople and Thrace, when their doctrines were disseminated through Europe.

"From Italy," says Mosheim, "the Paulicians passed into almost all the colonies of Europe, and formed gradually a considerable number of religious assemblies, who adhered to their doctrine," and who realized every form of opposition from the Popes. Connect this with the statement of the same historian so often quoted, and we find them concealed in almost all the countries of Europe at the time of Luther's Reformation.

But did the Baptists originate with this Constantine Sylvanus?

Let it be remembered, that Gibbon says, as already quoted—and his statement is fully borne out by Mosheim and the monkish historians—that Constantine Sylvanus gathered around him "*the remnant of the Gnostic sects, and especially the Manicheans of Armenia.*" Now it must be evident, that when the deacon left with Constantine the four gospels, he directed the young convert

to those who held the truths which Constantine had now embraced. In a congregation of one of these sects, this returning pilgrim was a *deacon*. The sudden appearance and growth of these men called Paulicians, was nothing but the rallying of the scattered churches, whose members and ministers stepped forth from their obscurity at the stirring calls of this new disciple. It was so in the time of Luther, when, as Mosheim says, "there rose suddenly and simultaneously in different countries" thousands of Baptists, who had been concealed. The "remnant of the Gnostic sects," as the historian calls them, were, in fact, God's hidden ones—the Baptists scattered through Asia Minor.

For the council of Nice had condemned, with other heretics, the Catheri, or Puritans, afterwards called Paterines. But the Catheri, or Paterines, of Italy, whom we have found to be Baptists, were the Paulicians, transported from their homes into Europe. Yet these Catheri abounded in Asia before the time of Constantine and the Paulicians. One of their officers was this deacon, whose visit to the humble dwelling of Constantine led that noble martyr into the truth. The deacon was a Catheri, or Paterine—a Baptist. They were scattered through Asia, and condemned as heretics, from the fourth century, till they lost their many nicknames in the general appellation, Paulicians. Of all this we will have the full proof.

The Council of Nice was held by Constantine the Great in the fourth century. It was the setting up of a worldly and wicked establishment, called *the Catholic Church*. From its establishment to its fall, as a *State Church*, in Greece there were ever found a large body of Dissenters. They were named Messalians and Euchites, the one a Hebrew, the other a Greek name, and both signifying a people that pray. For they placed their religion not in forms, however scriptural, but in spiritual devotion. Euchite among the Greeks, like Paterine, or Waldenseans among the Latins, was the common name of all dissenters or heretics. Dr. Mosheim says, "the accounts which have been given of them are not in all respects to be depended upon; and there are several circumstances which render it extremely probable that many persons of eminent piety and zeal for genuine Christianity were confounded by the Greeks with these enthusiasts, and ranked with

the list of heretics merely on account of their opposing the vicious practices and the insolent tyranny of the priesthood, and their treating with derision the motley spectacle of superstition that was supported by public authority." "Under this name (heretics) were all comprehended who opposed the reigning superstition of the times, or looked upon true and genuine piety as the essence of the Christian religion."*

Now of these heretical sects we will hear an eye-witness speak.

In looking for the founders of these sects, or endeavoring to trace their origin, Epiphanius says: "They had neither head nor tail, neither princes nor legislators, but were all equal." They were consequently called Melchesedians. For they were without father, without mother, beginning of days or end of time. He says they spoke of an Almighty, and worshiped only God. They assembled morning and evening for worship, singing hymns, and praying, together with reading the scriptures, while the wisest among them taught.†

Such were the sects that rallied around Constantine Sylvanus. They *immersed*. All the Greeks, both of the establishment and of the *sects*, did this, have ever done so. Nor is there any dispute as to this. That they were immersionists is incontrovertible. They opposed the so-called church because it was a worldly community, which received and retained unconverted persons in its communion. They consequently re-immersed all who came from the established church before admitting them into their churches. "The baptism of infants is condemned by the Paterines," says Pope Leo.

They were Anabaptists—Immersionists.

They acknowledge no head—all were equal, and their "churches were independent, little republics."

They believed in the Deity and vicarious sufferings of Christ, and worshiped God in spiritual simplicity.

For these heresies they were condemned as Catheri in the Council of Nice. *They were Baptists*. It is as evident as any such fact can be made by the scattered rays of history coming down to us from that twilight age.

* Ecc. His., Cent. IV., chap. 11.

† Quoted by Robinson—Researches.

But beyond the Paulicians and Constantine Sylvanus, with the suffering thousands whose blood stained both Europe and Asia—from the Euphrates of the East, to the Rhine and Thames of the West—beyond them and their history have we traced Baptists in the Catheri.

These last we have found to be Baptists, and shall again inquire—where did *they come from*?

Family Visitant.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. S. R. FORD.

THE CONVICT'S BRIDE.

ON the high limestone banks of the Missouri, a company of men were gathered. It was a small town, incorporated a city, and called after the name of the favorite of the State—the sage of Monticello.

It was a bright summer morning. The river, with its green islands and sweeping curves, sparkled beneath the sunlight, and disappeared in the distant, overshadowing forest.

A steamboat is seen. The sound of its scape-pipes ringing out on the still air hushes the wild music of the birds, and startles the wild deer from their shady coverts. Impatiently its approach is watched by the group assembled on the shore.

“Another gang,” said one of the crowd, as the boat was made fast; and chained together, about twenty unfortunate criminals were marched ashore.

“Do you see that fellow dressed in black?” said some one near me. “I’ll be bound he’s the grandest rascal in that gang.”

“He’s a skinner,” says another, “just look at his eye.”

“As sure as I live,” I whispered to a friend, “I know that young man’s history. He’s a young lawyer, condemned for counterfeiting.”

I passed to the other side of the prisoners, and walked a few paces near the marked individual. His face looked pale and worn. Mortification and despair were depicted on his intelligent and handsome countenance. Neatly dressed, with a fine form and noble port, his whole contour indicated the refined gentleman.

"What is his name, dressed in black?" I asked of one of the guards.

"Flemming," he answered. I was satisfied. "Poor man," I involuntarily prayed, "God pity him."

THE TRIAL.

In the court-house of St. Louis, a few weeks previous, a jury returned a verdict of Guilty against the prisoner at the bar, who was indicted for counterfeiting—it was Fleming; a name which it was evident he assumed.

"Prisoner," said the Judge, "have you anything to say before sentence is passed upon you?"

Slowly the young man arose, and with trembling voice, thus addressed the Judge:

"Your Honor—I have but a few words to say. I had determined to remain silent, but the wrong impression made upon your mind, as well as the mind of the jury, urges me to speak. Sir, I am not a counterfeiter, as the Commonwealth's attorney has so repeatedly asseverated. I have stood at the bar, and in society, as high, sir —— but no," he faltered, "I cannot speak. I came to your city, sir, a stranger. I parted with my last dollar, as I had with thousands, at the gambling table. I was suddenly reduced to beggary. What was I to do? I sought assistance from those who had plundered me, and they gave me counterfeit money, which, knowing it to be such, I acknowledge I passed. Sir, I have no more to say. I know the law, and am prepared to hear its penalty."

He sat down and buried his face in his hands.

"Young man," said the Judge, "I doubt not your statement. In your countenance, though giving evidence of dissipation, there are none of those evidences of depravity which usually mark those in your present situation. But those advantages which have evidently been yours, do not mitigate your crime. They

should have enabled you to have battled nobly against folly and disgrace ; and whatever feelings of commiseration your case may excite, the law is now my only guide. You are, therefore, sentenced to two years hard labor in the jail and penitentiary of this State.

THE PENITENTIARY.

Gloomy abode !—the cheerless prison—with its high walls, its small grated windows, its dark, lonesome cells ; and inmates, from whose minds every lofty aspiration has departed—wrecks shattered by the storms of passion, and doomed to sink in disgrace. Oh ! what sad emotions are awakened in the mind, as we gaze upon its dark exterior, or approach its guarded doors.

The fiendish cunning of the midnight assassin, and the daring deeds of the trained bandit, have been clothed with the graphic imagery and vicious loveliness of genius and romance, until the heart has been spell-bound in the exciting perusal ; but never has the deep wretchedness—the bitter, blasting recollection of hope forever fled ; of shame, dark, rayless, chilling, crushing out from the heart the very light of life—never has this been written, and dark, indeed, would be the record.

“ Father Richmond,” I asked of the superintendent, “ what have you done with the gang that arrived yesterday ?”

He was an aged man, a true Kentuckian, and a Christian, with as warm a heart as ever beat in human bosom. He has since gone to his reward. He fell, like a shock of corn, fully ripe, followed by the blessings of the friendless and poor.

“ They are at work yonder in the brick-yard,” he replied.

The penitentiary had not long been located at Jefferson, and some parts of the interior were not quite completed.

It was situated on an eminence, and between it and the river was an open space where the convicts were engaged making brick. We walked towards the spot, and sat beneath the shade erected for the guard.

It was a burning day. Some twenty or thirty hands were engaged at work. Some of them had large iron rings about their necks ; others had logs chained to their feet, so that with the greatest difficulty they could move from the place where they worked. On most of their countenances depravity was written,

and the inverted and sinister glance showed their deep, murderous hatred to the whole human race.

But among that motley group there was one that fixed my attention. It was Flemming; but oh, how changed! His flowing hair had been shorn to the roots, and one side of his head was shaved. His clothes had been exchanged for the many colored garments of the prison; he had been ordered to roll up his sleeves, and is bearing brick from the moulders, and placing them on the ground. The soft, white skin of his arms is red and blistered, and ready to bleed. He had been reared in luxury and ease, but look at him now. His youth had been spent amid scenes of domestic tranquility and tenderness, and the most endearing associations had thrown their refinements around his life; but who were his companions now? Physical toil and oppressive exposure he had seldom known; but now with parched lips and sinking exhaustion he performs his weary task amid the taunts and jeers of that brutalized gang. Once, inspiring hope, and lofty ambition, and freedom and happiness were his; but his follies, blackened into crime, and crime has covered him with ignominy and disgrace, and sunk him lower than the most abject slave. Yet silently he toils on; he utters no complaint, for the stern hand of justice is upon him. O God! is it possible that the child of innocence, of hope, of parental piety and prayer, can sink so low as this?

"And is that Flemming?" I asked the old man.

"Yes," he replied, "he is quite an accomplished blackleg, and is getting his deserts."

"You are mistaken, Father Richmond," and I stated to him the circumstances of his trial.

"See, he staggers beneath that load of brick; can you not relieve him for a short time? it is probably the first time in his life that he has had to work in the sun."

"Yes," said the old gentleman; "Foreman, send that man Flemming here."

The order was obeyed, and the prisoner came slowly to the place where we sat.

"You are not used to work?" said Richmond.

"I have endeavored to keep up with the hands, sir," he replied.

"But you do not seem to stand it very well."

He did not answer.

"Is this your first offence?"

"Yes sir."

"Can you tell us something of your previous history?"

He hesitated a moment; a dark frown gathered on his countenance, as he calmly replied:

"I shall patiently bear whatever is inflicted upon me while in your charge, sir; but hope I shall be spared the pain of refusing to answer such questions."

"Well, sir, I merely wished to know what I suspect to be the fact, that you have been suddenly overtaken in crime, and are not the depraved being that most are who come here. Have you any friends who might petition for you?"

"None, sir."

"Young man, you are haughty. You are in my power, but I wish not to be your tyrant, but your friend. You probably have a father, with locks as gray as mine; and a mother who watched over your youth with tenderness. Now tell me, do they know what is your present situation?"

Flemming trembled. He placed his hand upon his fevered brow. That magic word, mother, and the recollections it awakened, prostrated his remaining strength, and the stern pride which had sustained his sinking frame and diseased mind, in his sudden change of habits and confinement, and exposure, suddenly gave way; his nerves relaxed; his power of endurance was gone. He was taken to his cell and placed on his bed of straw. A dangerous fever followed, and before night he was in a state of mental derangement.

My interest in him was increased. I was permitted to watch beside his bed, in a dark, lonely cell, till midnight.

He talked incessantly. Now of his father's dying advice, as he sunk in death, ere his son was disgraced; and then of his mother—her prayers and tears—the last kiss, and fond embrace, as he parted with her at the garden gate. And ever and anon would he speak of Emma, the idol of his heart; and with tenderness would he plead with her to forgive him, and promised to heed her warnings, and seek with her the pardon and blessing of heaven.

"Yes, Emma," he exclaimed, as I left his cell, "you will forgive poor George, and we shall be happy yet, and sit again beneath the shades of Oak-wood, and gaze on the bright waters of the French Broad."

I passed through the iron gates of the prison. The silent stars beamed down on the shining river, and the soft breeze was cool and refreshing. All nature, robed in its midnight loveliness, was reposing in tranquil beauty, while harmonious music seemed to flow from every object, breathing in upon the soul love and peace, and lifting it to God. And there, amid night's myriad splendors, stood that gloomy pile, flinging its dark shadow over the enchanting scene, a monument of human depravity, witnessing to the universe, that "*all, save the spirit of man, is divine.*"

THE BETROTHED.

Three weeks had passed. A note, without a signature, was placed in my hand, requesting me to visit a lady at the hotel, who had just arrived. Suspecting who it was, I obeyed the summons, and was soon in her presence. She was a lovely being, with graceful form and beautiful features, and about twenty years of age. Her aspect, though modest and winning, indicated promptness and decision.

"You are the person who wrote to the post-master at Oak-Grove?" she said as I entered.

"The same; and you are Emma, I presume?"

"Sir, I may have acted imprudently in coming here, but when you know it all, you will not blame me. Where is he, sir?"

Her eye was fixed with painful anxiety upon me, as though she would read my answer before it was uttered. I hesitated a moment; she saw my embarrassment, and sunk back in her chair.

"I know not," I at last answered, "how to break to you the painful——"

"You need not, sir," she said, "I know it all; my forebodings are realized; he is lost."

"Not lost, Miss; there is hope to cheer the gloom, however dark."

She was silent, and bathed in tears. Faithful woman—loved image of heaven. Oh! with what tenderness she clings, through every storm and misfortune, to him whom she loves. Though

false, though fallen, though unworthy of the confidence and affections he has won, yet her prayers are breathed for him, and like mercy, she is ever ready to bless and forgive.

"Shall we go and see him, Emma?"

"See him, sir! does he live?" she exclaimed, as she arose with excitement.

She leaned on my arm, as silently we walked towards the prison, where George, still confined to his cell, was rapidly recovering from his dangerous illness. We entered the frowning archway that led to the prison gate. Suddenly the truth flashed in upon her mind. Strangely embarrassed, I had thought that she knew it all. She let go my arm.

"What place is this, sir? Oh! for mercy sake, tell me what means all this?"

I trembled with painful excitement, almost equal to her own, and with choked utterance, said—

"It is the penitentiary; did you not know he was here?"

She uttered a low, agonizing shriek, which I never shall forget.

A death-like pallor spread over her rigid features, and she sunk powerless in my arms. Her servant had followed us, who assisted me in conveying her to a little cottage not far from the prison. She soon recovered. The painful story of his fall, his crime, his punishment, had to be recited.

"Oh, sir!" she said, while she bitterly wept, "I knew him in boyhood; he was my associate from childhood, and even then we vowed to be each others. Though he was wild, and dissipated, never did I think he could be guilty of meanness. But it is all over now. I bid him forever adieu."

"But can you not forgive him?"

"Yes, sir; he never injured me."

"And will you, who have thus loved him, through long and sunny years, forsake him now in his dark hour of sorrow?"

"Oh, if it were sorrow, the darkest misfortune; but shame, disgrace—never. God help me—why did I come here?"

"And think you God cannot wipe out forever that disgrace, and make him a blessing to you and his race?"

"Yes, sir; but George is an infidel—a blasphemer; 'twas that parted us, and led him to ruin."

"No, Emma, he is a Christian. In the darkness of that prison, with the hand of affliction heavy upon him, he has sought God; he has found mercy; his cell has been the birth-place of new hopes, and new principles; and together there have we wept and prayed, till the star of hope and joy beamed in upon our darkness, with a radiance resembling that which illumined the manger of Bethlehem. And will you, who have prayed and labored for this, forsake him, now that your prayers are answered?"

Her heart was moved. She was the orphan daughter of a man of extensive wealth. Deeply pious, she had discovered the dissipation and infidelity of George; and though she deeply loved him, she could not consent to marry him with such habits and principles. She knew that falsehood was not in him—that he would not play the hypocrite—no, not to save life."

"Come, Emma, you must see him; Jesus descended lower to save him and you. You are sent here as a ministering spirit to meet the returning prodigal—to strengthen him in his holy resolves, and lead him back to happiness and heaven."

She consented to see him. Pity had triumphed over other feelings, and we both wept, as I left her to inform George of her desire.

He was convalescent, and slowly his shattered system was regaining its strength. During those three weeks of sickness which we thought must prove fatal, in which his spirit, like the flickering lamp that burned dimly in his cell, trembled on the verge of eternity, now sending out dim, quivering light, and then sinking back as though about to be extinguished in the darkness of death. We had conversed and prayed together. He had sought the mercy of heaven, and pardon, and blessing, through the Redeemer's blood. He was sitting on his iron bedstead as I entered the cell. A stream of morning light gleamed in through the narrow grated window, by which he was reading the "Book of Life."

"I am glad you have come, sir," said George, as I entered.

"You will be better pleased when I tell you the object of my visit," I replied.

"And what is that, sir," he asked with a bland smile.

I sat down beside him, and took his thin hand in mine. "George, while sick, when you thought you were bidding adieu

to earth, you spoke to me—perhaps you do not remember it—you spoke to me of one you loved. While I prayed with you here in this dark cell, she was asking God's blessing upon you, beneath the shade of your favorite tree, in the woods of Oak-Grove."

He started at that word, and his hand trembled in mine. "George," I continued, "that lovely being—your Emma—is here."

"What, sir," he said, as he started to his feet, and breathed convulsively, "how learned you that name? how came she here? Have you, *even you*, betrayed me?" And he sunk back upon his pallet.

"Betrayed you, George; no, what do you mean?"

"Then how did she learn I was here? Oh, this is the last and bitterest drop in this full cup of anguish." He flung himself back upon his bed and wept bitterly.

"George, be calm," I said in tears, as I tried to soothe him. "This is really for the best. Often did I hear you speak tenderly of Emma, and incidentally, when the fever was upon you, I heard you mention her residence. With the kindest intentions I wrote to the postmaster, desiring him to show the letter to Emma if he knew her by the description, as I only knew her given name. I described your sickness, and told them that you knew nothing of my writing. Your name I knew was not William, as it is enrolled on the prison list. I therefore concluded that Fleming also was assumed. I therefore called you in the letter simply George, describing your person, and that was sufficient. She left home at once, in company with some acquaintances going to Nashville. Then, accompanied with her servant, and under the protection of a family with which she was slightly acquainted, she took passage for St. Louis. She arrived here this morning, George, and wishes to see you."

"Never!" he convulsively answered, as he rose to his feet. "Never, sir. You have, in this, blotted out the only hope that could have cheered my dark existence. O God! O God! have mercy upon me, and stay thy afflicting hand."

He bowed upon the prison floor. I knelt down beside him. We prayed together in silence. A cloud had floated before the sun, and obscured the ray of light which had shone through the

prison bars, and added to the gloom of the moment. Soon it passed on, and again the rich light streamed in upon our darkness. Hope seemed to come with its bright return. "I will see her," he said, as he arose from his knees, "and may God prepare her for the sight."

No one but Father Richmond and myself knew whence she came or who she was.

With trembling steps she walked with me along the narrow, dim passages which divided the dark cells in the prison. Heavily she leaned on my arm, and breathed short and convulsively, as slowly and in silence I opened the door of the cell.

"George!" "My Emma!" was all that was said. They silently embraced, while they wept in mingled joy and sorrow. I turned my face to the wall, and wept.

THE WEDDING.

Three days had passed. The morning star, in twinkling beauty, was heralding the approaching light. Seated in the Governor's carriage, we drove up to the side gate of the penitentiary. A steamer at the landing was getting up her steam, to depart at the break of day. Father Richmond was up, and received us. Emma, who had been staying with his family, was with him. A small office was lit up, into which we were taken.

Father Richmond left us, and in a few moments returned with George. He was handsomely dressed in a suit of clothes prepared for the purpose. His dark hair had grown during his sickness, and hope and joy lit up his manly face.

The Governor shook him warmly by the hand, and presented him his written pardon. Emma leaned upon his arm. A sadness mingled with the joy we felt. I pronounced his name—a name well-known to fame, but not to be uttered in connection with that scene; and there, in that silent prison, I united them in the name of God, and pronounced them man and wife.

"God bless you both," said Father Richmond, as he bade them adieu.

The grey light of morning had obscured the stars, and the blushing east was glowing with the splendors of the coming day, and the soft air was vocal with the melody of birds, ■ we left

the prison and arrived at the boat. She was ready to start. We bid them farewell. The boat left the shore. We waved the last adieu as it was disappearing from our view. I followed it with tearful eyes as I walked down the bank, and in a lonely spot bowed down and prayed that God would bless them, and shield them through the storms of life.

As the boat disappeared in the distance, the sun rose on the bright scene; and gladsome as that bridal morn has been their journey since; and the far sunny south has not among its joyous children two more united or happier spirits. S. H. F.

A VISIT TO THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

To attempt a description of this renowned cave, after so many travelers have given us graphic accounts of it, seems a little egotistical on my part. But as every one sees an object in different lights, probably the impressions on my mind may vary from those already published.

The mouth of this cave presents rather a forbidding appearance. A cold, damp wind, which is constantly issuing from it with considerable force, leaves one to suppose there is a communication with the outward atmosphere. But this is generally believed to be occasioned by the pressure of the external air into the cave, where, meeting no outlet, it forms a counter current beneath the upper one, which of a necessity, must disembody itself again at the mouth.

This cold and dampness continues for only three or four hundred yards; it then becomes very agreeable. No living thing is here, save the noiseless wing of the bat, which, disturbed by the glare of the lamps, whizzes by the traveler's head, then flees into the pitchy darkness beyond. But for the merry jest of the company with us, I might have supposed myself banished from the surface of the bright green earth into the gloomy abode of purgatory. The great rocks about you, from which permeates an invisible vapor, threaten at every step to move from their apparently insecure basis, and hem you in forever. But here is no change, no motion. All is profound silence and darkness. A

dead atmosphere, as it were, surrounds you. Ladders, which, to have been used on the surface of the earth, subjected to the vicissitudes of the weather, would have decayed long since, here are kept in wonderful preservation, supporting the weight of the most burly traveler.

The portion which struck me as the most wonderful was an immense vaulted room, called Ghoran's Dome. After ascending a ladder, you arrive at a platform ten or twelve feet in diameter. Immediately in front of you is an opening, through solid rock, resembling a window, through which you behold this grand dome. The loftiest work of art would give you but a faint conception of its altitude, the width of which is in proportion. The ceiling is supported by colopol pillars. This is a chamber, where statesmen, orators, and divines might congregate to give utterance to immortal truths. No light word should find its way through this mysteriously arched "council chamber." By the aid of sky-rockets we were enabled to discern its gigantic proportions. I caught myself frequently mentally saying, why was this magnificent hall placed here? God made nothing in vain. It laughs at the puerile efforts of man. In regard to the preservative principle of which we spoke, I think it is owing to the fact that an ossifying or petrifying process is constantly going on.

The main road over which you travel, once so malleable as to receive the impression of the feet of the oxen employed in making saltpetre, now distinctly visible, is just as hard as metal. I do not know whether the experiment has ever been made, but it struck me this earth, if used as mortar, might possess the properties of hydraulic lime,—or would the action of the outward atmosphere alter the nature of it? An idea prevails that this vast opening in the earth was made by a violent rush of water. If so, why are not those immeasurable pits filled with water—or was the period in which it occurred so remote that the water has passed off by evaporation?

In viewing the ponderous rocks which lie scattered here and there, some idea may be formed of the great solidity of the earth; and when we take into consideration the immense size of our globe, and that its density increases as it nears the center, a faint conception may be had of the infinitude of God's work. And

when we remember our globe is only one in a million in the scale of creation, and these worlds by the hand of God hurled into space, we can only exclaim, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!" But now we turn into another portion of these subterraneous chambers—through passages whose walls are smooth as though chiseled by an artistic hand—we are led into various and diversified apartments. Many of them brought into bold relief by the artificial lights present stalactites suspended from immeasurable heights. Stalagmites also, of the most grotesque forms, meet you unexpectedly, at whose base are little pools of water, which has slowly percolated through the rocky soil, and you wonder as you imbibe the delicious draught if it were placed here by design. When wearied, and on the eve of requesting your guide to lead you back to a world of life and light, he bids you come on to behold something more wonderful still. Holes on every side, black as the mouth of Cerberus, gape around you, and involuntarily you shrink from further investigation. But almost unconsciously you go forward, until some new object arrests your attention.

The cry of some one in advance hastens you on, and looking up through the dim, murky vault, you behold, suspended with wonderful accuracy, the whole solar system—an epitome of the heavens portrayed in the very bowels of the earth. On we go. Hark! Borne up through the dim vista ahead is the roar and fall of water; and by the aid of your lamp (which, requiring continual watching and trimming, and the rough dark passage through the cavern being similar to our path through this life, reminds one forcibly of the wise virgins, and you inwardly resolve it shall be a lesson to you never to be forgotten) you see a thing of life and motion—a laughing cascade! But again the terrific prevails over the beautiful. Passing over large masses of black rock, your course is impeded by a river. Whence comes this deep rolling river, upon whose bosom you shrink from trusting yourself until assured by the guide the portion beyond is more wonderful than that traversed. This river—whence comes it, and whither does it flow? Like some monstrous serpent, it glides on until hidden in the deeper caverns below, there to remain until God's fiat goes forth to separate the elements, that the earth may

burn as an oven. It is supposed by some naturalists that the center of the earth is fire. How can this be? Without air, fire becomes extinct. If it be fire, may it not receive air through such apertures as this cave?—for no end has been discovered to this mammoth opening into the earth. But this is mere speculation. We know not what is going on in Nature's vast labyrinths; we will confine our statements to mere facts.

Returning, we deviated a little from the track by which we went in. Our guide pointed out to us the remains of several habitations, formerly occupied by valetudinarians. Poor sufferers! What a gloomy abode. It was but anticipating the horrors of the grave. Death cannot be eluded; no means by which to circumvent the invincible King. If we soar into the clouds, his shaft is swift to penetrate there. If we descend into the earth, behold he goes with us.

As far as the cave has been explored, I have endeavored to describe. The portion beyond is apparently fathomless—defying alike the curiosity and intrepidity of man.

A few philosophical remarks regarding the manner in which this cave is exhibited to visitors, and I am done. No person is allowed to take with them engineering instruments for the purpose of ascertaining the course which it runs. Is it right that a company of men, holding possession of the mere mouth of the cave, have a legitimate right to close all investigation from the scientific world? I contend, the march of improvement in natural research should overrule the mere pecuniary right a man has, who is so contracted in his views as to obstruct the means by which this great curiosity might be geologically surveyed.

MRS. A. O. SMITH.

THE SHADOWS OF CHILDHOOD.

God bless the little children! We like their bright eyes, their happy faces, their winning ways, their rosy dreams! Nothing seems to weigh down their buoyant spirit long. Misfortune may fall to their lot, but the shadows it casts upon their life-path are fleeting as the clouds that come and go in an April sky. Their

future may, perchance, appear dark to others, but to their fearless gaze it looms up brilliant and beautiful as the walls of a fairy palace. There is no tear which a mother's gentle hand cannot heal—no anguish which the sweet murmuring of her soft, low voice cannot sooth. The warm, generous impulses of their nature have not been fettered and cramped by the cold formalities of the world; they have not yet learned to veil a hollow heart with false smiles, or hide the basest purposes beneath honeyed words. Neither are they constantly on the alert to search out our faults and foibles with Argus eyes. On the contrary, they exercise the blessed charity which “thinketh no evil.”

[For the Christian Repository.]

EVA'S LAST LETTER TO HER ATHEIST LOVER.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

“Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die!”

I am dying, Ernest; and, though the solemn shadows that stretch from the eternal future are falling deep and dim around me, I am calm and happy, oh so happy! I am at peace with earth and heaven, and my remaining moments shall be devoted to you.

I gaze out on the splendid sunset, and yet I do not sigh; for I know that viewless angels are waiting there, and soon they will bear my spirit to a land of undying love and changeless light.

Forgive me, Ernest, if I seem too daring—oh, forgive the fervent interest of my dying devotion. I would save you! I know that you will rave again, as you did during that night of dreary desolation, when you walked to and fro, and muttered: “My star is shattered! My guardian angel is gone!” Yet listen to me:

There was an evening—you remember it, Ernest, when you and I wandered with each other through the lonely woods. A faint fragrance slept in the air, many violets dreamed on the earth, and shadowy white-clouds floated through the deep blue sky; *and the smile of God's love was around all.*

You leaned against an aged tree, and the parting day pressed its farewell kisses on your radiant beauty—radiant, Ernest, for the gold hue of your wavy hair seemed caught from the sunlight; and the dreamy azure of your glorious eyes—oh, was it not mirrored from the fathomless blue above? Radiant, for the light of intellect burned through the transparent paleness of your classic charms—radiant, but oh so cold! How like some splendid statue, chiseled to madden the worshiping heart with its chilling stillness! A statue that seemed to shrine a soul of fire—and yet was an icy thing!

I saw you gaze on the flowery earth and glorious sky, and I knew that your high genius idolized all that was beautiful and sublime. I spoke to you of the God whose Might created such splendor, whose love sent his own eternal sinless Son to suffer and to save. You replied as if you saw a romance in religion; you said you read the poetry, but you did not—the poetry of religion is its *truth*! But enough. You turned away, and I saw a something like the spirit of a sneer writhing on your lip. Oh, that lovely lip—what of its classic curve and dewy crimson when they throne a scorn of heaven!

The twilight saddened over the earth and in the heart, and, as we walked home, I longed to implore, but feared. I do not fear *now*. When you left us, my brother gazed after you with a strange sadness. Then, breaking a long silence, he said: “Eva, I have one request—forgive me if I cause you sorrow—but there is one among your suitors, one with faultless features and a splendid mind, who sneers at the very name of God! Oh, let me warn you against the fatal fascination of the brilliant—shall I say who?” “His name?” I gasped, with an effort to be calm. “My sister,” said Eustace with an agitated voice, “My sister, heaven will send you strength to listen—and *renounce*! You shall hear his name—every syllable—listen.” My spirit shook as if a hurricane of agony had swept from his lips, and he slowly repeated: “*Ernest Allan Ethington.*”

Ernest, oh Ernest, you cannot dream—none but God may know how deeply I have loved you! *And when the grave's cold clasp is around my form, I will still love you as fondly—more fondly than now!*”

My own, my idolized—Ernest! There is a black and overpowering storm around you, and a dim, fathomless abyss below. But there is a sea of boundless blue, with a myriad starry islands of rest *above*. Oh, by the bewildering happiness that I felt, the memory of your error—*there is a Heaven!* My spirit faints with its excess of rapture—it will revive in Paradise—*my own Ernest, meet me there!*”

LUMPS OF GOLD—SPURGEON.—Somehow, God does choose the last men; He does not care for the diamond, but he picks up the pebble-stones; for he is able, out of stones, to raise up children unto Abraham.

“Why did you say crucify him?” “Because Rabbi Simeon gave me a shekel to help the clamor.” So the multitude were much won by the money and influence of the priests; but they were “glad to hear Christ after all.”

He will give heaven to the chief of sinners, as well as to the chief of saints.

The carnal mind is enmity against God; and the young crocodile, I have heard, when broken from the shell, will, in a moment, begin to put itself in a posture of attack, opening its mouth as if it had been taught and trained.

If you were to write your own history, it would be little better than that of Belzoni's toad, which existed in the rock for three thousand years; you may have *lived*, like it; but you have *done nothing*.

Month's Department.

CHILDREN BROUGHT TO CHRIST.



"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."—LUKE 18 : 16.

This must have been the first time little children were brought personally to Christ. For when the disciples saw it, they rebuked them. The disciples had evidently seen none thus brought to Christ and blessed before.

But Christ did not disappoint the parents. They brought them for one object—that he should put his hand on them. They did not bring them to be

baptized. And Christ did what the parents requested—"laid his hands on them." They were not brought for baptism, and they were not baptized.

Yes, we are to suffer little children to come to Christ. We are to teach them all about his love; train them in the knowledge of the Lord, and direct them to him where he sits on the mercy seat, and listens to the prayer of the kneeling child.

Little children, have you ever gone to Jesus? Have you ever kneeled down by yourself, and asked him to forgive you your sins, and take away from you all that is bad in you? He will hear your prayer, he will forgive you your sins. He will change your disposition and make you good, if you go to him and ask it from your heart.

RAISING OF JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.



"And all wept and bewailed her; but He said, Weep not, she is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed him to scorn. And he took her by the hand, saying: Maid, arise. And her spirit came again, and she arose straightway; and he commanded to give her meat. And her parents were astonished.—*Luke 8 : 52-55.*

Yes, the parents were astonished. They had watched their loved one as she sunk in the dark waters. They had closed her eyes in death, and kissed her cold, pale forehead. Silently and tearfully they moved through the sad dwelling, for the angel of death had placed his dark shadow there. But He speaks to her. She moves. The smile is on her pale lip. She rises from the dead, and is clasped to a mother's warm heart. Oh! 'twas Jesus did this.

But their joy, however ecstatic, did not equal that which angels know and feel, when from the death of sin Jesus raises to a life of righteousness the poor lost sinner; for then the dead is alive, and the lost is found.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

NOVEMBER 1, 1857.

Intentional Fraud.—The civil law declares that he who leaves his paper in the office, or removes to some other locality, without notifying the publishers, is guilty of "*intentional fraud.*" Query—What should churches do with such persons?

The War in India.—The English government has for over a century governed the whole of India by a company of shareholders, called the "East India Company." There have been all along but few European troops in India. Eighteen regiments were the whole force, scattered all over that vast country previous to the rebellion—keeping in subjection *one hundred millions* of people. Such a handful could not be relied on to hold the country. Hence the necessity of an army of trained natives, amounting to some three hundred thousands. These native soldiers are called *Sepoys*. So far, this anomalous system of keeping in subjection a conquered country by a mercenary composed of the sons of the soil, has worked well. But thoughtful men felt the insecurity of a foreign rule, which rested on the fidelity of native troops. A sense of insecurity has led to a good deal of petting of these native soldiers, and the consequence was, they became spoiled and rebellious.

Such being the state of affairs, a serious mutiny broke out near Calcutta, apparently originating from the introduction of a new kind of cartridge. The Hindoos said that cow's fat was an ingredient in the oily-looking paper around the paper and ball, while the Mahomedans suspected the presence of hog's lard. To touch either ingredient would break their religious *caste*. They looked upon it, therefore, as a trick to interfere with their religion. Some of them, who rejected the cartridges, were punished. A regiment was disbanded. But regiment after regiment refused with insolence to touch the cartridges. In the space of one month, from one end of India to the other, the native troops were in rebellion, and massacres the most sickening have been the result.

If these native troops, who have been trained to European tactics, but know their strength, and act in union, the splendid empire of India is no more, and England is stripped of her richest treasure. But this is doubtful, if not impossible, at present, and the British Lion will triumph over the Bengal Tiger.

An article appeared in the February number of the *Repository*, on "The Order of Conversion," by W. Crowell, Editor of the *Western Watchman*, which has awakened considerable inquiry. By one paper it was pronounced "the strongest article which had appeared in an American periodical for years." By another (the *Mountain Messenger*), that "it ought to be published in tract form, and placed in the hands of every minister in the land." From other

sources, however, it meets with ridicule and abuse. We would be glad to publish a thorough and searching review of that article. We will pay liberally for such a review, come from what source it may, if it is written in a Christian-like and dignified style. It appears that the article actually occasioned a dialogue among the devils—so says the review of one Franklin, of Cincinnati—and he, if any one, ought to know the secrets of these personages.

Campbellism Aroused.—We quote the following from the *Western Watchman*:

“On looking over a pile of exchanges which had accumulated during our absence, a copy of the *Christian Age*, of Cincinnati, a paper devoted to the advocacy of Campbellism, fell under our eye, bearing date August 18. In that paper we find a lengthy editorial attack on an essay of ours, published in the *Christian Repository* of February, entitled ‘The Order of Conversion.’

“Of the doctrine of that essay, this Campbellite editor says he ‘has not seen anything more astonishing for a long time;’ that it ‘contains the greatest amount of learned nonsense we have seen in the same space in twelve months;’ repeats from half a dozen to a dozen times, that its doctrine is ‘a palpable absurdity;’ declares that inquirers for the way of life might as well go to the ‘Book of Mormon or the Koran of Mahomet’ for light.

“It is to be hoped that the writer paused to take breath and to adjust his senses, after he had relieved himself of this effusion. Like all writers of his class, of whom we have any knowledge, he confounds faith with a belief in the existence and attributes of God, and then makes a great outcry at the proposition that a man must be regenerated in order to the exercise of this sort of faith.

“It is no cause of wonder to us, that such a person should find the doctrine of that essay all darkness and confusion. It is recorded of the cloud that stood between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel, that ‘it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it was bright to these.’ It is not strange that ‘the natural man understandeth not the things of the Spirit.’ We never supposed that a stranger to the spiritual exercises described in the essay would perceive the truth of its conclusions, nor indeed that every one who is truly begotten of the Spirit would be able to do so. It is only those who have their ‘senses exercised,’ and who are able to ‘discern between things that differ,’ who can see the beauty and glory of the plan of redemption by the grace of God.”

Words of Cheer.—At this season of the year, especially during the present disastrous money panic, words of sympathy are cheering as the warm bursts of sunshine through the wintry clouds. We feel deeply grateful to God and our brethren for the evidences we have that our labor is not in vain, and that our efforts are appreciated by the denomination to a degree far beyond our expectations. We can record an actual increase to our list of subscribers during the past month of one hundred; and this is the smallest increase of any one month this year. Fifteen hundred bona fide subscribers have been added to our list since last January. The expressions of interest from brethren in Kentucky are too numerous, and, indeed, too flattering to appear. But we cannot refrain publishing from a few letters of the past month the appreciation of the *Repository* in neighboring States.

From South Carolina. Elder S. W. Nicolson says:

“I do hope you may prosper in your great undertaking, and write as you

have hitherto written for that valuable work—the *Christian Repository*. God bless you in so doing, and the same for your excellent lady, to whose writings so much praise has been given, and much more is in reserve. I will do what I can for the *Repository* in swelling the subscription list.”

From Dr. Creed :

“I send you nine new subscribers, with the cash, and expect soon to send you more. I want to see the *Repository* in every family.”

From Mississippi—P. P. Halbert writes :

“Enclosed find Nine Dollars with the following list of new subscribers. I will recommend the *Repository* to the church, and do all I can for its circulation, as I consider it one of our very best works.”

From Elder S. Thigpen :

“I was a subscriber to the *Western Bible Review* and for the *Christian Repository* up to last winter, when I declined because I was taking so many periodicals and am a poor man. But I am so anxious that you should go on with your work, that I will say this much—I will send you Five Dollars for the *Repository* for 1858 and 1859, and will try and send you a list of new subscribers soon.”

How easily might two or three hundred brethren in Kentucky follow this generous example, and relieve us to an extent—ah, we shall not say what.

From Dr. W. N. Hurt, of Kilmichael, Miss.:

“I am highly pleased with the *Repository*, and hope it will be sustained by an appreciative public according to its merits. I am truly glad to see the stand you have taken in defense of Bible truth. I do hope you will be instrumental in convincing many of our Baptist brethren, not only of the impropriety, but of the sinfulness of their preferring to compromise away the truth rather than wound the feelings of those who differ with us, and who in reality secretly wish our overthrow.”

From Missouri. Elder N. Flood writes :

“Believe me, we regard the *Repository* as the very best periodical we receive. From the oldest to the youngest, it is the favorite, and its monthly visits are doing much good.”

From E. Woods, Blue Spring, Mo.:

“I send you three new subscribers and Six Dollars, and wish I could send you a dozen more, for I think more of the *Repository* than any periodical or paper I know of. I expect to send you more subscribers soon.”

From Dr. J. B. Harris, Belle Air, Mo.:

“I have not had an opportunity as yet to do much for the *Repository*, but expect soon to do something, as I conceive it worthy of a general support. It is my intention at an early day as possible to collect some facts for your use, in connection with the life and ministry of my brother, Tyra C. Harris.”

Will the friends in Missouri attend to this matter? T. C. Harris was one of the most pious and gifted young ministers that the West has produced. He was an early friend and co-laborer, and together, in comparative boyhood, we preached through the woods of Missouri. Brethren, send us such facts as you possess, and a biography of T. C. Harris shall appear in these pages.

From Elder German, of Jackson County, Mo.:

“I send you enclosed eight new subscribers. The *Repository* is increasing in popularity and usefulness in this part of God’s moral vineyard. Go on, Brother, and may God bless you.”

From Baltimore. Dr. Richard Fuller writes:

"I wish you abundant success in your efforts, and cannot but commend and recommend your very popular Monthly. Your wife's able work, 'Grace Truman,' I have found to be very useful in my congregation."

Rev. W. Williams writes as follows:

"I have taken great interest in your historical investigations, and assure you that the monthly visits of the *Repository* have been welcomed."

But our space warns us to indulge no further in transferring the cheering words of a pile of letters now before us. These extracts are all from October letters, and they might be multiplied. But from the letters of each month might similar assurances and tokens of *material* sympathy be presented. Thank you, brethren, all. *May God bless you.*

A Word to the Baptist Sisterhood.—Dear Sisters, you are aware that the Methodist Society boasts of a monthly similar to the *Repository*, and similar in name, with fifteen thousand subscribers. It is principally sustained by the ladies of that denomination. From the North issues numerous well-sustained monthlies; from the South, how few! Cannot Southern ladies sustain a high class monthly. Has not her daughters the talent and liberality to do so? Those who sneer at southern born females, and especially Baptist females, may say *no*; but what say the readers of the *Repository*. Those who have written for it, and given it its present position, have been southern-born females—Baptists. Are they equal to the task? What periodical, East or North, has a list of female contributors superior to those who have written for the *Repository* the past year? What denomination South can surpass it? Well, shall they and their labors be sustained? Sisters of the South and Southwest, it is for you to answer? Shall we have ten thousand subscribers to the *Repository*? On your action and influence depends the answer. Will you recommend it, canvass for it, pray for it, and send up subscribers for it.

New Arrangement.—Enlargement.—If the indications of increase in subscribers justify it, we shall add sixteen more pages to the *Repository* next year. These extra sixteen pages will be devoted to editorial items; a chapter of incidents giving the current events of the month; an ecclesiastical record of revivals, ordinations, &c., together with short articles from correspondents. This will add greatly to the interest of the *Repository*, but it will depend altogether on the number of discontinuances, and the increase in January. Will any who intend to discontinue let us know by the 15th of December; and will they prayerfully ponder the mischief a discontinuance may do, in preventing us from enlarging, before they come to such a conclusion.

News from Missouri.—"I have been for a long time endeavoring to get you some subscribers, but have been unsuccessful in procuring the number I desired. I hope for the present you will be satisfied with but two names.

"Dear Brother, no doubt you love to hear and be posted up as to the progress our denomination (Baptist) is making. Our church stands foremost here, and numbers two hundred and ten members, more than all the other denominations combined.

"Mt. Pleasant College is located here, under the patronage of Mt. Pleasant

Association. The second session of this Institution commenced on the second Monday in September, and at this time has one hundred and twenty-six students, and more still coming in. Bro. Wm. R. Rothwell is President of the College, and his brother, G. F. Rothwell, Professor. Miss Bettie Ragland is Principal of the Female Department, and her sister, Miss Mattie Ragland, and Miss Jane Lewis, Assistants. With such a Faculty, and an efficient Board of Trustees, our College is certain of success.

"The College buildings were erected by the people of Randolph County, and they, in mass meeting, resolved to tender the same to the Mt. Pleasant Association of United Baptists. This was carried into execution at our last Association, which met in this place on the 1st Saturday in September, and a resolution was unanimously adopted to raise an endowment fund of \$25,000, \$10,000 of which to be raised the present year, Bro. N. Flood the agent for that work.

"By the blessings of God we have prospered beyond measure, and may the good Lord continue to bless and prosper his own cause here to his own name's glory. Very respectfully yours in Christ, J. C. SHAEFER."

Dancing—Religion and Revelry. By Mrs. F. E. Garnet.—It is a singular fact that there is no work extant that can be safely put into the hands of a young Christian, which will interest by its style, and lead them to proper views respecting dancing. At the urgent request of many, and ourselves among the number, Sister Garnet has prepared a most charming work on this subject. It is in the form of an entertaining dialogue, and those who have read the dialogue in William Winterfield between "Deacon Freeman" and "Billy," will agree that she excels in this kind of composition. The work on dancing exhibits the whole subject in a new and enchanting form—ancient dancing as a religious rite; Scriptural allusions to the dance; the attractions of the dance, its evils, and its effects. All that can be said in favor of the amusement is here given and triumphantly met. While not open to the objections brought against fiction, it still has all the attractions of style and character, which will cause it to be read by the young. The book will be ready for delivery by Christmas, handsomely printed and bound by one of the first publishing houses in New York. The price is sixty cents, and those who will send for a copy, with the cash—which may be sent in postage stamps—before Christmas, shall have a copy sent, *post-paid*. We expect this book will have a large sale, and hope to receive orders at once.

Ripley's Notes on Romans.—We have just received a copy of this new work of Professor Ripley from the publishers, Gold, Lincoln & Co. We have read the first four chapters and comments. We think it is most excellent. Just such a work as we would not be without. We advise every preacher and Sabbath-school teacher to get it. Its catalogue price we see is sixty-seven cents. We suppose a lot will be ordered at once for the Book Concern. This work ought to meet with a large and ready sale.

Dagg's Systematic Theology.—We received this work a month since, but have not had time to give it but a hasty perusal. The author is a man for whom, as a scholar and a divine, we have the highest respect. He is not a mere book-maker; and no man capable of writing such a work as this, but

would smile at the silly ambition of stringing together a lot of random thoughts, and sending them out in a new book every year or two. It is evidently the work of a long and thoughtful life, and is destined to have an exert a wide spread influence, when the thousands of smart and brilliant common-place religious works constantly being issued from the press will have passed away and been forgotten. It is published by the Southern Baptist Publication Society, and can be had at the Baptist Book Concern, on Market Street, Louisville. Price, \$1 50. We shall speak of this work again.

Philadelphia Confession.—Have you a copy? It has been the topic of controversy and abuse for centuries. Who would be without it for five postage stamps? We are mailing them daily.

Just Received, at the Book Concern, three hundred copies of the *Life of Spurgeon*, and *Spurgeon's Sermons*. Also—*The Life and Writings of Andrew Broadus*, by Jeter. Also—*The Mirror*, as entertaining and edifying a work for a Christian as can be found. In it is seen each class of Christians mirrored to nature.

Mistake.—"Dr. Everts has received a call from one of the churches in St. Louis, and has offered his resignation to the Walnut Street Church, Louisville." We see this announcement in the *Missionary Baptist*. Nothing of the kind has occurred. No such call was ever made, no such resignation was ever tendered.

Spurgeon's Sermon has been omitted this month for a most useful and able one, which all will read. Next month we will give one of Spurgeon's very best—preached to one of the largest audiences ever assembled in modern times to listen to the ministry of the gospel.

Newspaper Subscriptions.—We find the following in the *Tennessee Baptist*. In it there is too much truth contained:

"Newspaper subscriptions are infallible indices of man's moral honesty. They will, sooner or later, discover the man. If he is dishonest he will cheat the printer in some way—says he has paid when he has not—declare he has a receipt somewhere—or sent the money and it was lost in the mail—or will take the paper for years without paying, and then move off and leave it coming to the office he left. Thousands of professed Christians are dishonest, and the printer's book will tell fearful tales in the final judgment."

The times are doubtless hard, but they have reached their lowest point. By January all will be right again. Produce will bring a good price. Money will be sufficiently plenty, and will flow on in the usual channels.

Our Special Friends.—We have thought several times that we would address a circular to some five hundred subscribers, with whom we are personally acquainted, and who we know could do it without any inconvenience, and who, if they knew our present situation, would comply—to remit us during November their advance subscription for 1858. We have not done it however. And yet how little do these brethren know what relief such a generous deed would give us. We have seven or eight thousand dollars due us on our books.

There is not enough coming in to pay expenses. The remnant of some old indebtedness for our publications is pressing us with unmerciful importunity. The printers have to be paid every Saturday night. Our paper bill must be paid in advance, and three more issues must be published before we can expect any remittances. A friend in Jackson, Mo., Hon. N. Watkins, brother of Henry Clay, though not himself a member of a church, has voluntarily written us a letter expressing his appreciation of our labors, and paying for two years in advance. Some brethren have, unsolicited, done likewise. Are there not hundreds who, if they thought of the matter, would follow his example? This reference to our private concerns will be pardoned; it is the first time, and may it be the last.

We record with deep regret the death of Anderson Lewis, of Glasgow, Mo. We knew him well; and shall ever remember his generous aid and sympathy, years gone by, in the struggles of our early manhood. He was a fine scholar, an able minister, and a deeply pious man. A Virginian by birth, he was for years pastor of the Buck Run Church, Franklin County, Ky. Some twenty years ago he emigrated to Missouri, where he lived beloved by the brotherhood, a faithful laborer in Christ's vineyard. A sketch of his life should be prepared by for our pages by his nephew, Cadawalder Lewis, and we hope he will undertake the task. The number of the *Watchman* containing the resolutions of the church has been mislaid. They shall appear next month.

The chapter in this number on the "Rise of the Current Reformation," we recommend to the attention of the Franklinites and their sympathisers. We wonder what contemptible trick they will next invent to evade the point and truth of "these histories." Perhaps *Mr. Campbell wrote them*. How would this do? Or whoever wrote them *did not know how to write*. Or the writer can only be stopped by breaking down his pecuniary credit, and prostrating the *Repository* for want of means.

This last plan we know is even now being tried. Ah, little is known even by our nearest friends of the efforts that have been made to break down this *Repository*. It has not stopped with public matters. Every step in our past life has been scrutinized to find, if possible, a stumble or stain to plead against us. Every one within reach, with whom we ever had any transactions, have been questioned. An inquisition has been instituted, and letters dispatched to different quarters, to dig up from the dead past something that could cloud our character. But thank God, his providence over us has been such, that the record of our life, traced from boyhood up, amongst Baptists in the Southwest, defies the foul hand that would stain it; and we smile in the triumphant confidence of rectitude, at the contemptible efforts of Franklinite Reformers or Franklinite Baptists. These are no *mere suspicions*, but *FACTS*.

Of them we ask no favors, and we fear no threats. The scenes enacted by Reformers, and the foundation of their anti-scriptural and anti-christian society, shall be recorded should God spare our lives.

Serious Question.—Have you paid up for the *Repository*?

The Christian Repository.

NO. LXXII.—DECEMBER, 1857.

RISE OF THE CURRENT REFORMATION.

BY S. H. FORD.

CHAP. III.

REFORMATION—That is a plausible, a fascinating theme. Emblazoned on the standard of every errorist and innovator, it has become the spell-word and battle-cry of the founders of new-born sects and systems in every age and country.

Protestantism is itself a Reformation. It is not an original creation. Throughout the ever-multiplying branches of that great family, this concession is universally made—*the Church of Christ can sink into utter apostacy and again be reformed.*

That the Church of Christ could become anti-christian—could lose every vital element and exist as a loathsome, corrupting corpse; that “the Bride, the Lamb’s wife,” could become profligate, debauched, “drunken with the blood of the saints;” that the everlasting Kingdom erected on the rock of eternal truth would succumb before the gates of hell and be transformed into the city of abominations—the seat and synagogue of Satan—this was the absurd error underlying the GREAT reformation of Luther and Calvin, and has been the self-condemning concession of every LITTLE reformation since.

What are the sickening details of superstition and blasphemy, called ecclesiastical history, but the recorded avowal of this? Church History! The history of what? Of priestly ambition; of impious frauds; of blasphemous pretensions and usurpations; of a grasping and merciless power, whose bloody march over the prostrate rights of humanity left darkness, religious death, and

wild ruin in its track. Is this the church? Is this the kingdom over which Jesus reigns—whose “kingdom is not of this world?” Can this monster of iniquity, this “mother of harlots,” be “the Bride, the Lamb’s wife?” Is such according to God’s book? Is her reformation any where predicted in his word?

No. Babylon shall *fall*, shall sink like a millstone in the flood, to rise no more forever.

The Church of Christ was formed by eternal wisdom. The attempt to *re-form* her is an insult to the faithfulness of her Husband and her King.

The mother of abominations—anti-christ—is the creation of sin and folly. To reform *her* is impossible; she must be blotted out of being.

But within the gates of Babylon was Presbyterianism born. It is a native of her blood-stained soil. Love for her, there may be but little; yet veneration for the mother of harlots has ever lingered among her numerous offspring. Hence, to *re-form* her has been the hope and the watch-cry through all the ranks of her rebellious progeny.

But the children of Presbyterianism, as might be expected, have developed the same spirit towards it, as *its* founders did to Rome; and ever and anon have charged her with apostacy, and raised the banner of *reform*. Hence the numerous sects of Presbyterians, dividing and sub-dividing in their “progress of reformation.”

Among these off-shoots of Presbyterianism—these reformers of reformers—history places the “*Current Reformation*.” It sprung from one of the branches of the great Presbyterian tree. It brought with it some of the dogmas of that community. It rejoiced in the appellation in which the founders of Presbyterianism gloried, and were consequently known as *Reformers*. That this was the fact in regard to its origin in Kentucky, cannot be denied. From the dissolution of the Springfield Presbytery “*I date (says Stone) the commencement of that Reformation, which has continued to this day.*” Its rise in other regions we shall trace.

“Thomas and Alexander Campbell, father and son, were from the North of Ireland, where several sects of Scottish Presbyterians exist. Presbyterians from Scotland in large numbers came into

the province of Ulster from 150 to 200 years since. The Campbells belonged to the Seceders, or as they denominated themselves, Associate Reformed Presbyterians. The Seceders in Scotland separated from the regular Scottish Kirk in 1732, at the head of which separation was Rev. Ralph Erskine, with several other distinguished ministers. Previous to this rupture, there were secessions in the Scottish Kirk, but to what extent these sects formed the migratory population to Ireland, we know not. Of all Christian communions, the Scotch Presbyterians have been the most successful in making parties. Whether the native independence of the Scottish mind, its characteristic obstinacy of opinion, or some other cause, produces this tendency to division, we shall not attempt to decide. But this element of national character should not be overlooked in our review of the history and progress of Campbellism.

"We think the Rev. Thos. Campbell, the father, immigrated to Western Pennsylvania before the son, probably before he completed his studies in Glasgow University. Both, probably, had commenced the line of departure from Ultra-Presbyterianism, before they left their native land. They were evidently approaching independency in church government. We think it was in 1809 that Rev. Thomas Campbell made application to join a presbytery in Washington county, Pa.; but, on examination, he was rejected, as he refused to acknowledge the standards of that church. They gathered a small congregation in Washington county, and to this people he and his son, Alexander, administered, on a platform independent of the other sects. They started in the right direction, by regarding the Scriptures as their sole guide in search of divine truth, and the New Testament as their only authority in the gathering of Christian churches, and on the ordinances of Jesus Christ.

"Traveling in this direction, in 1812, they found themselves on the platform of the Baptists. The older ministers and churches of the Red-Stone Association were tenacious of the dogmas found in the little book, which, from being printed and circulated under the *recommendation* of the Philadelphia Association, in 1742, was popularly called "*The Philadelphia Confession of Faith*." The Baptists then, as now, received the Scriptures as their only ultimate rule of faith and practice. But in the Red-Stone Association, at an early period of its history, a rule had been adopted requiring a church, when offering or union in the body, to declare its belief in this Confession. This rule had been virtually suspended by disuse before the Campbells offered themselves.

"The following extract of a letter from the late Rev. David Jones to a correspondent in Philadelphia, dated June 22d, 1812, and found in the "*Baptist Missionary Magazine*," September, 1812, gives the account of the baptism of the Messrs. Campbells:

“In the first week in this month, the Rev. Thos. Campbell, a seceder minister in Washington county, and his wife and daughter, and also his son, young Mr. Campbell, and his wife, with one more, were all baptized, in Buffalo Creek, by our brother, Matthias Luce, who is pastor of Ten Mile Church, Washington county, Pa. On this interesting occasion, Mr. Campbell, senior, spake three hours and a-half, at the water, to a large auditory. * * *

“He sweeps all before him (adds the writer). He has baptized a number since his own baptism, and his church bids fair soon to be the largest in the State. Young brother Campbell is a good scholar, and a man of talents. He spake on the occasion one hour and a-half; wherein he made an eminent display of his knowledge in Greek.”

Three years after the baptism of Thomas and Alexander Campbell, the Brush Run, of which they were members, was received into the Red-Stone Association.*

“At the next session of the Association, Elder A. Campbell commenced the work of a ‘Reformer,’ or, at least, a radical innovator. He preached a sermon before the Association on what is popularly called the ‘Moral Law,’ or Ten Commandments, from Rom. 8: 3: *For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God, sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh.*’

“Much dissatisfaction was shown by the brethren after the delivery of this discourse. The old Baptist fathers pronounced it heterodox. They fancied that under such loose and incongruous views of the divine law, they saw the germ of errors far more dangerous than appeared with clearness in the discourse.”

Of this sermon, however, we shall say nothing here. Although are seen in it the germs of Mr. Campbell’s whole system of theology and terminology, yet in the sermon itself there was little to awaken suspicion.

But that Mr. Campbell then claimed to be, and still claims to have been ■ Reformer, who had abandoned all human creeds, and took the Bible alone for his guide, will not by him or others be denied. He states himself, that in uniting with this Association he protested against all human creeds as bonds of union, and professed subjection to the Bible alone.

It will, under these circumstances, be most interesting to learn what were his views received from the Bible alone, on a subject which has been the butt of ridicule among the Reformers since the suspension of Stone and McNemar down to this hour—views,

* Mr. Campbell, in his article in the Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge, says it was in 1813. In the Red-Stone Minutes, a copy of which we possess, the reception of the church and Mr. Campbell are mentioned for the first time.—J. M. Peck, *Ch. Review*.

which the Reformers—who were sweeping through Virginia and Kentucky at the time the following was written—would have branded as fanaticism—views, which were ridiculed by the Reformers then as they are ridiculed by them still—views, in fine, which the Reformers of that day and of this, thought it their great mission to reform—were penned with deliberate care by ALEXANDER CAMPBELL in 1817. It is the circular of the Red-Stone Baptist Association, by A. Campbell.

CIRCULAR LETTER—ELECTION AND PREDESTINATION.

To the Churches in connection with the Red Stone Baptist Association, the following Circular is addressed:

DEAR BRETHREN: In our last Circular letter, we addressed you on the first and most fundamental doctrine of the Christian religion—the doctrine respecting the sacred and sublime relation of Father, Son and Spirit, in the one incomprehensible Jehovah, the only living and true God, into whose name we have been baptized.

We are now to call your attention to a subject next in order to, and inseparably connected with, the former, viz: “The will or purpose of the Most High in creating angels and men, as revealed in the sacred Scriptures, as the end of all his works.” If rightly investigated, this subject will open to our view many mysteries in the sacred volume, interpret and vindicate the ways of Providence, and will exhibit the grand ultimatum or final destiny of all events in earth and in heaven. When we attempt to think of the Eternal, our thoughts immediately turn to his perfections; these perfections are portrayed in his works and in his word. Of these we may acquire some knowledge, but of the essence or being of the Almighty we can obtain no knowledge at least in this present life. Limited, however, as our minds are, in thinking of God, when we conceive of him, our thoughts burst the narrow confines of time and space—under the wings of faith soar beyond the morning of creation, and meditate on God before he formed the earth or stretched forth the heavens. Yea, we can conceive of him existing alone, blessed and independent, inhabiting eternity, before the morning stars sang together, or angels lisped his praise. Rational inquiry demands, where then were the legions of angels, the numberless generations of men, with all the works of six thousand years? Revelation replies, they had no existence, save in the purpose of him who says, “I am God, and there is none else; I am God, and there is none like me; declaring the end from the beginning, and from ancient times the things that are not yet done; saying, my counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure.”

In submitting to your consideration a few thoughts on this interesting subject, we shall attempt to propose and answer a few pertinent inquiries, the first of which shall be: Has God any purpose or determination respecting his creation? In answer to this inquiry, we would remark, that the times, purpose, counsel, and decree occur frequently in the Scriptures; and are synonymously used to denote the determination or intention of a rational agent concerning its own actions or those of others, and are so used when applied to God.

The word decree is frequently a respect to the determination of the mind expressed in word or writing, but primarily has a respect to the intention or appointment in the mind. Now, it must be observed, that every rational action, or every action of a rational agent, is a result of a previous determination in the mind of the agent, and herein is the essential difference betwixt the actions of a rational agent, and the actions or movement of a machine or of inanimate matter. The former are the effects of determination or volition in the agent; the latter are the effects of extrinsic causes. A wheel turns, a tree falls, the waters move, the earth trembles, and the winds blow, as they are affected by external causes, and not from any motive or intention of their own. But a man or a spirit acts from a determination of their own, which determination or purpose is the result of the exercise of reason, as is manifest to all without need of metaphysical speculation.

A human action without intention is not properly the man's own; as, for instance, if a man superior in strength put a sword in my hand, and with his strength thrust that sword into the vitals of my neighbor; or, if I asleep, or in the delirium of a fever should do so, this action, not proceeding from a proper determination of my mind, is not properly my own and is not considered the subject of blame. Hence it is, that the laws of all nations, ancient and modern, as well as the laws of God, discriminate between those actions resulting from intention and purpose in the mind, and those resulting from extrinsic causes. The former are the subject of praise or blame; the latter are not, neither can be. It is obvious that it is owing to human frailty, that any of our actions are the result of external causes; and therefore disembodied spirits and angels act always from their own purpose or intention. Now, as all our proper actions, or the actions of our proper selves, are the result of previous purpose or determination of the soul; so the actions of angels, and of God himself, in whose moral image we were fashioned, are the result of previous determination, or of a purpose formed in the order of nature, or of time previous to the action.

We may also add, that it is the intention or purpose in the mind of the agent that characterizes action, so as to make it good or

bad ; for the same action is either good or bad, according to the intention of the agent. For example, if a physician amputate a limb, to prevent a mortification, it is a good action ; but if a neighbor amputates a limb, to avenge a quarrel, it is a bad action. Now the action is the same in both, viz., the amputation of a limb ; but the purposes or intentions are not : hence the purpose of the agent characterizes the action.

From what has been said, the following conclusions are, we deem, inevitable, viz : That an intention or purpose of the mind is essential to every rational action ; that it is the intention or purpose of the mind, that distinguishes the actions of a man from the actions of a machine, or inanimate matter ; and that it is the purpose that constitutes them good or bad.

Now, if God be rational, (as nature cries aloud through all her works, and as revelation indubitably asserts), then every action or work of God is the result of a purpose or intention, formed in his own mind, anterior in the order of nature or of time. For though there can be no past nor future in the purposes of Him who is of one mind forever, yet in the execution of them in time they are prior and posterior to each other, though sound reason asserts and maintains the doctrines now stated. It is however necessary that our minds should be established in this truth, not merely through the evidence of reason, but from the testimony of Him who alone perfectly comprehends himself. Let us hearken then to what the Spirit saith by the prophets and apostles :—Isaiah 14 : 24 and 27. The Lord of hosts hath sworn, saying : Surely as I have thought, so shall it come to pass ; as I have purposed, so shall it stand. The Lord of hosts hath purposed, who shall disannul it ? So we read of his *eternal purpose*, and of the purpose of him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will. Now there are many devices in the heart of man ; but the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand—for, saith he, I will do all my pleasure.

From what has been said, as it is unnecessary to multiply testimony, where one is sufficient, it appears manifest, that God has a purpose or determination respecting all his works or creatures, which purpose is the plan in his own mind of all that he hath done or shall do ; of all that he hath suffered or shall suffer to be done to eternity.

The first inquiry being answered as far as convenient at present, we shall propose the second, viz : What are the chief properties of the Divine purposes ? The first peculiarity of the Divine purposes is, they are all as ancient as God himself. We are all older than our purposes—some of us are ten, twenty, or forty years older than our present purposes. The reason is obvious : we are continually increasing in knowledge, and we now know or think we know more perfectly than formerly ; therefore we abandon

one purpose and adopt a new one. This is a plain evidence of our weakness and folly.

"Not so the Ancient of days," whose understanding is infinite. He knows no more now than he always knew, therefore he has no reason to change his purpose. If we could suppose he knows any thing now which he did not formerly know, we might suppose that there is something which he will yet know, of which he is at present ignorant and uninformed, which may be so important a discovery, as to cause a revolution in his mind, deeply affecting the whole universe.

Such a supposition is derogatory to the Divine character, levels the Most High as low as we, makes the Infinite finite, and circumscribes every perfection by the scale which measures ours. There cannot be any increase or diminution with God. Man is still on the increase in knowledge, and is continually altering his purposes till nature dissolves and dies. But to him who is perfect, time, experience, eternity adds nothing. The purposes of God then are as ancient as himself, and are therefore called by the apostle Paul his "eternal purposes."

A second peculiarity of the Divine purpose is, they are *independent*. Man is dependent, in forming his purposes, on a variety of circumstances—on past experience, on experience of others, and on the advice of others. But saith the Spirit, "With whom took he counsel? Who instructed and taught him in the path of judgment? Who hath directed the spirit of the Lord?" No, he depends not on any for advice; for, saith the apostle, "He purposed in himself," and "he worketh all things after the counsel of his own will."

A third peculiarity of the Divine purposes is, they are immutable. Every thing in this world is continually changing, ourselves, our thoughts, our purposes. He alone, who is God of Jacob, can say, "I change not." He alone is of one mind, and the thoughts of his heart are the same to all generations. There are but two reasons why any creature alters its purpose—these are ignorance and imbecility. If I abandon my determination, it is either because I perceive it is wrong or that I am not able to accomplish it. No man ever desisted from any of his purposes but upon a conviction that it was not the best, consequently wrong, or that he discovered insurmountable impediments to his accomplishing it. But who, that is "excellent in counsel and wonderful in working," ever departed from his purpose upon a conviction that it was not the best, or that impediments beyond his control obliged him to desist from it? On such an hypothesis his wisdom and power would be impeached and disgraced; no longer could it be said that he is of infinite understanding, and of almighty power.

If then we could imagine for a moment that God's will or

intention ever changes, we must at the same time dispute the plainest evidence of reason, and earliest testimony of revelation. We must say that his understanding is finite, and that there is something too powerful for him to oppose. But from what has been said, we may safely assert, that the foundation of God standeth sure; that his purpose is immutable; that the Lord has purposed, who shall disannul it? His counsel shall stand, and he shall do all his pleasure.

To avoid prolixity, we would enumerate in one particular the grand peculiarities of the Divine purposes—they are wise, they are good, and shall in due time be accomplished. These properties of the Divine counsels are asserted in the following testimonies of Holy Scriptures: “He is wise in counsel; he is good and he doeth good; hath he said, and shall he not do it? Hath he spoken, and shall it not come to pass? Who is he that sayeth and it cometh to pass, when the Lord commandeth it not? I have purposed and I will do it, I will do all my pleasure. For he doeth whatsoever pleases him in the armies of heaven and amongst the inhabitants of the earth. All is good, yea, very good.”

Having shown what the peculiarities of the Divine purposes are, we now proceed to a third question, viz: What are the objects of the counsels or purposes of God? To this query we shall give the following answer:

We would observe in the first place that the objects of the Divine purposes are God himself, and his creatures. Respecting himself and his creatures he has purposed certain things; but as his purposes concerning himself are better understood in considering what he has purposed concerning his creatures, we shall attend first to these.

Every thing in the universe is the creature of God, apart from himself. Amongst those creatures of God there are two chief orders, viz., angels and men, on whose account all other creatures exist.

The events and issue of all other creatures are connected with and subservient to these. These only are created capable of knowing and delighting in God. These only are created susceptible of receiving exquisite happiness in contemplating the Divine excellence. But as the dignity and happiness of these two superior orders depend in some measure on the inferior orders, it was necessary that the Divine purposes should include every creature in the universe. None too minute, none too great to be left out or excluded from it. This will appear obvious from reason and revelation.

If we reasonably contemplate the lower world, we shall perceive that all the tribes of animals, visible or invisible to the naked eye, are so many links in the same chain or steps in the same

ladder up to the creature man. So that if one species of beings should by any means become extinct, the species immediately above it, and dependent on it, would become extinct, and so on, till instead of this fair and well inhabited edifice, we would be presented with a ruined and desolate earth.

It was therefore necessary for man's sake, for whom the sun shines, the planets move, the sea teems with life, and the earth is replenished with innumerable tribes of animals—we say it was necessary for his sake that the Divine purposes should include every creature, from the gnat to the mammoth, from the fry to the whale. To this revelation agrees, when it says “the hairs of your head are numbered—are not five sparrows sold for two farthings? and not one of them is forgotten before God.” Concerning all these creatures, but especially concerning man, God has purposed or determined the number of each, the properties, times, modes, and circumstances of existence.

“God,” says the apostle, “has determined the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitation.”

Known unto God are all his works from the foundation of the world. He gave the sea his decree that the waters should not pass his commandment, when he placed the sand for the bound for the sea, by a perpetual decree, when he had made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of thunder! Hence, we read of the definite legions of angels, of the elect angels, of the number of man's months, of his appointed time, of his fixed habitation of the last day.

And with respect to the souls and eternal state of all men, the same language runs through the divine oracles. Hence, we read of some appointed unto wrath, and some appointed to obtain salvation through Christ; hence, we read of some ordained to eternal life, and some of old ordained to condemnation; of some vessels of mercy afore prepared unto glory, and some vessels of wrath, fitted unto destruction; of some called and few chosen; of some from the beginning chosen unto salvation, and some sent unto their own place, by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God.

The means also by which these appointments were to be accomplished, are as fully the object of the Divine purpose as the end or event itself. Hence, we read, “without holiness no man shall see the Lord.” “Except a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of God.” “He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not the testimony of God shall be damned.” “Those that know not God and disobey the gospel shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power.”

In the Divine purposes, the means and the end are inseparably connected, and in the accomplishment of these purposes, this

connection is, and shall always be visible to all concerned. As the answer to the query which has been proposed is deeply involved in the query which shall be given to a fourth inquiry, we shall, previous to our furnishing the answer which has been so far given, proceed to the next, viz: What is the end or final purposes of God?

(To be Continued.)

THE KINGLY PRIESTHOOD OF THE SAINTS.

A Sermon.

BY REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

“And hast made us unto our God kings and priests: and we shall reign on the earth.”—Rev. v., 10.

I do not know how it may be with some minds; they possibly may resist the influence of singing, but I cannot. When the saints of God in full chorus “chaunt the solemn lay,” and when I hear sweet syllables fall from their lips, keeping measure and time, then I feel elevated, and forgetting for a time everything terrestrial, I soar aloft towards heaven.* If such be the sweetness of the music of the saints below, where there is much of discord and sin to mar the harmony, how sweet must it be to sing above, with cherubim and seraphim! Oh, what songs must those be which the Eternal ever hears upon his throne! What seraphic sonnets must those be which are thrilled from the lips of pure immortals, untainted by a sin, unmingled with a groan; where they warble ever hymns of joy and gladness, never intermingled with one sigh, or groan, or worldly care. Happy songsters! When shall I your chorus join? There is one of your hymns that runs—

“Hark! how they sing before the throne!”

and I have sometimes thought I could “hark! how they sing before the throne.” I have imagined that I could hear the full burst of the swell of the chorus, when it pealed from heaven like mighty thunders, and the sound of many waters; and have almost heard those full-toned strains, when the harpers harped with their harps before the throne of God. Alas! it was but imagination. We cannot hear it now; these ears are not fitted for such music; these souls could not be contained in the body if we were once to hear some stray note from the harps of angels. We must wait till we get up yonder. Then, purified, like silver seven times, from the defilement of earth, washed in our Saviour’s precious blood, sanctified by the purifying influence of the Holy Spirit—

“We shall, unblemished and complete,
Appear before our Father’s throne,
With joys divinely great.

* What would he think of a choir stuck up in the gallery praising God with scientific lip-service? He would doubtless deem it anti-christian—wicked, and denounce it as such.

“Then loudest of the crowd we'll sing,
Whilst heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.”

Our friend John, the highly favored apostle of the Apocalypse, has given us just one note from heaven's song; we shall strike that note, and sound it again and again. I shall strike this tuning-fork of heaven, and let you hear one of the key notes. “And hast made us unto our God kings and priests; and we shall reign on the earth.” May the great and gracious Spirit, who is the only illumination of darkness, light up my mind whilst I attempt, in a brief and hurried manner, to speak from this text. There are three things in it. First, the Redeemer's doings—“and hast made us;” second, the saints' honors—“and hast made us kings and priests unto our God;” and thirdly, the world's future—“and we shall reign upon the earth.”

I. First, then, we have *the Redeemer's doings*. They who stand before the throne, sing of the Lamb—the Lion of the tribe of Judah, who took the book and broke the seals thereof—“Thou hast made us kings and priests unto our God.” In heaven they do not sing

“Glory, honor, praise, and power”
Be unto ourselves forever;
We have been our own Redeemers;—“Hallelujah!”

They never sing praise to themselves; they glorify not their own strength; they do not talk of their own free-will and their own might; but they ascribe their salvation, from beginning to end, to God. Ask them how they were saved, and they reply, “The Lamb hath made us what we are.” Ask them whence their glories came, and they will tell you, “They were bequeathed to us by the dying Lamb.” Ask whence they obtained the gold of their harps, and they say, “It was dug in mines of agony and bitterness by Jesus.” Inquire who strung their harps, and they will tell you that Jesus took each sinew of his body to make them. Ask them where they washed their robes and made them white, and they will say,

“‘In yonder fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins.’”

Some persons on earth do not know where to put the crown; but those in heaven do. They place the diadem on the right hand; and they ever sing—“And he hath made us what we are.”

Well, then, beloved, would not this note well become us here? For “what have we that we have not received?” Who hath made us to differ? I know, this morning, that I am a justified man; I have the full assurance that

“The terrors of law and of God,
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.”

There is not a sin against me in God's book; they have all been forever obliterated by the blood of Christ, and cancelled by his own right hand. I have

nothing to fear; I cannot be condemned. "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" Not God, for he hath justified; not Christ, for he hath died. But if I am justified, who made me so? I say—"And hath made me what I am." Justification, from first to last, is of God. Salvation is of the Lord alone.

Many of you are sanctified persons, but you are not perfectly sanctified; you are not redeemed altogether from the dross of earth; you have still another law in your members, warring against the law of your mind; and you always will have that law while you tabernacle in faith; you never will be perfect in your sanctification until you get up yonder before the solemn throne of God, where even this imperfection of your soul will be taken away, and your carnal depravity rooted out. But yet, beloved, there is an inward principle imparted; you are growing in grace—you are making progress in holiness. Well, but who made you have that progress? Who redeemed you from that lust? Who ransomed you from that vice? Who bade you say farewell to that practice in which you indulge? Cannot you say of Jesus, "And hath made us!" It is Christ who hath done it all, and to his name be honor, and glory, and praise, and dominion.

Let us dwell one moment on this thought, and show you how it is that it can be said that Christ hath made us this. When did Christ make his people kings and priests? When could it be said, "And hath made us kings and priests unto our God?"

1. First of all, he made us kings and priests virtually when he signed the covenant of grace. Far, far back in eternity, the Magna Charta of the saints was written by the hand of God, and it needed one signature to make it valid. There was a stipulation in that covenant that the Mediator should become incarnate, should live a suffering life, and at last endure a death of ignominy; and it needed but one signature, the signature of the Son of God, to make that covenant valid, eternal, and "ordered in all things and sure." Methinks I see him now, as my imagination pictures the lofty Son of God grasping the pen. See how his fingers write the name; and there it stands in everlasting letters—"THE SON!" O sacred ratification of the treaty; it is stamped and sealed with the great seal of our Father in heaven. O glorious covenant, then forever made secure! At the moment of the signature of this wondrous document, the spirits before the throne—I mean the angels—might have taken up the song and said of the whole body of the elect, "And hast made you kings and priests unto our God;" and could all the chosen company have started into existence, they could have clapped their hands, and sung, "Here we are by that very signature constituted kings and priests unto our God."

2. But he did not stop there. It was not simply agreeing to the terms of the treaty; but in due time he fulfilled it all—yes, to its utmost jot and tittle. Jesus said, "I will take the cup of salvation;" and he did take it—the cup of our deliverance. Bitter were its drops; gall lay in its depths; there were groans, and sighs, and tears, within the red mixture; but he took it all, and

drank it to its dregs, and swallowed all the awful draught. All was gone. He drank the cup of salvation, and he ate the bread of affliction. See him, as he drinks the cup in Gethsemane, when the fluid of that cup did mingle with his blood, and make each drop a scalding poison. Mark how the hot feet of pain did travel down his veins. See how each nerve is twisted and contorted with his agony. Behold his brow covered with sweat; witness the agonies as they follow each other into the very depths of his soul. Speak, ye lost, and tell what hell's torment means; but ye cannot tell what the torments of Gethsemane were. Oh, the deep unutterable! There was a depth which couched beneath, when our Redeemer bowed his head, when he placed himself betwixt the upper and the nether millstones of his Father's vengeance, and when his whole soul was ground to powder. Ah, that wrestling man-God—that suffering man of Gethsemane! Weep o'er him, saints—weep o'er him; when you see him rising from that prayer in the garden, marching forth to his cross; when ye picture him hanging on his cross four long hours in the scorching sun, overwhelmed by his Father's passing wrath—when you see his side streaming with gore—when ye hear his death-shriek, “It is finished,”—and see his lips all parched, and moistened by nothing save the vinegar and the gall—ah! then prostrate yourselves before that cross, bow down before that sufferer, and “*Thou hast made us—thou hast made us what we are; we are nothing without thee.*” The cross of Jesus is the foundation of the glory of the saints; Calvary is the birth-place of heaven; heaven was born in Bethlehem's manger; had it not been for the sufferings and agonies of Golgotha we should have had no blessing. O, saint! in every mercy see the Saviour's blood; look on this Book—it is sprinkled with his blood; look on this house of prayer—it is sanctified by his sufferings; look on your daily food—it is purchased with his groans. Let every mercy come to you as blood-bought treasure; value it because it comes from him; and evermore say, “*Thou hast made us what we are.*”

3. Beloved, our Saviour Jesus Christ finished the great work of making us what we are, by his ascension into heaven. If he had not risen up on high, and led captivity captive, his death would have been insufficient. He “died for our sins,” but he “rose again for our justification.” The resurrection of our Saviour, in his majesty, when he burst the bonds of death, was to us the assurance that God had accepted his sacrifice; and his ascension up on high, was but as a type and a figure of the real and actual ascension of all his saints, when he shall come in the clouds of judgment, and shall call all his people to him. Mark the man-God, as he goes upwards toward heaven; behold his triumphal march through the skies, whilst stars sing his praises, and planets dance in solemn order; behold him traverse the unknown fields of ether till he arrives at the throne of God in the seventh heaven. Then hear him say to his Father, “I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do; behold me and the children thou hast given me; I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course; I have done all; I have accomplished every type; I have finished every part of the covenant; there is not one iota I have left unful-

filled, or one tittle that is left out; all is done." And hark, how they sing before the throne of God when thus he speaks: "Thou hast made us unto our God kings and priests; and we shall reign on the earth."

Thus have I briefly spoken upon the dear Redeemer's doings. Poor lips cannot speak better; faint heart will not rise up to the height of this great argument. O, that these lips had language eloquent and lofty, that they might speak more of the wondrous doings of our Redeemer!

"Crown him! crown him!
Crowns become the Saviour's brow."

II. Now, secondly, *the saints' honors*: "and hast made us unto our God kings and priests." The most honorable of all monarchs have ever been esteemed to be those who had a right not only to be royal, but to sacerdotal supremacy—those kings who could wear at one time the crown of royalty, and at another the mitre of the priesthood, who could both use the censer and hold the sceptre—who could offer intercession for the people, and then govern the nations. Those who are kings and priests are great indeed; and here you behold the saint honored, not with one title, or one office, but with two. He is made not a king merely, but a king and a priest; not a priest merely, but a priest and a king. The saint has two offices conferred upon him at once; he is made a priestly monarch, and a regal priest.

I shall take, first of all, the royal office of the saints. They are **KINGS**. They are not merely to be kings in heaven, but they are also kings on earth; for if my text does not say so, the Bible declares it in another passage: "Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood." We are kings *even now*. I want you to understand that before I explain the idea. Every saint of the living God not merely has the prospect of being a king in heaven, but positively, in the sight of God, he is a king now; and he must say, with regard to his brethren and himself, "And hast made us," even now, "unto our God kings and priests; and we shall reign upon the earth." A Christian is a king. He is not simply *like* a king, but he *is* a king, actually and truly. However, I shall try and show you how he is like a king.

Remember *his royal ancestry*. What a fuss some people make about their grandfathers and grandmothers, and distant ancestors. I remember seeing in Trinity College the pedigree of some great lord that went back just as far as Adam, and Adam was there digging the ground—the first man. It was traced all the way up. Of course I did not believe it. I have heard of some pedigrees that go back further. I leave that to your own common sense, to believe it or not. A pedigree in which shall be found dukes, marquisses, and kings, and princes. O, what would some give for such a pedigree? I believe, however, that it is not what our ancestors were, but what we are, that will make us shine before God; that it is not so much in knowing that we have royal or priestly blood in our veins, as knowing that we are an honor to our race—that we are walking in the ways of the Lord, and reflecting credit upon the church, and upon the grace that makes us honorable. But since some

men will glory in their descent, I will glory that the saints have the proudest ancestry in all the world. Talk of Cæsars, or of Alexanders, or tell me even of our own good Queen—I say that I am of as high descent as her majesty, or the proudest monarch in the world. I am descended from the King of kings. The saint may well speak of his ancestry; he may exult in it, he may glory in it, for he is the son of God, positively and actually. His mother, the church, is the Bride of Jesus; he is a twice-born child of heaven; one of the blood royal of the universe. The poorest woman or man on earth, loving Christ, is of a royal line. Give a man the grace of God in his heart, and his ancestry is noble. I can turn back the roll of my pedigree, and I can tell you that it is so ancient that it has no beginning; it is more ancient than all the rolls of mighty men put together; for, from all eternity my Father existed; and, therefore, I have indeed a right royal and ancient ancestry.

And then, again: *the saints, like monarchs, have a splendid retinue.* Kings and monarchs cannot travel without a deal of state. In olden times they had far more magnificence than they have now; but even in these days we see much of it when royalty is abroad. There must be a peculiar kind of horse, and a splendid chariot, and outriders, with all the etceteras of gorgeous pomp. Aye! and the kings of God, whom Jesus Christ has made kings and priests unto their God, have also a royal retinue. “O!” say you, “but I see some of them in rags; they are walking through the earth alone, sometimes without a helper or a friend.” Ah! but there is a fault in your eyes. If you had eyes to see, you would perceive a body-guard of angels always attending every one of the blood-bought family. You remember Elijah’s servant could not see anything around Elijah, till his master opened his eyes; then he could see that there were horses and chariots round about Elijah. Lo! there are horses and chariots about me. And thou, saint of the Lord, where’er thou art, there are horses and chariots. In that bed-chamber, where I was born, angels stood to announce my birth on high. In seas of trouble, when wave after wave seems to go over me, angels are there to lift up my head; when I come to die, when sorrowing friends shall, weeping, carry me to the grave, angels shall stand by my bier; and, when put into the grave, some mighty angel shall stand and guard my dust, and contend for its possession with the devil. Why should I fear? I have a company of angels about me; and whenever I walk abroad, the glorious cherubim march in front. Men see them not, but I see them; for “faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.” We have a royal retinue; we are kings, not merely by ancestry, but by our retinue.

Now, notice *the insignia and regalia of the saints.* Kings and princes have certain things that are theirs by prescriptive right. For instance, Her Majesty has her Buckingham Palace, and her other palaces, her crown royal, her sceptre, and so on. But, has a saint a palace? Yes. I have a palace! and its walls are not made of marble, but of gold; its borders are carbuncles and precious gems; its windows are of agates; its stones are laid with fair colors;

around it there is a profusion of every costly thing; rubies sparkle here and there; yea, pearls are but common stones within it. Some call it a mansion; but I have a right to call it a palace too, for I am a king. It is a mansion when I look at God, it is a palace when I look at men; because it is the habitation of a prince. Mark where the palace is. I am not a prince of Iude—I have no inheritance in any far-off land that men dream of—I have no El Dorado, or home of Prester John; but yet I have a substantial palace. Yonder, on the hills of heaven, it stands. I know not its position among the other mansions of heaven, but there it stands; and “I know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

Have Christians a crown too? O yes; but they do not wear it every day. They have a crown, but their coronation day is not yet arrived. They have been anointed monarchs, they have some of the authority and dignity of monarchs; but they are not crowned monarchs yet. But the crown is made. God will not have to order heaven’s goldsmiths to fashion it in after-time; it is made already, hanging up in glory. God hath “laid up for me a crown of righteousness.” O, saint, if thou didst just open some secret door in heaven, and go into the treasure chamber, thou wouldst see it filled with crowns. When Cortes entered the palace of Montezuma, he found a secret chamber, bricked up, and he thought the wealth of all the world was there, so many different things were there stowed away. Could you enter God’s secret treasure-house, what wealth would you see! “Are there so many monarchs,” you would say, “so many crowns, so many princes?” Yes, and some bright angel would say, “Mark you that crown? It is yours;” and if you were to look within, you would read, “Made for a sinner saved by grace, whose name was——;” and then you would hardly believe your eyes, as you saw your own name engraved upon it. You are indeed a king before God; for you have a crown laid up in heaven. Whatever other insignia belong to monarchs, saints shall have. They shall have robes of whiteness; they shall have harps of glory; they shall have all things that become their regal state; so that we are indeed monarchs, you see; not mock-monarchs, clothed in purple garments of derision, and scoffed at with “Hail, king of the Jews;” but we are real monarchs. “He hath made us kings and priests unto our God.”

There is another thought here. *Kings are considered the most honorable amongst men.* They are always looked up to and respected. If you should say, “a monarch is here!” a crowd would give way. I should not command much respect if I were to attempt to move about in a crowd; but if any one should shout, “Here is the Queen!” every one would step aside and make room for her. A monarch generally commands respect. Ah, beloved, we think that worldly princes are the most honorable of the earth; but if you were to ask God, he would reply, “my saints, in whom I delight, these are the honorable ones.” Tell me not of tinsel and gewgaw; tell me not of gold and silver; tell me not of diamonds and pearls; tell me not of ancestry and

rank ; preach to me not of pomp and power ; but oh ! tell me that a man is a saint of the Lord, for then he is an honorable man. God respects him, angels respect him, and the universe one day shall respect him, when Christ shall come to call him to his account, and say, “ Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.” You may despise a child of God now, sinner ; you may laugh at him ; you may say he is a hypocrite ; you may call him a saint, a Methodist, a cant, and everything you like ; but know that those titles will not mar his dignity—he is the honorable of the earth, and God estimates him as such.

But some persons will say, “ I wish you would prove what you affirm, when you say that saints are kings ; for, if we were kings, we should never have any sorrows ; kings are never poor as we are, and never suffer as we do.” Who told you so ? You say if you are kings, you would live at ease. Do not kings ever suffer ? Was not David an anointed king ? and was he not hunted like a partridge on the mountains ? Did not the king himself pass over the brook Kedron, and all his people, weeping as he went, when his son Absalom pursued him ? And was he not a monarch when he slept on the cold ground, with no couch, save the damp heather ? O yes, kings have their sorrows—crowned heads have their afflictions. Full oft

“ Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.”

Do not expect, that because you are a king, you are to have no sorrows. “ It is not for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine ; nor for princes strong drink.” And it is often so. The saints get but little wine here. It is not for kings to drink the wine of pleasure ; it is not for kings to have much of the intoxicating drink and the surfeits of this world’s delight. They shall have joy enough up yonder, when they shall drink it new in their Father’s kingdom. Poor saint ! do dwell on this. Thou art a king ! I beseech thee, let it not go away from thy mind ; but in the midst of thy tribulation, still rejoice in it. If thou hast to go through the dark tunnel of infamy, for Christ’s name ; if thou art ridiculed and reviled, still rejoice in the fact, “ I am a king, and all the dominions of the earth shall be mine !”

That last idea, and I have done with this part of the subject. *Kings have dominion.* Do you know I am a fifth monarchy man ? In Cromwell’s time, some said there had been four monarchs, and the fifth would come and overturn every other. Well, I never wish to do as they did ; but I believe with them, that a fifth monarchy shall come. There have now existed four great empires, arrogating universal dominion, and there never shall be another world-wide monarchy until Christ shall come. Jesus, our Lord, is to be King of all the earth, and rule all nations in a glorious spiritual, or personal reign. The saints, as being kings in Christ, have a right to the whole world. Here am I this morning, and my congregation before me. Some persons say, “ Keep to your own place, and preach ;” and I have heard the advice, “ Do not go out of your parish.” But Rowland Hill used to say he never went out of his parish in his life ; his parish was England, Scotland, and Wales, and he never

went out of it. I suppose that is my parish, and the parish of every gospel minister. When you see a city full of sin and iniquity, what should we say? That is ours—we will go and storm it. When we see a street, or some crowded area, where the people are very bad and wicked, we should say, “That is our alley, we will go and take it.” When we see a house where people will not receive the gospel, we should say, “That is our house, we will go and attack it.” We will not go with the strong arm of the law; we will not ask the policeman, or government, to help us; but take with us “the weapons of our warfare,” which “are not carnal, but spiritual, and mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds.” We will go, and by God’s spirit we shall overcome. There is a town where the children are running about the street uneducated; we will go and take those children—kidnap them for Christ. We will have a Sabbath-school. If they are ragged urchins, who cannot come to a Sabbath-school, we will have a ragged school. There is a part of the world where the inhabitants are sunk in ignorance and superstition; we will send a missionary to them. Ah! those who do not like missionary enterprise, do not know the dignity of the saint. Talk of India; talk of China; “It is mine,” saith the saint. All the kingdoms of the earth are ours. “Africa is my wash-pot—I will triumph over Asia. They are mine! they are mine!” “Who shall bring me into the strong city?” Is it not thou, O Lord? God shall give us the kingdom of Christ. The whole earth is ours; and by the power of the Holy Ghost, Bel shall bow, Nebo shall stoop; the gods of the heathen, Budha and Brahma, shall be cast down, and all nations bow before the sceptre of Christ. “He hath made us kings.”

Our second point, upon which I shall be very brief, is, “He hath made us kings and PRIESTS.” Saints are not only kings, but priests. I shall go to it at once, without any preface.

We are priests, because *priests are divinely chosen persons*, and so are we. “No man taketh this office upon himself, but the man who is called unto it, as was Aaron.” But we have that calling and election; we were all ordained to it from the foundations of the world. We were predestinated to be priests, and in process of time we had a special, effectual call, which we could not, and did not resist, and which at last so overcame us, that we became at once the priests of God. We are priests divinely constituted. When we say we are priests, we do not talk as certain parties do, who say they are priests, wishing thereby to arrogate to themselves a distinction. I always have an objection—I must state it strongly—to calling a clergyman, or any man that preaches, a priest. We are no more so than you are. All saints are priests. But for a man to stand up and say he is a priest, any more than those he preaches to, is a falsehood. I detest the distinction of clergy and laity. I like scriptural priestcraft; for that is the craft or work of the people, who are all priests; but all other priestcraft I abhor. Every saint of the Lord is a priest at God’s altar, and is bound to worship God with the holy incense of

prayer and praise. We are priests, each one of us, if we are called by divine grace ; for thus we are priests by divine constitution.

Then, next, we are priests, because *we enjoy divine honors*. None but a priest might enter within the veil ; there was a court of the priests into which none might ever go, except the called ones. Priests had certain rights and privileges which others had not. Saint of Jesus ! heir of heaven ! thou hast high and honorable privileges, which the world wots not of ! Hast thou ever been within the veil in communion with Christ ? Hast thou ever been in the court of the Lord's house, the court of the priests, where he has taught thee, and manifested himself to thee ? Hast thou ? Yes, thou knowest thou hast ; thou enjoyest constant access to God's throne ; thou hast a right to come and tell thy griefs and sorrows into the ear of Jehovah. The poor worldling must not come there ; the poor child of wrath has no God to tell his troubles to. He must not go within the veil ; he has no wish to go ; but thou mayest ; thou mayest come to God's ear, swing the censer before the throne, and offer thy petition in the name of Jesus. Others have not these divine honors. Thou art divinely honored, and divinely blessed.

Then another remark, to finish up with, shall be, *we have a divine service to perform* ; and as I want you all, this morning, to turn this chapel into one great altar—as I want to make you all working priests, and this the temple for sacrifice—look earnestly at your service. You are all priests, because you love his dear name and have a great service to perform ; not a propitiation for your sins, for that has been once offered, but a sacrifice this day of holy thanksgiving. O ! how sweet in God's ear is the prayer of his people. That is the sacrifice that he accepts ; and when their holy hymn swells upwards towards the sky, how pleasant it is in his ears ; because then he can say, “ My hosts of priests are sacrificing praise.” And do you know, beloved, there is one point in which most of us fail in our oblations before God ? We offer our prayer, we present our praise ; but how little do we sacrifice of our substance unto the Lord ! I had thought this morning, seeing I desire to make you amazingly liberal, to have made this my text—“ Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase : so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine ;” and I had a thought of showing that our substance was the Lord's, that we were bound to devote no small portion of it to him, and that if we did so we might expect prosperity, even in worldly business, for he would make our barns full, and our presses burst with new wine. However, I conceive it to be needless to preach a collection sermon—I thought I would rather tell you about your honor and dignity, and then you shall just give what you like, for the only free-will I like, is a free-will offering. Suffer, ye beloved, a few words. God has said in his Word that you are to honor him with your substance. As a priest of the Lord, will you not sacrifice something to the Lord this day ? Here we have a great object before us ; we want more room for the crowds

who come to hear the gospel. It seems important, when such a throng is gathered, that none should go away. Ought we not to bless God that they come? There was a time you were few indeed, and the cry was, "who hath believed our report?" But God has given us great success; the ministry here has been blessed to the conversion of not a few souls; I have many cases, now in this chapel, of broken hearts and contrite spirits; doubtless there are many more than I know of, and I believe the blessed Spirit will bring them out in due time. Oh! do you not grieve that any should have to turn away from the voice of the ministry—that any who come here should have to go away, perhaps to spend the Sabbath in sin? You know not where they have to go, when they cannot get within these walls. The thing is, we have come to the resolution that this chapel should be enlarged, so that there should be accommodation for a larger number. Now, ye priests, sacrifice to the Lord. Let the priests build the house of the Lord; let those who worship in the sanctuary take up the trowel to-day; let the mortar and the brick be laid, and let this house be once more filled with the glory of the Lord, and an abundant congregation.

III. Now, I have to close up with *the world's future*. "We shall reign on the earth." I have not much time for this, and I dare say it is expected that I shall tell you about the Millennium and the personal reign of Christ. I shall not at all, because I don't know anything about it. I have heard a great many people talk of it; and, if anybody shows me a book on the Millennium, I say, "I cannot read it just yet." A good man has lately written a book on it, and a gentleman recommended it to me so strongly, that I could not but buy it out of courtesy; but I elevated it to the aristocratic region of my library, in the higher ranks, and there it rests in quiet repose. I do not think myself capable of threading the labyrinths of the subject, and I do not believe the very respectable author can do it. It is a subject so dark, and I have read so many different views upon it, that it is all a phantasmagoria with me. I believe all the Bible says of a glorious future, but I cannot pretend to be a maker of charts for all time. Only this I gather as a positive fact, that the saints will one day reign on the earth. This truth appears to me clear enough, whatever may be the different views on the Millennium. Now, the saints do not reign visibly; they are despised. They were driven, in old times, into dens and caves of the earth; but the time is coming when kings will be saints, and princes the called ones of God—when queens shall be the nursing mothers, and kings the nursing fathers, of Christ's Church. The hour is coming when the saint, instead of being dishonored, shall be honored; and monarchs, once the foes of truth, shall become its friends. The saints shall reign. They shall have the majority; the kingdom of Christ shall have the upper hand; it shall not be cast down—this shall not be Satan's world any longer—it shall again sing with all its sister stars, the never ceasing song of praise. Oh! I believe there is a day coming when Sabbath bells shall sprinkle music over the plains of Africa—when the deep thick jungle of India shall see the saints of God going up to the sanctuary;

and, I am assured that the teeming multitudes of China shall gather together in temples built for prayer, and, as you and I have done, shall sing, to the ever glorious Jehovah,

“Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.”

Happy day! happy day! May it speedily come!

Now, to close up, one very practical inference. Ye are kings and priests unto your God. Then how much ought kings to give to the collection this morning? Thus speak ye to yourselves. “I am a king; I will give as a king giveth unto a king.” Now, mark you, no paltry subscriptions! We don’t expect kings to put down their names for trifles. Then, again, you are a priest. Well, priest, do you mean to sacrifice? “Yes.” But you would not sacrifice a broken-legged lamb, or a blemished bullock, would you? Would you not select the best of the flock? Very right; then select the very best of the Queen’s coins; and offer, if you can, sheep with golden fleece. Excuse my pressing this subject. I want to get this chapel enlarged; so do you; we are all agreed about it; we are all rowing in one boat. I have set my mind on £50, and I must, and will, have it to-day, if possible. I hope you won’t disappoint me. It is not my *own* cause, but my Master’s. At other times you have given liberally; I am not afraid of you, but hope to come forward, next Sabbath morning, with the cheering announcement that the £50 is all raised, and then I think my spirits will be so elevated, that, by the help of God, I will venture to promise you one of the best sermons I am capable of delivering.

[From the Millennial Harbinger.]

“THE CHRISTIAN REPOSITORY”—*Alias*, S. H. FORD.

THE “Christian Repository” was formerly read by me with some degree of interest and respect. But, I am sorry to say, the tone, the spirit and the moral character of that Periodical, have so degenerated and become so reckless and unprincipled, that I am almost resolved to strike it off my list of exchanges. Did I not think, or had I not reason to think, that Mr. Ford knows that he is, without any evidence, and contrary to the facts of the case, misrepresenting what he is pleased to call the “Rise of the Current Reformation,” I might bear with his ignorance and temerity. Were I to judge of his forthcoming representation of what is called the “Current Reformation,” by the article now lying before me, on page 612 of *his* Christian Repository, I would say with one of old, “Save me from my friends and I will endeavor to take care of my enemies.”

His fabulous rise of the “Current Reformation,” is found to be on the secession of “Messrs. Marshal, Dunlavy, Stone, and Thompson” from the General Assembly of the Presbyterian

Church, on June 28th, 1804!! The cause we plead, and the basis on which it is founded, had no more to do, and has no more to do with that movement, than it had to do with the personal movement of Arius, Socinus; Luther, or Calvin; John Knox, or John Bunyan! The premises and the reasonings are as wide as three poles apart in *matter of fact, in spirit, and in character*. Had he referred to a “Declaration and Address,” published in Pennsylvania in 1809, as the *preface* or *introduction* to it, he might, there and then, have found the embryo element of a reformation as distinct from that as modern Protestantism is from the Patriarchy of the Greek Church or the Papacy of Rome. Not, indeed, in all its details but in all its characteristic feature, tendencies and effects.

If a mere remonstrance against human creeds and certain doctrinal formulas of expression constituted the movement, now called the “Current Reformation,” then, indeed, it is older than Romanism itself. The Greek Church is older than the Roman, and the Waldenses and Abigenses are older than the Protestant Churches of the present day. How zealously and confidently do Baptists contend for “adult immersion,” against “baby sprinkling”—and trace it back to John the Baptist, even beyond the birth of the Christian Church! They, however, are beginning to blush for their fathers who, when I first knew them, generally began with John “the Baptist!” Mr. Ford was not born in these days. He is not, therefore, quite so conversant with Baptist opinions, doctrines, and practices as I found them A. D., 1812! Courteous reader, take a sample just here of Mr. Ford’s Christian courtesy. After quoting some person as saying:—“We hold nothing but the Bible”—“If you differ you shall differ with Paul, and Peter, and Christ,” he becomes quite eloquent in his gentlemanly, to say nothing of his Christian style, and says: “These, *the most contemptible sophistries* that *brazen effrontery* can advance, or *doting imbecility*, have been the *catch-words* of every Reformer, from Arius down to Joe Smith,” p. 615. What a splendid display of Christian eloquence!! How full of argument and authority!! The sin of Reformers is, indeed, an appalling sin!!

Again—“The new church accordingly wrapped up *their* (its) errors in the *ad captandum* assumption that the Bible was their creed, or belief, and theirs only.” “If there be in the world a plain and pitiable *petitio principii*—begging the *whole* question—this is one.” So speaks Mr. Ford.

Is not this profound logic!—and sublime Rhetoric! We had no idea of Mr. Ford’s exquisite taste and elegant manners! Take another specimen—“The new-born church of Christ, flashing with its new light on the darkness of a *churchless* world, was accordingly called the *Christian church*,” p. 616. What an insult

to John "the Baptist's church!!" This is the most convincing logic! We can afford to compliment it, because these honors were not designed for us. They are bestowed upon the departed Barton W. Stone and his friends and associates, some thirty or forty years ago. And notwithstanding all that we have spoken and written on these themes, much of which is well known to even Mr. Ford, he places these under the heading of the "Rise of the Current Reformation!!" Is he not then one of the most ungifted of our contemporaries in the Editorial Chair, or one of the most imperfectly read in all our views and teachings, if he constitutes and represents these speculations of Elder Stone as the "Rise of the Current Reformation," not one which has ever been believed or taught by us.

It is more charitable to impute these to his gross ignorance of our views than to a deliberate intent and forethought to malign and slander us amongst that portion of the Baptists who have not read, and do not read, what we have written on Christianity and "Newlightisms." Does he not know that Elder L. Waller, who, many, many years ago, in his unbelief, violently opposed us, and, as he said, "in ignorance and unbelief" wrote some bitter caricatures of our efforts, confessed before his death that, with the single exception of "baptism for the remission of sins," he endorsed every prominent position in our writings on the Christian system; and that he ardently desired a union between our Brethren and the Baptists. Why has not his proposed biographer yet given us his memoirs of the lamented Waller!! It is because such men as Mr. Ford deprecate a faithful portrait of his positions towards us! We strongly suspect that *mere* Baptists, who go for Baptists, *right or wrong*, do not wish for a "*true portrait of our position*" as Elder Waller assured me he intended to give. Will Mr. Ford give us the true reasons why Waller's memoirs have not yet appeared? If Mr. Ford desires a renewal of this conflict, he may depend upon it that he will not find us wanting in facts and documents.

In the close of his October number, we find the following gasconade, usually called *bluster*.

1. "Is the Spirit of God no more with us, or with his Word, than the spirit of Washington is with his Farewell Address?" "Will Mr. Campbell answer *yes*, or *no*?" "Is this what people nick name Campbellism, and which he properly names something else!" "We respectfully ask Mr. Campbell himself to answer this. *Will he? Ah! Will he?* We shall see."—"Christian Repository," p. 644, "Louisville, Ky., October, 1857."

Thus *literatim et punctuatim* writes, and we presume speaks, Mr. S. H. Ford. *Such is his approved work of the spirit in him*, I do not say what spirit! Of this spirit all Christians are not possessed. We hope, sincerely hope, that but few professed Christians, in our horizon, possess such a spirit.

My views on this subject have been for many years, before that portion of the community who have read my writings, as published in the United States—in Great Britain and in her provinces both in Asia and America. Amongst these readers there is not one who has spoken to me or written to me indicating such conception, such utterances as those conceived and expressed by Elder S. H. Ford. He is the first *black swan* that has come in my path for the last fifty years. To borrow from him another figure on page 619, this is "the glorious gem adorning his twice-born orthodoxy of the *eighteenth century*." Till enlightened by Mr. Ford, I had thought we were living in the *nineteenth century*, page 619. But in this it seems I am not orthodox! Is not this the year of Christ 1857!! Better Mr. Ford barter off your typographer, and employ some orthodox chronologist! But, perhaps, he has followed copy, and you dare not dismiss him.

Mr. Ford is, perhaps, unacquainted with himself. He says, "All I *shall* write *shall* be from authentic records"—"nothing from guess nor hearsay." He ought to have said, but, perhaps, he dare not say, "from imagination!" He is quite a poet, though he rhymes in prose, and not superlatively brilliant even in that.

I need not say with Job, "Oh, that mine adversary had written a book." My friend Mr. S. H. F. has written too freely. He should submit his compositions to his better half, and be counselled by her more erudite accomplishments. It would require the patience of Job to analyze some of his conceptions and soulless misconceivings of themes beyond the grasp of his sensorium.

But if the Baptists in Kentucky will endorse him, I will give him page for page, and treat him as their oracle with all merited respect. But if he refuse terms so equitable, and will not submit my responses to his readers, we will only expose his sophistries and perversions, and read to him a few lessons.

If our *Baptist brethren* in Kentucky will endorse him as their oracle, or if he himself, of his own accord, will freely offer line for line, page for page, I will promise to treat him with all courtesy, justify my positions, and expose all his objections and positions, till our readers shall be fully satisfied of my orthodoxy on all the points he may think prudent and desirable to form an issue.

On the proper personality, office, and work of the Holy Spirit, I am prepared to meet him or any reputable representative of the Baptist brotherhood, East, West, North, or South. I will meet them in public or debate, or in their own journals of public reputation; provided only that we shall have equal rights of speaking and writing, of hearing, and of being read. We know that many of our Baptist brethren sympathize with our views on this grand theme and on many others. We know many of them who think, because they have said that there was not any justifiable reason

for our exclusion or separation. They, not we, I presume to think and to say, will have to account for it to Him that judged righteously, and who respects no man's person. There are, we sincerely believe, many of them who can as cordially commune with us, as we could commune with them. If they can fellowship in good faith Dr. Wayland, they can fellowship us. He is quite as radical as we are, or ever were, in all that appertains to Christian doctrine and fellowship.

Nor is he the only distinguished Baptist writer and scholar who concurs with us in every grand principle or doctrine that we have laid before our contemporaries. To justify their old quaint notions of mystic influences, irrational and unscriptural, called by them the *previous work* of the Holy Spirit—extrinsic of, and abstract from, a revelation of Jesus Christ to the understanding, the conscience, and the heart of a sinner, they have commenced and carried on an aggressive war for many years. And they will have to give a solemn and awful account to Him that judges righteously—who respects no man's person, and who will retribute to every man according to his works.

We presume to understand their theories as fully as they do themselves. And we know so much of the Oracles of God, as to repudiate them one and all, because no man was ever converted to Jesus Christ by the cold assent of his understanding to any theory of natural or supernatural operations. It is *faith* and not any theory—it is a firm reliance on the person, mission, and work of the Lord Jesus Christ that is indispensable to Christian baptism, to Christian union, communion, and co-operation. No man was ever called, as the Baptists of Virginia, Kentucky, and all the West and Southwest were called upon, to relate a "*Christian experience*," to entitle him to Christian baptism, and Christian fellowship. The *Christian experience* demanded from a candidate for baptism in order to his becoming a subject of baptism—common over all the South and Southwest—indeed every where in the circle of my acquaintance, was as *unscriptural* as it was *irrational*. *Unscriptural*, because without any precedent in the whole New Testament; and *irrational*, because no man could have Christian experience before he had obeyed the first Christian institution.

The Baptists are greatly reformed despite of all their sectarian pride and infallibility. The relation of "*a Christian experience*," before baptism is now, in many regions, abandoned amongst the Baptists themselves. The light of the current reformation has, despite of their old prejudices, constrained them to make a confession of *faith into which* they are baptized; and not a confession of *Christian experience in order to be baptized into Christ!*

This itself, and alone, is worthy of a thirty years' controversy. They very generally now acknowledge that a monthly or a tri-

monthly breaking of the eucharistic loaf, has no precedent or authority in the Christian Scriptures. They believe and know that the Christian “disciples met together on the first day of the week” to commemorate the sacrifice of Christ. They acknowledge, I mean their well educated and most evangelical preachers and teachers acknowledge, that it was the custom of the primitive Christians to come together on the first of the week to break the monumental loaf. Acts xx : 7.

But they cry out “*heresy*,” they raise a smoke, that they may escape from keeping the ordinances of the primitive church. They cry: O, heresy! heresy! heresy! Baptismal regeneration! No work of the Spirit!! Horrible! horrible! horrible heresy! But they cannot keep up this smoke much longer. Their own eyes cannot endure it. The people will read, will think, and talk despite of these little stilt-walking, balancing, trimming, non-committal, would-be the high priests, and the oracles of a day—rather of a night of darkness. A. C.

“MILLENNIAL HARBINGER”—*Alias*, ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

OUR readers will appreciate the sorrow expressed by Mr. Campbell in the foregoing article, at the degeneracy of the *Repository*. But surely, Mr. Campbell must have felt something more than sorrow, as with leaping pulse and flashing eye and brow “clothed with thunder,” if not with the vengeance of a veritable “Reformer,” he “*almost resolved to strike the Repository off his list of exchanges.*” What breathless terror that threat inspires!! Mercy, Mr. Campbell—spare it a little longer—you might ruin the *Repository* by such a “*strike.*” It is true, Mr. Campbell could not strike it from the list of free and independent journals, and thus silence its utterances, as Napoleon does those periodicals that dare oppose him. Mr. Campbell’s “*index expurgatorious*” is not quite so potent as that of Rome. Nor can Mr. Campbell wish to do as the Reformers of old did—“*strike off,*” not only the publications of Baptists, but their editors also, from the lists of the living, because they dared to call the effort to reform Christ’s Church an insult to the faithfulness of the Almighty. All this Mr. Campbell, with whatever aid he may get from a few cowardly, treacherous Baptists, cannot do; and thanks to a merciful Providence, that

neither he nor they *cannot*, or soon would the *Repository* be struck out of being. But Mr. C. is generous. He has not yet sealed the fate of the *Repository*. He has only "*almost resolved to strike it from the list of his exchanges.*" How magnanimous!!

Seriously, Mr. Campbell, I care not one straw whether you strike it from your list or not. I pay "in value received" for your *Harbinger*, and if not in exchange, I can get it at the "market price," and feel under no obligation in the matter.

The Rise of the Current Reformation Mr. Campbell calls fabulous. It is easy to make assertions; and words piled on words in sweeping declamation and denunciation may be very conclusive to his penetrating admirers; but where are his facts, his dates, his single proof that what I have written is fabulous? Of him, in the chapters I have hitherto written, I have not said one word—not one, directly or indirectly. How dare he honestly accuse me of misrepresenting *him*? But I shall not bandy epithets—here are the facts.

BARTON W. STONE'S TESTIMONY.

"Under the name of Springfield Presbytery we went forward preaching, and constituting churches; but we had not worn our name more than one year, before we saw it savored of a party spirit. With the man-made creeds we threw it overboard, and took the name *Christian*—the name given to the disciples by divine appointment first at Antioch. We published a pamphlet on this name, written by Elder Rice Haggard, who had lately united with us. Having divested ourselves of all party creeds, and party names, and trusting alone in God and the word of his grace, we became a by-word and laughing stock to the sects around—all prophesying our speedy annihilation. Yet from this period I date the commencement of that reformation which has progressed to this day. Through much tribulation and opposition we advanced, and churches and preachers were multiplied."

Here is Mr. Stone's unequivocal statement, given long after Mr. Campbell came upon the stage, pointing out definitely the Rise of the Reformation. Have I written from "imagination" or from authentic records? Let Mr. Stone's testimony be denounced, and not my republication of it.

ELDER JOHN A. GANO'S TESTIMONY.

"Soon after their separation, these Protestants (Stone, Marshall, and Dunlavy) published a book styled the 'Apology.' This

was the *first* public declaration of religious freedom in the Western Hemisphere; the first in the world since that of the intrepid Luther was nullified by the yoke of bondage framed at Augsburg. This was the beginning of this vast and mighty moral revolution connected with the present age, and which has since been turning and overturning in its onward progress, and promises such glorious results. * * The first churches planted and organized since the great apostacy, with the BIBLE as the only creed or church-book, and the name *Christian* as the only family name, were organized in Kentucky in the year 1804.”

Here, then, is a leading orator in the ranks of the Reformation testifying as late as June 22, 1845, that Stone and his associates made the *first* declaration of religious freedom,—that this was the beginning of that mighty moral revolution—the Reformation—the organization of the first churches since the grand apostacy. Did Elder Gano write from “imagination?” Let Mr. Campbell answer this before he denounces me.

ELDER JOHN ROGER’S TESTIMONY.

“Though he (B. W. Stone,) stood at the head of a great Reformation-movement—of a rapidly increasing religious community in the West, yet he never seemed to realize that such was his position, and he abhorred the idea of being the leader of a party.” * * “The great misfortune with almost, if not all Reformers, both political and religious, has been, that, though they may have set out with correct views and purposes, yet when they have established themselves in power, they have generally settled back upon the same principles of tyranny and oppression.” * * “Politically the world has had many Cæsars, Buonapartes, and Bolivers, but only one Washington. So, religiously we have had many Luthers and Calvins, but only one Stone.” * * “The Bible alone is sufficient to regulate faith and practice, first successfully and consistently plead in the West by B. W. Stone.”

Here is another leader in the “Current Reformation” in 1845 placing Stone at the HEAD of the Reformation—“the *leader*, who *first* plead for it in the West”—the WASHINGTON of the Reformation. Is this all “imagination?” Let Mr. Campbell first prove it to be such, and then it will be time enough to denounce me for misrepresentation.

Mr. Campbell asserts that “the cause we plead, and the bases on which it is founded had no more to do, and has no more to do with that (Stone’s) movement than it had to do with the move-

ment of Arius." Let us see. I have already transferred to the pages of the *Repository* the charges preferred against McNemar. I will guarantee that the very same errors are advocated in Mr. Lard's book. But I will put against Mr. Campbell's assertion that of B. W. Stone, as furnished by Dr. Shannon:

"These truths (says the venerable Stone,) we had proclaimed and reiterated through the length and breadth of the land, from the press and from the pulpit, many years before A. Campbell and his associates came upon the stage as aids of the good cause. Their aid gave a new impetus to the Reformation which was in progress; especially among the Baptists in Kentucky. The only distinguishing doctrines between them and us was, that they preached baptism for remission of sins to believing penitents."

These truths were proclaimed by the Reformers years before the Campbells came on the stage as *aids*. Their aid gave a new impetus to the reformation which *was in progress*. Where, then, did this reformation begin? It was in progress before Mr. Campbell came on the stage. Did he and his associates come in as aids, or did they originate the movement? Let Mr. Campbell settle this with these authentic documents, and after their verity is discredited I shall present him with others.

I here leave this subject to allude to another charge in Mr. C's. article. In the October No. of the *Repository* is the following:

Is this Campbellism?—"The spirit now dwells in the church by its moral presence, and in no other way. Physically it is not here; or if it is, one cannot know it, which amounts to the same thing. It is said of the ancient servants of God, that though dead, they yet speak. We have their moral presence. Let me illustrate. Washington's Farewell Address breathes the spirit of Washington. In like manner we have the spirit of God, and in no other way."

Let it be observed, this I quoted from a leading periodical of the "Reformation," and of it said: "This is from a leading article in the *American Christian Review*. That something named Campbellism has been hard to discover. *Is this it?* Is the spirit of God no more with us, or with his word, than the spirit of Washington is with his Farewell Address? Will Mr. Campbell answer yes or no?"

Now mark the want of candor or courage in Mr. Campbell. He passes over in dumb forgetfulness the language quoted from one

of his own papers; closes his eyes to its startling infidelity, and hurls his indignation at me for asking if that is what has been nicknamed Campbellism? Fearless is Mr. C. in offering to discuss with me the question of the Spirit's operations. Boldly does he resent the insulting intimation, that *he* holds the anti-christian dogma; and yet not one word does, or dare, he utter against the advocacy of it in one of his denominational journals. Why, in the name of all that is true and brave, does he denounce me for asking him if he believed the infidel dogma, and yet close his eyes on its published advocacy by his brethren? How, in the name of honor, could Mr. Campbell say, “amongst these readers there is not one who has spoken to me, or written to me, indicating such conception, such utterances, as those conceived and expressed by Elder S. H. Ford.” Mr. Campbell knew—for the evidence was there before his eyes—that I neither conceived nor expressed “the utterances” or “conception.” *They were conceived and expressed by one of his brethren in the “American Christian Review,”* and Mr. C. knew it. Why charge it on me? Ah, dare one divine?—Peace, *peace*, even at the expense of eternal, essential truth. Mr. Campbell, it appears, dare not denounce errors, almost blasphemous, if conceived or uttered in his communion, lest rebellion should appear in the ranks.

But there is another and still more objectionable feature in Mr. Campbell's quotations from me. His criticism about an evident typographical error—eighteenth century instead of nineteenth—one which occurs in an article of his in the *Harbinger* for 1856, page 127, is a very small matter to be witty about. But Mr. C. misquotes me in a most glaring and, I fear, designing manner. Referring to Stone, McNemar, &c., I said: “Such was the belief, the creed of the first Christian churches since the grand apostacy—the great foundation of union—the glorious gem adorning this new-born Christianity of the eighteenth century.” The reference was to the claims set up by Stone and his party. But Mr. Campbell drags in a portion of this sentence just after accusing me of imputing to him the dogma advocated in the *American Christian Review*, so as to make the impression on his readers that the sentence above quoted referred to him, and that the denial of the spirit was “the glorious gem adorning his orthodoxy.” Such a

perversion I have never met in all the controversies I have ever engaged in, or read, or heard of. Let the reader turn to Mr. Campbell's article and see this evident perversion of my language, and its artful design. But I here insert what Mr. Campbell pretends to quote from me. Here are my words: "*The glorious gem adorning this new-born Christianity.*"

Mr. Campbell quotes it—"The glorious gem adorning his twice born orthodoxy." "His" is put in to pervert my language and make it apply to the denial of the spirit as "the gem" that adorns *his* orthodoxy. "Twice born" I never wrote; "orthodoxy" is not in the sentence, and "this" is exchanged for "his" to suit Mr. Campbell's purpose. What right, I ask, in the name of fairness and courtesy and truth, has Mr. Campbell to garble, misapply, and change my language—quote it as mine and then ridicule it as nonsense?

Mr. Campbell asks me, "Why Waller's memoirs are not published?" He intimates that the cause is that these memoirs would show that Dr. Waller leaned to Mr. Campbell's views, and therefore that Baptists fear the publication. About it I have at present only this to say, that the Baptists of Kentucky are as anxiously waiting for the appearance of these memoirs with no fear of any such revelations.

The memoirs were announced as ready for publication two years ago, and the compiler will doubtless answer the numerous inquiries about the appearance of them.

In conclusion, Mr. C. says: "If the Baptists will endorse Mr. Ford as their oracle, or if he himself, of his own accord, will offer line for line, page for page, I will promise to treat him with all courtesy," &c. I accept the challenge, have complied in this number with the terms, and call for the fulfillment of Mr. Campbell's, to treat me with courtesy and leave to others such allusions as the "black swan." I accept the challenge, however, as Mr. C. gave it, on *my* own responsibility. The Baptists of Kentucky will *not* endorse me or any man as their "oracle." We supposed that Mr. Campbell had long ago learned this; but if he has not, we beg him not to judge Baptists by Reformers either ancient or modern, and dismiss for ever the hope of meeting any man who is the "oracle" of the Baptists. I accept Mr. Campbell's challenge

then on my own proper responsibility, endorsed by the thousands of Kentucky Baptists so far as I advocate and defend truth and never an inch further. And should Mr. Campbell after all decline to carry out his own proposition, or give this to his readers, he will hear of it again.

S. H. F.

HISTORY OF THE KENTUCKY BAPTISTS.

CHAP. XV.—JACOB CREATH—AMBROSE DUDLEY—LICKING ASSOCIATION—ANTI-MISSION BAPTISTS.

HISTORY is the voice of the past, teaching by the follies as well as by the wisdom of our forefathers. The rocks and quick-sands are as essential in a chart as the safe harbor. And if beacon lights are not raised over spots where wrecks have occurred, similar disasters may be anticipated in frequent recurrence. With this aspect in view—to point out the dangers to which independent and democratic confraternities are exposed—the unpleasant and mischievous division in the ranks of Kentucky Baptists is here recorded.

There is at present in Kentucky—and principally from Kentucky, spread through each new State in the West—a body of men, known as Particular Baptists, Regular Baptists, Predestination Baptists, and more commonly, Anti-mission Baptists. The last, however, is the more specific and correct appellation. For Regular Baptists are those in the United States who are connected by our great denominational ties, and the word United Baptists adheres only to those living in localities where a union took place between the Separates and Regulars. Particular is the well-known appellative of the Close Communion Baptists of England, who are foremost in all missionary enterprises. In the doctrines of grace there is little held by the Anti-missions which is not acceded to by all sound Baptists. The distinction, therefore, between these two classes is, that the one is opposed to effort, deny the use of means, and decry all missionary enterprise.

The early churches of Kentucky and of the West were all mis-

sionary bodies—voted ■ regular and liberal salary to their pastors, and made contributions to send the gospel to destitute regions.*

What, then, was the origin of the anti-mission movement and churches in Kentucky? As briefly as practicable we shall answer this question.

Again and again has it been asserted that ■ difference in doctrine occasioned the sad division which gave rise to the Licking and other anti-mission associations in Kentucky. The incorrectness of this statement is shown by all the facts in the premises. Nor was it the mission question which gave rise to, or in any way introduced, the dissensions. To other and far more trivial causes must we look for the cause which has driven both sides to extremes.

Early in 1807 an unhappy difference occurred between Jacob Creath and Thomas Lewis, relative to the exchange of a slave. Lewis was a member of the Town Fork Church, of which Creath was pastor. The matters in dispute were taken up by the friends of each, until the difficulty spread and created parties throughout the Association.

Elijah Craig was at that time one of the ablest preachers in Kentucky. He was a man of integrity, but rancorous and severely sarcastic. For Creath he never entertained very high esteem. In the midst of the difficulties which arose between Creath and Lewis, Elijah Craig published a most scathing caricature of Creath, entitled, "A portrait of Elijah Craig." The piece was by all condemned as uncalled for, and unchristian. It has never, though diligently sought for, come under the eye of the present writer. As will always occur, the unsparing, merciless severity of Craig, awakened sympathy for the apparently persecuted brother. Creath, ever wily and sagacious, seized the turn of the tide to overwhelm his enemies with defeat. He called a council of helps at the Town

* The record I gave of Bryant's Station Church—the oldest, if not leading Anti-mission body in the West, in charge of the able and renowned T. P. Dudley—has been called in question. What I penned in former chapters of this church I gather *myself* from the Bryant's Station church-book. In mid winter, after several unsuccessful attempts, I obtained, through the intervention of Mr. Berclay, of Fayette, permission to examine the old book, and spent some three hours transcribing portions of its records. Nothing that I have recorded in regard to that church but will be found in that book.

Fork Church to investigate his character, and exculpate or condemn him. Eighteen churches were represented, and the council was convened at the Town Fork meeting-house July 28th, 1807. Its proceedings were published, from which these quotations are made :*

The Committee appointed Robert Johnson, Moderator, and Charles Buck, Clerk, and then proceeded to business; and continuing from day to day, and having examined the witnesses for and against the said Jacob Creath, proceeded to take the sense of the committee thereon, by stating the following charges to them, and obtaining their vote, viz :

Charge of intrigue and cunning, and dismembering society. Page 3.

Charge of breaking rule. Page 4.

Charge for stating that Craig's charges should be first heard. Page 4.

Charge for saying he did not know a minority, and for riding from house to house to prevent their signing a letter to the Association. Pages 4 & 5.

Charge of falsehood, in talking to Clifton Thompson. Page 5.

Charge of not preaching to churches without pay. Page 33.

Charge of falsehood in questioning Jim., &c. Pages 5 & 6.

Charge of making havoc and distress in the churches. Page 33.

Charge of telling the judges to keep the \$100. Page 6.

Charge of intoxication. Page 8.

Charge of grabbing the money, &c., at Frankfort. Page 8.

Charge of false claim to \$1250. Page 27.

Charge of impropriety and sin at Mrs. Carter's burial. Page 29.

Charge of corruption used to get helps. Pages 26 & 27.

The above charges were separately put to the committee, and each of them negatived. After which a question was put by the Moderator—'Is Bro. Creath guilty of any of the charges contained in the pamphlet aforesaid, which have not yet been voted on, supported by evidence brought against him?' Answered in the negative. The committee are therefore of opinion that the said Jacob Creath ought to stand acquitted of the charges against him, contained in said pamphlet.

Signed by order of the committee unanimously,

ROBERT JOHNSON, *Moderator.*

[A copy.] CHARLES BUCK, Clerk.

* I obtained the only copy perhaps extant of this pamphlet from Elder Y. R. Pitts, of Great Crossings, whose father was one of the Committee of helps from Dry Run.

It is evident from this report that Craig anticipated the decision of this committee. He had, in fact, charged Creath in his pamphlet with "corruption, used to get help." Be this as it may, Craig and his friends abstained from all connection with the council, and attached no importance to its decision. Charles Buck, the clerk, was known to be the friend and admirer of Creath, and his influence with the council was considerable. Of Jacob Creath and Charles Buck we shall speak again in the Rise of the Current Reformation.

Bro. Elijah Craig was a member of the East Hickman Church. Both churches belonged to the Elkhorn Association. What course now was the Town Fork Church to pursue? She sent a letter to her sister church, at East Hickman, preferring charges against Craig, and declaring non-fellowship unless the difficulty was investigated. Accordingly charges were brought against Craig, formally in the East Hickman Church, for slandering a brother, the pastor of a sister church. The charge was a serious one. The slanderer deserved the righteous indignation of every good, every honorable man. Craig was called upon to make good his statements against Creath, and show his reasons for their publication. Here follows the record from the East Hickman church-book :

CRAIG'S PROOF.

First Falsehood—proven by Bros. Geo. Eve, David Clarkson, and Hawkins Smith.

Second Falsehood—proven by Bros. Henry Payne, Jas. Beatty, James Calbert, Lewis Corbin, and Ambrose Dudley.

Third Falsehood—proven by Bro. John Payne's letter, and Bro. Thomas Lewis.

Fourth Falsehood—proven in part by Bro. Thomas Lewis, and referred for information from Bro. Clifton Thompson.

Fifth Falsehood—proven by Bros. Dudley, Lewis and wife.

The second charge—Fraud and deception in obtaining Jim, and retaining \$100 from Bro. Thos. Lewis—

1st, Deception—proven by Bros. Henry Payne, Thos. Lewis, and wife.

2d. Fraud and Deception. From the information of Bro. Henry Payne, th church was of opinion that Craig had strong ground for his supposition. Also, Creath applying to two men to influence his judges—proven by Bro. John Payne's letter, and A. Dudley.

Fraud and deception in obtaining the first helps--proven by Bros. Geo. Eve, Ambrose Dudley, and Leonard Young.

Similar deception in obtaining the second helps--proven by Bro. Joseph Redding.

Frankfort Trip--deception in getting money--proven by Bro. Henry Payne and Sister Lewis.

Intoxication. From the certificate of Elisha Carter, of Bourbon county, and of Mr. Ballinger, of Knocks, and the relation of David Clarkson, of Virginia (who traveled with Creath), from his brother, William Clarkson, of Bourbon, the church thought the presumption very strong.*

In looking over these evidences and decisions so contradictory, an impartial mind must conclude that Creath was a loose, impudent man, artful, intriguing, and full of desperate energy. And that Craig was violent, revengeful, and exhibited a spirit not at all consistent with his profession, and the plain teachings of the gospel.

But the contention was contagious. It passed from neighborhood to neighborhood, from church to church. Dudley, the most prudent, dignified, and influential man in the Baptist ministry then in Kentucky, had lost all confidence in Jacob Creath. With Dudley was Corbin and Reddin, Bainbridge, and Price, and Barrow--indeed, the age and influence of the Association.

The Association came on. Plans had been already concerted by both parties. A struggle was anticipated, and a struggle it was.

The session was held at Silas, in Bourbon county. The question of the want of fellowship between the two churches came up. Jacob Creath took the floor. A tall, majestic looking man, with a keen eye, a powerful and not unpleasant voice, his influence over a crowd was immense. He denounced his persecutors as intent on his reputation and his life. He singled them out by name, and charged Ambrose Dudley as the leader. The morning session adjourned. In the evening Dudley answered in his own dignified style. But the impression made by Creath was not to be removed by facts and calm argument. The Association de-

* I have copied from the church-book, as I usually have in these sketches, books which I have obtained through personal application from those churches.

cided by a slight majority in favor of Town Fork Church and Creath.

And now the consequences. Church after church decided to leave the Association and form a new one. But in most of those churches were minorities agreeing with the majority of Elkhorn, and determined to adhere to the old Association. Difficulties occurred in every church that left the Association. The minorities claimed to be the original churches; the majorities rigidly expelled them. The Elkhorn Association received these minorities into her body, and thus another difficulty increased the breach between the Licking Association, which was formed by the seceding churches, and Elkhorn. Ambrose Dudley was the pastor of Bryant's Station. It was a strong, almost the leading church. A large minority there refused to go into formation of the new Association. The minority was expelled. It was at once received into the Elkhorn Association as *the church*. It exists to this day; and two churches, with no fellowship for each other, worship in the same house at the present time.

South Elkhorn was in numbers, then, the largest church in Kentucky. Its pastor, John Shackelford, opposed Creath, and inclined to the Licking Association. Divisions here also took place. The Licking brethren were in the minority. They were expelled by the majority, and their old pastor, who had been imprisoned in Virginia for the testimony of Jesus, was expelled by the Creath party. The minority lingered till the second split in the majority church, again caused by Creath at the rise of the current reformation. It claimed to be the original church. This little anti-mission body, which received the name of the Stump Church, is, at the present, reduced to three members—the only remnant of the once flourishing South Elkhorn, constituted by Lewis Craig, and which received, in one year, three hundred and sixty into its membership.

But the Licking Association was duly organized. With Elkhorn it had no fellowship. Every overture for correspondence was repulsed. And as it is natural for individuals to seek some pretext or reason, other than mere personal misunderstandings, for their opposition, the Licking brethren claimed to be more or-

thodox, more rigid, more thoroughly Baptist, than their then former co-laborers.

Ah ! these fathers have fallen asleep ; their contentions and revilers sleep with them ; but their effects are with us still, and the whole anti-mission organization date from these by-gone contentions. Divisions still exist, and when shall they be healed ?

Family Visitant.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. S. R. FORD.

FIFTY YEARS AGO—A CHRISTMAS STORY.

GRANDMOTHER was a hale, good looking woman at forty, very active and industrious—superintended the washing and milking as well as the culinary department. All this she did, and more too, except on Saturday and Sunday, when I, exempt from school discipline, assisted her as far as a girl of fifteen was capable. To have seen her issuing her orders, lending a helping hand here and there, you would not have been the least astonished, for it was fifty years ago. When I became an inmate of her house she was living on the identical spot her ancestors had occupied for several generations. Very little had been added to the mansion or its furnishings ; everything wore an antiquated appearance, and from hearing it so frequently reiterated, “ Don’t break that cup, Sallie,” or “ Don’t tear that coverlid, it was your Grandmother’s,” I learned to hold everything in and about the place in great veneration. When washing the window-sills or polishing the old side-board I would scarcely, for this feeling of love and reverence, rub them hard enough to clear the soil from them. The closet, where the silver service was kept, I approached with a degree of awe when allowed to assist Ellen Doughn to polish it and then store it safely away not to be used except on very rare occasions.

This Ellen Doughn was an old Scotch woman of whose early history I knew nothing, except she was in the family filling the

place of an humble friend when I entered it. I once asked my Grandmother who she was, and was greatly surprised when she looked at me with some severity and said, "Young ladies should be seen, but seldom heard," (a maxim, by-the-bye, which these times consider obsolete).

I dearly loved to be shut up with her in that great closet with its little window which looked out on the grave-yard where more than a hundred people lay beneath the green sod, and hear her tell of their births, marriages, and deaths. I can see her this minute with her long, bony finger pointing impressively toward that sacred spot, and fancy I hear her quaking voice as she would narrate to me many long stories of those buried ones. How my heart would flutter and then stand still as she would suddenly stand up and say: "Yes, I see her now with her pretty red cheeks and blue eyes, standing just where you are, getting out pickles or jelly for dinner, for old master declared they eat better for having been handled by Miss Lucy."

One day, after finishing a job in which we had been engaged, I turned and looking out of the window perceived my Grandfather walking among the tombs. He leaned against a sarcophagus, his arm lay lovingly over it, and his face was thrown upward. The light from the setting sun shone amid his white locks and threw his fine form out in relief against the white stone. I drew Ellen Doughn's attention to it, and whilst we gazed I said in a low tone: "Do you believe in spirits coming back to this world after the physical frame is decayed? You are an old woman, and after dwelling so near the grave-yard, if there are any such things, you must have seen them."

She did not at first answer me, but at last she drew a deep breath and said: "We know very little in this world." Taking up a tumbler she filled it with water. "What do you see in this glass?" she asked.

"Nothing," I replied, "but pure water."

"Well. Now stay here until I return." She closed the door after her, but came back in a short time. She held in her hand a microscope, and I knew she had been in my Grandfather's library. "Now tell me what you see?"

"Monsters, of course; I knew such things existed in water."

“ Well, honey, I think if we could see and understand the atmosphere we would perceive such things as would astonish us.”

“ Why, there are telescopes now through which we can see the wonders of the moon and——”

“ Yes, I know, but you don’t take my meaning. I believe the time will come when knowledge shall have so increased that by some means of this kind we will be enable to see departed beings as they move or float through the air. They being immaterial it will be by some subtle and immaterial essence we will discover this occult science. You have read in the Bible that knowledge in the latter days shall increase. What God’s idea of an increase is we cannot comprehend. We are altogether unconscious of our own capabilities, which will develope as time progresses.”

“ Oh, Ellen, you almost frighten me ; you reason beyond my power of understanding.”

“ God forbid I should seek to meddle with unrighteous things, but I cannot be satisfied with a superficial insight into the works of nature. From childhood I was melancholy and loved to ramble in the deep forest that I might study nature in her mysterious ramifications. In early life, when filled with doubts and misgivings as to the truth and divinity of Christ, I longed to see a Christian die ; I could test the truth of their protestations. I was soon gratified. There was one of whom the world knew no guile. She became ill, grew worse, and, when her end drew nigh, sent for me. I found her patient and resigned. I watched her close ; there was no starting, fear, or doubt. Calmly taking my hand she told me the Lord was her shield, she feared not the shaft of death, and thus she died ! Since then I’ve enlisted under the banner of the King whose battles are ever victorious.”

But with all the solemn grandeur which hung about this antiquated building and so impressed my imagination, we young folks had a deal of merriment, for an exuberance of youthful feeling is not long repressed by outward circumstances, and in those days the exercise young people were compelled to undergo, assisting in house economy, induced a healthful condition, and our elasticity of spirits was ever on the alert to find some means by which to give it vent. There was a large room used for the purpose parlors are now, not decorated as such, of course, for here

quilting was sometimes done, and the country gentry for miles around would come and assist, for this was fifty years ago.

For a while prevailed a competition among the ladies who should make the handsomest quilt, and, strange as it may seem to the ladies of the present day, these fabrics were woven, fringe and all. There was one in particular I have reference to. It was pure white, with a fringe at least a foot wide, and all made by my Grandmother's own hands. I have strained my memory to see if ever my Grandfather frowned upon seeing any new article displayed. I suppose he had never heard tell of "hard times," for everything we needed was raised on the farm. Indeed, there was a superabundance, which every darkey's shining face on the place well attested. I did not at first design telling you of any particular occasion upon which quilting was done, but as the image of my dear old Grandfather comes up so vividly I can't refrain from penciling him just for my own gratification. The quilt had been rolled up and put out of the way when the hall door thrown wide open admitted his superb form. He was tall and commanding, and, although a little forbidding to a stranger at first sight, there was hidden beneath this seeming austerity a vast deal of good humor; and I am certain, when doing the honors of his own house, I never saw a more affable gentleman, notwithstanding he invariably appeared in domestic cloth.

This evening he bore in his hand a basket of cracked nuts, which he deposited by the side of a huge pitcher of sweet cider, which, indeed, at that season of the year, might be always found on the side-board. There was such an evident look of satisfaction and complacency as he seated himself in the large arm-chair, abandoned by the company the moment he entered, and drew from his pocket his "cob-pipe," saying at the same time to the girls he would "kiss the first one who ventured to smile at its homeliness." Of course a general laugh went round, for this occurred fifty years ago.

My Grandmother was a celebrated singer, I mean in the neighborhood where she lived, for she seldom found time to leave home, had there been an inclination, which I doubt ever existed. Her broad chest doubtless held stentorian lungs, as it was easy to distinguish her voice above the whole congregation when wor-

shipping in the house of God. No excuse would pass with her for absenting one's self from family worship. It mattered not how cold the morning, all were expected to appear in the "big room." The colored women, too, were there. Each one knew their respective seats. You would have rejoiced to hear her sing when playing on a certain instrument, which in these degenerate days is rarely introduced into refined society, and wondered why she found such evident delight in spinning, (for it was a big wheel on which she performed), when she was so able to have it done by others. But your wonder will cease when you remember it was fifty years ago.

There was over this great old house an attic where all useless and, indeed, many useful things were stored, where during rainy days I would, accompanied by some of the mulatto girls, search for old fashioned dresses to have a good laugh over. However there were some articles over which I've shed many scalding tears. A bead work bag filled until its silver clasp would scarce conceal them with "love letters." These things were not thrown pell-mell with the rubbish over the floor as you might suppose. It was altogether accidental, or rather I gained surreptitiously a knowledge of them.

Once upon a time, it was just before Christmas, some relations came to spend a while with us; among the number was my cousin Annie. Several days incessant rain drove us to an extremity for amusement. Annie declared, (but out of hearing of my Grandmother,) that it was impossible to distinguish one tune from another on the old fashioned spinnet, and called me to come to the window and watch the fowls peeping around for dry places to roost after walking all day with perfect indifference in the rain. I said to her, out of hearing of the company who were engaged near the fire, "Come out on the porch; I've something to say to you."

"What! go up there where all those dead people's clothes are? Why, Fanny, you shock me; I can scarcely control my nerves to look at them in the day time."

After expostulating with her and ridiculing her fears, I prevailed on her to go provided Ellen Doughn would accompany us. But this did not suit my idea of a night's adventure, and as for asking Ellen Doughn that was preposterous. I would as soon

have asked Grandmother at once, for she considered it sacrilege to touch them. "Annie, don't you remember you have a love letter to answer?"

"Yes."

"Well you've asked me several times to help you answer it."

"Well."

"Now there is up there an old chest, away down in the bottom of it is a bag full of real nice ones."

"Who wrote them?"

Laughing in spite of myself at her timidity I said, "Never mind, come on; you can make selection and just alter names and places." By this time I had gradually drawn her to the foot of the stairs leading to the chambers over the great hall, and, as she feared to return alone, she necessarily followed. Away back in the attic stood the old blue chest. Tiptoeing and shielding the light from a draught of air which came in at the gable end of the house we knelt before it. I must acknowledge it was with some reluctance I lifted the white satin robe, (obviously a bridal one,) so carefully folded away. Piece after piece we laid gently on the floor. At last Annie whispered, holding up an infant's frock, "Why, Fannie, they were married!"

"Yes, but it was a run away match."

"And the baby died, too?"

"Yes—all."

"Fannie, I would rather not look at those letters to-night; I feel so cold and tremulous. Listen, did you not hear a noise?"

"Look here, Annie," I said seriously, "you are just in the same predicament our aunt was. She married against her parent's will. Now the fifth commandment says, 'Honor thy father and mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God hath given thee.' Therefore the blessing cannot follow the disobedient, otherwise it makes God a liar. We know his word is immutable." As I folded up the remaining articles I continued: "How cruel after they have raised us, given us the advantages their utmost means allowed, to forsake them for any other ties. I would, were I in your place, endeavor to gain a mastery over my passions, make them subservient to a rational judgment, and you may rest assured a man who would persuade a daughter to forsake

her mother would not make a good husband. I would fear to trust to such selfishness and incongruity of character."

Annie wept silently as we continued to examine the remaining articles. Those "love letters," the embodiment of their passionate vows, we laid them back unread. There was a piece of embroidery half finished, and many other little things, which spoke of a mother's tender solicitude. Carefully we laid them back, those silent but eloquent mementos of the departed.

We young people often persuaded our Grandfather after supper to relate stories to us of olden times, for which indulgence he exacted from us a task. Now on this farm was raised as much cotton as was required for wearing apparel. I don't know whether gins were in use or not at that period, at any rate we had none, so the seed were extracted from the pod by hand, and competition ran high which should have the largest pile at the conclusion of the story. One night, for Annie's particular benefit, he related the following incidents which actually occurred to his mother. Arranging ourselves about the fire, he began:

"There were many Indians prowling in this region of country when my parents settled here. Hostilities were rife and danger lurked in every quarter. Mothers feared to leave their little ones to visit a sick friend or purchase a necessary article from the nearest store. The time of which I speak father was from home. Upon leaving he charged mother to keep the guns loaded, for there was no dependence to be placed in the treaty just entered into with the Indians at the fort. All went on well for several days. It was drawing near night, the cows had been milked and secured for the night, the stable also attended; in short all was adjusted, when one of the colored women remarked that there was no water in the bucket. This was a dilemma, being now night. Going to the door, mother said, 'Come, Phillis, I will go with you.' In the rear of the house the forest was dense, but in front the moonlight fell over a large clearing with only here and there a dead tree. Two or three hundred yards from the house, near the base of an abrupt precipice, a bold stream of water issued from a crevice in the rock forming a deep pool. Mother was stooping over the spring, when, startled by loud shrieks, she turned to behold more than twenty dark forms darting in and

about her house, their tomahawks gleaming in the moonlight. Oh, what a moment of unutterable horror! The baby by this time was in the hands of the savages. The impulse of the moment was to dart forward to its rescue, but second thought shewed her it was madness to think of rushing into the hands of those semi-demons. She thought of her husband, should he return and find neither wife nor child.

“She was a bold, strong nerved woman. Seizing the cowering and shivering form of Phillis, she brought her with sudden energy to the ground, whispering, ‘Follow me.’ Thus they crawled, until within the shadow of the forest, with as much celerity as the nature of the ground allowed. They slackened not their pace until Phillis pitching forward fell into a sink-hole, and mother in a moment decided to pass the day concealed by dead leaves in this spot and there remain until night again. Judging from the length of time they had remained covered by the leaves it was night, and on the eve of starting up, they were startled by the approaching sound of voices. The wail of a little infant struck the mother’s keen ear. Oh, what a moment of agony! With feelings wrought to the utmost tension she heard them utter the brutal exclamation, ‘The cry of the calf will bring the cow.’ Putting her fingers in her ears to shut out the excruciating sound, she besought strength from God to sustain her lacerated heart. Well she knew if but a leaf quivered her life would be the forfeit.

“Once more silence and darkness reigning throughout the forest Mother spoke softly, ‘Come, Phillis, let us be up and moving; we’ll put our trust in God, into his hands I’ve resigned my dear baby.’ Hurriedly they walked in what they deemed the direction to the fort. Extreme caution was imperative. The moon would in a short time render objects very distinct, and a keen wind blowing over the frozen earth made their progress very disagreeable. But fear for her life and an intense desire to meet her husband gave strength and courage to her almost exhausted energies. And the wail of that little infant boy, what obstacle would she not surmount to press him to her heart, to her breast overflowing with nourishment? On she presses. Suddenly the moonbeams fall on and light up the sharp angles of a building.

How far had they traveled, those lone women? where were they? were questions which rushed upon their minds. Searchingly they gaze and cautiously approach. Yes, wonderful as it was, they had walked twenty miles, for that was the distance to the garrison where her husband had gone. Might he not have left for home and been murdered by those ruthless beings? These doubts obtruded themselves, and but for her iron will she would have sunk upon the earth. Gaining admittance her first inquiry was for him. He had left, but efficient force had gone with him, the Commander having gained a knowledge of the proximity of the Indians.

“Evening was fast closing in and gave indication of a wild, stormy night. The bereaved and disconsolate mother, carefully provided for by an officer’s wife, had laid her wearied limbs down, and nature’s kind restorer was rendering her oblivious of her sorrow when the tramping of horses and the sound of martial music awoke her. The men who had gone out to seek and battle with the enemy had returned victorious, and among the captives was an Indian woman with a white child. ‘It is mine! it is mine!’ shrieked the excited mother springing from her couch, as Aunt Phillis entered bearing *myself* in her arms,” said my Grandfather bowing to Cousin Annie, who, in her anxiety to hear of the infant’s safety, had arisen and stood in front of him.

And now through the lapse of fifty years I hear the sound of that little bell which summoned us at the conclusion of the story to prayers in the “big room,” where thanks had often been returned by the stolen child who was now owner of the old homestead.

MRS. A. O. SMITH.

LIFE—A DREAM.

AND yet a dream it was not. In the mid watches of the still night, while the cold stars looked “deeply down” upon a sleeping world—sleeping and silent, yet with whirlwind speed rushing towards eternity—the clock of time about to sound the closing of another circling year—life, human life, came like the spirit

of a dream, with all its ever-changing aspects, and I saw it thus—

THE BABE WAS WEEPING.

The lovely floweret, sent, it seemed, from Eden, opened its tiny leaflets to the light which morn's soft radiance poured in shaded beams upon its silken lids, and trembling with the excessive pain, it glowed in dewy tears.

Around the spot were hearts that almost ceased their beatings, and gazed intense with anxious joyousness. Angels were there, and on their viewless wings, in lingering pause, watched the first gleamings of the vivid gem lit by the light of heaven.

And let it weep,—

Poor, new-come sorrower!—for weeping is its lot, and pain its heritage, and weariness its burden.

When on a flowery lawn beside some crystal stream Adam awoke to hail the light of morn and breathe the breath of life, and gaze upon the stormless blue and tread the thornless green; the air was balm and fragrant with ten thousand sweets, and musical with sounds of gladness;—the sunlight sparkled in his opening eye with pleasure exquisite; and all the elements came forth as friends to greet him at life's threshold. Like to the fabled harp on Memnon's statue, the dawning day awoke rich melody, and to heaven went back responsive harmonies.

But now the column's broken. The harp lies shattered in the dust. Poor man has fallen; and the very air and earth and elements make war upon him, and he weeps his entrance to this “breathing world.”

THE INFANT LAUGHING.

O, 'twas a gladsome sound as ever rung upon the morning air; and young and old, forgetting toils and griefs, with hearts attuned and souls deep-stirred with sympathetic joy, and brows enwreathed with sunny hope, joined the glad chorus, and all the air seemed filled with echoings of Eden's native melody.

And let it laugh,—

Earth has its brightness as its gloom; its sunshine as its storms; its smiles as tears. In the storm's gloomy track o'er the waves' heaving breast, the bright spray sparkles. The desert has its gems; the wilderness its flowers; the darkest night its twinkling

star. Amid his sorrows man may smile ; and earth's darkness may have hope ; and on the bosom of the gloomiest cloud that shrouds him, plays in golden beams the light of life eternal.

THE CHILD WAS PRATTLING.

Sweeter than ever floated mortal sounds or music's tenderest thrill, fell the soft words upon the parent's ear and heart. Now cherub lips, with sinless pleasure, try each new expression. Word following word comes trooping on, and thought pursuing thought incessant. A thousand questions, startling, strange, unanswered, show the thronging aspirations of the deathless mind for knowledge beyond bound.

Yes, let it talk.

No quenchless flame of sin the little fire will kindle now. No serpent slanderer is lurking near to treasure up its words and force upon them meanings not their own, and thus give wings to calumny. Nor has the selfish and deceiving world yet taught it to conceal its real intent by words ambiguous. Silence will soon its proper lesson be, and on that prancing little tongue wisdom will place the bit and bridle.

THE BOY WAS PRAYING.

Down upon his little knees, in night attire, he bowed beside his mother's knee. His soft blue eyes to heaven were turned, and o'er his ruddy little face a seriousness was spread—a consciousness of helplessness and want. Calmly he lisped with artless innocence the holy words—"Our Father," and his blessing asked.

Yes, let him pray.

He, at whose feet are spread dominions, thrones, and all the varied riches of the universe—to whom ascend the tributes of unceasing praise from unnumbered worlds—bends listening to the simplest form of speech lisped forth from infant lips, to him sublime as seraph's loftiest song.

THE YOUTH WAS STRUGGLING.

Far out upon life's sea he rode amid the warring elements, while wave o'erriding wave, and sea out-sweeping gale, in thundering swell, threatened destruction ere the voyage was well begun. His early, earnest struggles weaken with his waning

strength ; and now he drifts mid hidden reefs, and rock that rise mist-shrouded from the dangerous whirl—wrecked is his bark ; his hopes, his high resolves, are gone, and lifeless, sinking, he is swept before the thickening storm. But lo!—a wild distance through all the mingling roar of wind and wave together rushing, is heard in tones that warn and win. And walking on the billow's foamy crest, an angel form appears to lead him to the Rock that lifts its sun-lit brow above the storm. Her gentle call is heard. Her hand out-stretched is taken, and guided by the heavenly visitant, he gains the peaceful shore—he stands upon the Rock of Ages.

Above the news is known ; for angels strike triumphant notes and sound the victory through the sky.

And let the notes resound.

There is a new-born soul—a new creation. The maddened storm is still. The black clouds break in bursts of splendor from the smiling skies. A sinner saved by grace, a soul redeemed, a fallen, ruined being raised and linked forever to the regal family of heaven. Ye cherubs shout it. Fresh from your golden harps let the rich music start, while angel choirs prolong the sounding praise.

LOVE'S VOWS ARE PLIGHTED.

Beneath the list'ning heaven two young and trusting hearts breathe forth the deep and holy passion of their souls. As though some happy spirit gathered up the rarest gems that beauty treasures up in her bright domain to deck the loved one, they gaze with sympathetic rapture on each dearer self.

The skies all cloudless, save some "rare and roseate shadows" kissed by the sun's departing beam, shed twilight's gentle dews like tears of joyous gratulation, and the starry evening dawns in beauty on their dreams of love.

And let them love.

'Tis the heart's element, its food, its own reward. Let the cold heart, barred up with thick-ribbed ice ; let him who never felt the burning, joyous glow of real, unselfish, virtuous love, sneer on, hate on, and live and die unpitied and unloved.

THE HOME IS HAPPY.

Around the sire the grouping children come. God's word is

read, and round the peaceful hearth ere the "good night" is given they bow in humble prayer.

Now from the father's lips go up the grateful thanks and invocation, while by his side the mother lifts her heart with his and all the little band unite to crave His blessing. And angels witness and record the touching scene.

A little heaven.

Go view the splendid pile that pride has reared and folly owns and fashion decks with beauty; no niche where sculptured marble glows or spacious hall, illumed with myriad lights or gleaming jewelry, has in its bright array one spark of the rich joy which floods the little cottage where the good man prays.

THE SAINT IS DYING.

Life's twilight hour is closing in and night approaches fast. He feels the chill, the gloom, the pain. Around his bed the partner of his life and children of his love sit weeping. O'er all the changeful past, so brief, so dream-like, he casts a parting look.

It seems but yesterday he wept an infant in his nurse's arms, or bowed beside his mother's knee, or struggled against sin, or pressed his loved one to his heart, or felt his first born's kiss upon his cheek. But now, with silvered brow and sinking frame, he feels his race is done. And next—what next?

The moment comes; the darkness gathers. Come when thou wilt, O death, and thou art terrible. The lifted dart is gleaming. Strike! strike! I fear thee not, thou hast no sting, no victory!

The struggle's past. The purpling dawn of day eternal bathes the retreating clouds in golden splendors, and deeply down into his inmost soul, a beam ethereal kindles rapturous hopes, that blend in actual vision such as none but dying saints can know. Bright forms of beauty come with robes of light to mantle the unfettered soul, and cherub bands await to waft him to his home.

The scene is closed.

The pale, chill brow, the sunken eye, the frozen limbs are gazed upon mid sighs and tears heart-rending; but along the shores of that eternal clime angelic trumpeters and harpers sound a welcome into tearless, changeless bliss. He stands and bows before the throne of God. A harp is given him and a palm of victory and a golden crown on which his name is graven. "Welcome" is

heard proceeding from amid the splendors of the throne. "Welcome, thrice welcome," rolls in ocean-tides of melody through all the boundless plains. And then begins afresh the choral song of glory, power, honor, and dominion to Him that sits upon the throne and to the Lamb forever.

Such was my vision, and I awoke and it was past. The night winds sighed, and all was dark and cold. O God, have mercy ! Let my life, my end, my final home be such as that. Shelter and shield me from the world's withering blasts. Close to thy loving heart, oh hide me, while the floods roll by. And now another year—another step is taken down into the tomb—Oh, let it be a step up higher in thy love and nearer to my home ! S. H. F.

EVER HOPING—EVER TRUSTING.

BY MRS. S. R. F.

Ever hoping—ever trusting,
 Ever looking for the good;
 Flinging fear far from our bosoms,
 Let us not on sorrow brood,
 For the right way ever striving,
 Let us nerve our hearts to bear;
 Heeding not the world's revilings,
 Heeding not its weight of care.

Ever hoping—ever trusting,
 Ever working while 'tis day,
 Ever plucking Life's bright roses,
 Blooming round our onward way :—
 Turning into sweetest waters,
 By the faith that ne'er grows dim,
 Many draughts which would be bitter,
 Were it not we trust in Him.

Ever hoping—ever trusting,
 Ever looking to the end;
 Ne'er forgetting who has promised
 Ever needed aid to lend;
 Girded round with hope and patience,
 Knowing the reward will come
 When we've fought the last earth battle,
 When we've won the blest "Well done."

Youth's Department.

CHRIST HEALING THE SICK.



"Jesus said unto him, Arise, take up thy bed and walk.

"And immediately the man was made whole, and took up his bed and walked."—*John 5 : 27.*

Poor man! friendless and sorrowful he bore a life of suffering and poverty, with no comforts of home to soothe him, or atten-

tion of kind friends to cheer him in his affliction. Like poor Lazarus, perhaps he lay on his little hard bed at some rich man's gate to receive the crumbs that fell from his table. But Jesus saw him, had compassion on him, and healed him.

CHRIST FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.



“And he commanded the multitude to sit down on the grass, and took the five loaves and the two fishes, and looking up to heaven he blessed and break and gave the loaves to his disciples, and the disciples to the multitude; and they did all eat. And

they that had eaten were about five thousand men, besides women and children."—*Math.* 14: 19-21.

That was an astonishing miracle. How small the provisions look; how great the multitude! Who would have believed it was enough for all?

But in Jesus is ample provision. In his death on Calvary, in his glorious work, a sufficiency is found for the wants of all. He has provided a feast to which all are invited, of which all may partake, and of which there is *enough for all, enough for each, enough forever more.*

THE LAST HEALTH.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

O, bring the chalice once again—
 My heart is beating slow;
 A fire has flashed through every vein
 From its enchanted flow.
 'Tis the last draught that I shall taste—
 Haste with the cup—haste, haste—oh haste.

There—fill it high—but not with *wine*!
 I've drained it oft of yore,
 And pledged ye from its crimson shrine
 In vain! pour wine no more.
 I ask a better something now,
 That will not burn the heart or brow.

Go bring a darker draught for me—
 A draught from Lethe's wave;
 There—I am waiting thirstily
 For something that can save
 From—rise around the board and smile
 As ye were wont to do erewhile.

"Herman! the brightest one I've met!
 My loved! My worshiped! All—
 May they be blest—*while I forget!*
 Repeat the words I call.
 Soon, soon for me there'll be no past;
 There—every drop is drained at last."

And wilt thou now be blest that these,
 These thoughts of thee who wronged
 Thy love—these mourning memories,
 That round thy spirit thronged—
 That these, all these are now destroyed ?
 No ! give me pain before a void.

A void, still, cold, and dark and deep—
 Oh ! 'tis a mournful thing,
 An agony that cannot weep,
 Nor free its scorpion sting,
 Nor hope a—something will be given
 This side the boundless blue of heaven.

“ 'TIS HOME WHERE ERE THE HEART IS.”

So says the poet, and there is as much truth as poetry in the sentiment. Let it be the cabin or the palace, surrounded with poverty or sorrow, with gloom or gladness ; let the heart find there its loves drawn forth and fixed ; let it feel then the light of kindly sympathy shining into its deep chambers and awakening its gentle echoes like *Æolian* melodies ; only let it realize that the hearts that beat around it beat in harmony with its own deep tones—and there is home, “sweet, sweet home.”

Without this, and the smile of friendship beams in vain, and the apparent happiness of the domestic hearth is cold, dreary, unsatisfying, and amid all life's gladness and beauty we stand as on a desolate and gloomy wast—*alone*.

“ *'Tis home where ere the heart is.*”

Then let our hearts be fixed on heaven. To it let our aspirations tend. Amid its beauties let our longings repose, around its objects let our affections entwine ; and then when our earth tabernacle dissolves, we shall find it our own, own happy—oh how happy—HOME.

S. H. F.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

DECEMBER 1, 1857.

This Volume closes another year of laborious yet pleasing toil. Two years have passed since the Repository came under its present management. Without pecuniary resources, struggling with serious embarrassments, the Repository, falling short some Fifty Dollars per month of paying expenses, with a subscription list considerably less than one thousand, we took it in hand, full of hope, yet not without misgivings. The two years have past, and with gratitude we record the addition of some Thirty-five Hundred new subscribers to our list, and a still continuing increase.

Few know under what disadvantages this has been accomplished. Absence, sickness, want of means, have all contributed to interfere with the accomplishment of our plans. But we begin to see the daylight. These difficulties are almost all removed, and with hope and renewed energy we look forth upon the future. And if the Repository has succeeded thus far under circumstances the most discouraging, what may we not anticipate that future to be?

To the denomination—to our ministerial brethren—to brethren and sisters generally, but especially in Kentucky, we tender our grateful acknowledgments. Nor would we forget the co-operation of brethren in other States.

Brethren, there is the Repository. You are now acquainted with it. You know its character, its spirit, its aims. It is yours. Devoted to the advocacy of the principles you cherish; giving voice to the truths you proclaim, it is strictly a denominational paper—a Baptist Monthly, and it aspires to no higher position or appellation.

It still needs your fostering care, your active co-operation. It still asks your help; and will not, we trust, ask in vain. And while you solicit for it new friends, and present its claims, forget not, brethren, to invoke God's blessing on its conductors and contributors, and upon its monthly visits to the homes of thousands.

Next Volume will be, if our plans are not defeated, far in advance, both in interest and usefulness, of any that have preceded it. It will be adapted to the oldest and to the youngest, and in your families will give to each a "portion of meat in due season." And in addition to its usual variety it will have added to its size Sixteen more pages, filled with the topics of the month, short articles from correspondents, and general church news.

Youth's Department.—This feature in the Repository will be greatly enlarged and improved in the coming volume, commencing in January. Want of room has prevented us from giving it that attention we desired. Depend upon it, this department will be such as will make the Repository sought for by your children.

Rebecca Bunyan will be commenced in the January number. Read the outline on the cover, and show it to those whom you ask to subscribe.

Original Matter, and nothing else, finds a place in the Repository! Whatever is found in its pages can be found nowhere else. Think of this.

The Battle of the Churches—An outline history of the battle grounds and modes of warfare waged for ages to sustain a superstition, in itself insignificant, yet essential to the existence of every anti-christian society. It will be commenced in the January or February number.

Alexander Campbell has several times, as he has in his article found in this number, challenged us to discussion, by tongue or type. We have now accepted his challenge on his own terms. Let us have, in his own words, "a full and free discussion of all the questions that divide us." Let it be conducted in a courteous and dignified manner, without personalities, imputations or threats. Thousands will be interested and benefitted by it. Mr. Campbell has asked for it, and his request is granted.

J. L. Waller's Lost Manuscripts.—A great buzz has been made about the supposed loss of manuscripts left by the lamented Waller. About it we have refrained from saying anything. When we do speak of the whole affair, we shall do it at length and very plainly.

But here is the ground on which the whole is based. Dr. Waller wrote the following editorial for the last May issue of the Recorder of 1854, about four months before his death. Read it.

"*Our Book on Communion*.—In answer to numerous inquiries, we state that we do not now know when this work will be published. We thought, before our trip to Nashville, that we would put it into the hands of the printers immediately upon our return home. But we have been disappointed. The arrangement upon which we depended turns out to be none at all. We have attempted to make others; but as yet have not succeeded. We might publish it forthwith if we were content to do so, for nothing, or but a fraction above it. * * But we will not work for that. We have toiled a long while for naught and found ourselves. We have determined to go out of *that* business. We intend, further, to improve our manuscript, and then hand it over, perhaps, to the moths and worms. We hope this will be entirely satisfactory to our friends and brethren. We have other works under way—on the Design of Baptism, and on Spiritual Influence. The same destiny awaits those."

These "other works" are the only ones he had ever announced. When he penned the above (about four months before his death,) he had just returned from Nashville. While there, in the company of several distinguished brethren, he acknowledged—as already published by Bro. J. R. Graves—that "not a single chapter of those works was commenced." From that time to his death he was absent from home or engaged in the controversy with Rice on the Waldenses.

But we did not intend to say so much. The only works he ever announced were ■ work on Communion (which is in the hands of his biographer), a work

on the Design of Baptism, and one on the Holy Spirit. These last mentioned he never commenced.

Waller's Memoirs.—The foregoing article will show that the intimation in Mr. Campbell's article has no foundation whatever. The intimation is, that Dr. Waller committed himself and the Baptists to the teachings of Mr. Campbell and the Reformation; and hence the compiler, influenced by S. H. Ford and others, has determined to delay the publication of those memoirs until the whole thing becomes a failure. In such an event the foes of Baptists would doubtless triumph, and out of it manufacture considerable capital. It would, of course, be said—it is said already—that Baptists are afraid to permit Waller to speak, lest his voice condemn their principles and proclaim Campbellism. That any such plan, to play into the hands of our adversaries, is being developed in the non-appearance of Waller's works, we do not believe. Indeed, we know better. Convince us it is so, and the vile treachery shall be heralded forth as a subject of everlasting reproach. But here are the words of Professor Farnam, from a private letter received from him last May. After stating that he has all the manuscripts that could have been left by Dr. Waller, he says:

"I have ready for the press two volumes. The first containing a brief biographical sketch and various miscellaneous matters, manuscript sermons, addresses, essays, criticisms, &c. The second contains a treatise on Baptism (Waller's debate with Rice), and the work on Communion, all from manuscript. I have received two propositions recently from publishers. One offers \$1000 for the copyright. The other 10 per cent. on the wholesale price. I expect another proposition soon. By accepting either of the above propositions I can secure the publication of these two volumes in the course of the approaching summer."

This was written last May. Why these propositions were not accepted we are not prepared to say. They may have been withdrawn, or more liberal propositions waited for.

Will this satisfy Mr. Campbell that no such fear as he intimates has prevented the appearance of these volumes.

Grace Truman.—In an article in the Boston Watchman and Reflector it is announced that Twenty-five Thousand copies of Grace Truman have been sold in the eight months that have transpired since the publication of the work. It appears that no denominational book ever published in America has equalled this, or has been received with the same popular favor. We rejoice at this not because of any pecuniary interest in the work, for the copyright was sold to the publishers; but we believe that the work will do good. Nor is it to be overlooked that a young *Kentucky Baptist female* is the authoress. A few hundred copies belonging to the authoress will be found at the Baptist Book Concern, on Market street, near First.

Saint and the Saviour. By C. H. Spurgeon.—Who does not want this work? Who, that has read his sermons, would be without this, the only book that Spurgeon has written? It is worth its weight in gold. Send for it. For One Dollar we will send it by mail to your doors.

Dancing—Religion and Revelry. By Mrs. F. E. Garnet.—It is a singular fact that there is no work extant that can be safely put into the hands of a young Christian, which will interest by its style, and lead them to proper views respecting dancing. At the urgent request of many, and ourselves among the number, Sister Garnet has prepared a most charming work on this subject. It is in the form of an entertaining dialogue, and those who have read the dialogue in William Winterfield between "Deacon Freeman" and "Billy," will agree that she excels in this kind of composition. The work on dancing exhibits the whole subject in a new and enchanting form—ancient dancing as a religious rite; Scriptural allusions to the dance; the attractions of the dance, its evils, and its effects. All that can be said in favor of the amusement is here given and triumphantly met. While not open to the objections brought against fiction, it still has all the attractions of style and character, which will cause it to be read by the young. The book will be ready for delivery by Christmas, handsomely printed and bound by one of the first publishing houses in New York. The price is sixty cents, and those who will send for a copy, with the cash—which may be sent in postage stamps—before Christmas, shall have a copy sent, *post-paid*. We expect this book will have a large sale, and hope to receive orders at once.

The *Repository* for next year will surpass in interest any year that has preceded it.

Your promises to send us lists of new subscribers by the 1st of January are remembered by us. Will they be forgotten by you? Hope not.

Those not notifying us by the middle of December will not expect us to discontinue them. Is it not too bad that we shall be permitted to send the January number, which will cost us at least Ten Cents, and then for it to be sent back spoiled, and we have to pay double postage on it? Is this fair—is it gentlemanly? Will we not do right by publishing the names of all those who thus wrong us?

Will Bro. R. Scott, who sent us Two Dollars October 2d, please give us his Postoffice, that we may give him the proper credit?

Correspondents.—Several short articles and obituary notices have been unavoidably crowded out. They shall appear in next volume.

Will not all, who can, remit by Christmas?

Erratum.—On page 735 there is an "o" too much, which Mr. Campbell will correct, and save the trouble of verbal criticism.

Old Jacob Creath was one of the foremost actors in the Current Reformation among the Baptists. On this account we have introduced the difficulties in the Elkhorn Association, and we call attention to it.

Illustrations.—We expect to illustrate Rebecca Bunyan in the very best style of American artists.

Thanks to the brethren for liberal remittances.



